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THE SOCIAL DISABILITY OF THE JEW

BY EDWIN J. KUH

"Wer darf das Kind beim rechten Namen nennen?" — GOETHE.

IN the great carnal trinity of Hunger, Sex, and Hate, Hate has forever been the goad of race against race. The pages of history drip with the blood of nations. Religion, destined to calm the surge of passions, but added new incentives to destruction. From this hideous nightmare of suffering, stronger than race, stronger than creed, must come an ultimate awakening — the awakening of the moral nature in man. The gospel of righteousness, calling more insistently than ever, must finally lift the burden of bigotry and dogma weighing on the earth.

The share of the Jewish race in this suffering we do not wish to magnify in order to bolster an argument. All nations have had their martyrdom, and many have succumbed. The Jewish race has survived, denationalized, heterogeneous in composition, homogeneous in fellowship, modern in its aspirations.

Wherever scattered, it is confronted with the problem of adaptation. Its civil liberty in Europe dates from the French Revolution, but its mean average of emancipation ranges over considerably less than a century. Within that incredibly short space of time, the Jewish race has been transformed from an immured tribe of aliens into a people of cosmopolitan citizenship. It has found a safe anchorage and a definite opportunity to work out its own salvation, with its problem of assimilation largely dependent on the intelligence of the various nations within whose borders it makes its home.

In Russia, Rumania, Spain, and Portugal the struggle is carried on in the spirit of mediævalism. In the other countries of Europe, racial and religious acerbity is intensified by economic and political agitation. These factors, although impotent to alienate the civil rights of the Jew, persist in the form of social intolerance. The liberated Jew of Europe, secure from persecution by church and state, is still exposed to the game laws of the social chase. England and France probably rank highest in point of tolerance; while intellectual Germany and the restless kingdom of Austro-Hungary offer the spectacle of a clashing of classes, in which the baiting of Jews is an eruptive phenomenon. We therefore perceive that civilized Europe, although shamed into the granting of civil rights, has not yet humanized itself above social persecution.

Gauged by European standards, we have no Jewish question in the United States. There is no open revolt, no persecution in masses, no partisan propaganda. The Jews in this Republic have never, as a class, suffered from civil disabilities. Our political, economic, and religious freedom is absolute. And still our equivalence is not established. We realize, smouldering under an apparently calm surface, a general antagonism against our race. The problem is usually regarded as a skeleton in the closet. Among the Jews it is treated strictly as a family affair; among our Christian population, either with open offensiveness, or with a show of discretion supposed to pass for delicacy. We see in this aloof-

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ness an example of the same pernicious prudery which educators have recognized in the suppression of a scientific understanding of the sex relation. It is, therefore, the writer's belief that an open discussion of the situation not only is permissible, but will be helpful to a better understanding.[1]

We have two groups of Jews in America: the orthodox and the liberal. The former are steeped in the ritualism of the past, and cling to race and religion with a tenacity which stamps them voluntary aliens. Whatever education the orthodox Jew has, expresses itself in Talmudic lore, an object of almost as much curious interest to the liberal Jew as it would be to Christians. The offspring of these ancient Jews, influenced by environment, gradually drift into the liberal ranks, although filial loyalty often delays the flowering of conviction into action. But the Jew who really counts in America, who comes into intimate contact with his American countrymen, is the liberal Jew — and when we speak of Jews in this essay, we have this group in mind.

It is this group, too, which is most alertly cognizant of the social restrictions of the race. For though present conditions, compared with the persecutions of history, might be considered almost ideal, the Jewish people, having within an incredibly short period of emancipation risen to the level of modern nations, are almost as sensitive to the finer disabilities under which they labor as were their forbears to ancient and mediæval torture.

But this same ascent, which has rendered the organism of the Jew more finely sensitive, has also given him perspective. For fifteen centuries the civil and canonical law of the Talmud cemented the people into a homeless nation, cohesive and stationary through its religion. It was of necessity a religious tribe, separated by the Gentile and separating itself from the Gentile in order to insure its salvation and to protect its life. But to-day, the solidarity of the Jews as a racial and particularly as a religious entity is undergoing a tremendous change. And the American Jew of to-day can look beyond self-preservation and his tribe and leisurely and hopefully review his situation.

So looking, he can see that competition is one cause of the conditions under which his people labor. An expatriated race, the Jews are forced to adapt themselves to the character of the people among whom they are scattered, coerced into a constant struggle for assimilation and amalgamation. The French Jews must

[1] "As to the Jewish element in 'Deronda,' I expected from first to last, in writing it, that it would create much stronger resistance, and even repulsion, than it has actually met with. But precisely because I felt that the usual attitude of Christians toward Jews is — I hardly know whether to say more impious or stupid, when viewed in the light of their professed principles, I therefore felt urged to treat Jews with such sympathy and understanding as my nature and knowledge would attain to. Moreover, not only towards the Jews, but towards all Oriental peoples with whom we English come in contact, a spirit of arrogance and contemptuous dictatorialness is observable which has become a national disgrace to us. There is nothing I should care more to do, if it were possible, than to rouse the imagination of men and women to a vision of human claims in those races of their fellow-men who most differ from them in customs and beliefs. But towards the Hebrews we Western people, who have been reared in Christianity, have a peculiar debt, and, whether we acknowledge it or not, a peculiar thoroughness of fellowship in religious and moral sentiment. Can anything be more disgusting than to hear people called 'educated' making small jokes about eating ham, and showing themselves empty of any real knowledge as to the relation of their own social and religious life to the history of the people they think themselves witty in insulting? They hardly know that Christ was a Jew. And I find men, educated, supposing that Christ spoke Greek. To my feeling, this deadness to the history which has prepared half our world for us, this inability to find interest in any form of life that is not clad in the same coat-tails and flounces as our own, lies very close to the worst kind of irreligion. The best that can be said of it is that it is a sign of the intellectual narrowness — in plain English, the stupidity — which is still the average mark of our culture." — (*Life and Letters* of George Eliot.)

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be Frenchmen; the German Jews, Germans; the American Jews, Americans. In every country they are obliged to grope for their place in the commonwealth, and they ardently strive to find it. Thus, as the Jewish people make themselves numerically felt in all civilized communities, and as their intellectual endowment raises them, not only above the submerged citizens, but into the active class of competitors in commerce, science, art, and the professions, friction is unavoidable. Yet the source of the Jews' tribulations lies much deeper than competition

It is traditional to account for anti-Jewish feeling on the score of religion. But this should seem rather out of date. We are not arguing with the ignorant and stupid demi-Christians, who have never learned that Christianity, by reviling Judaism, strikes its parent. We are not arguing with the Christian who forgets that Christ was a Jew and spoke the language of the Jew. We are not arguing with the Christian who, had Christ been born nineteen centuries later, might have been so blinded by race prejudice as not to recognize in him the Saviour. We shall not argue with the Christians who are a house divided against itself, and whose religious history is soaked in Christian blood for the greater glory of God. The conversion of "Christians" to Christianity is still an unfinished task, and will keep our friends busy for generations to come. "This people draweth nigh unto me with their mouth and honoureth me with their lips; but their heart is far from me."

The opprobrium of covetousness and craftiness which history has heaped upon the reputation of the Jew still clings. The usual philo-Semitic defense is, that these traits are the direct result of the Jews' debarment through long centuries from all pursuits other than the commercial. This defense merely explains, cannot condone, laxity in commercial honor. No race has a monopoly of honesty, and it would be difficult to prove that the Jew is either worse or better than his neighbor. We should say that the commercial standard of the Jew is governed by the community in which he lives; or, in the words of the German statesman, every country has the Jews it deserves. If the American Jew has been outstripped by the predatory ruthlessness of the Christian American financier, his inferiority must be charged less to a lack of business acumen than to the absence of that magnificent criminality which an awe-struck community witnesses, and sometimes admires, in the American plutocrat. The abject panic into which our President's attempted enforcement of the eighth commandment is throwing a certain class of emasculated Americans should serve to check the finger which points to the mote in the eye of the Jew. Moreover, the dishonest Jew is never a leader of his people; nor do the brethren of his race conceal their intimate contempt. The conscience of Israel is never cold. We denounce the hypocrisy of praise at the grave of a man who has not lived an upright life. Our church gives cold refuge to men who would cover misdeeds by piousness. We honor above all men the scholar and the man of consistent good deeds.

The causes of feeling against the Jews, then, may be said to be not primarily religious or commercial. What are they?

First and most powerful among them is the instinct of race hatred, to which the Jew is constantly and acutely exposed, because of his expatriation and his intimate mingling with other races. In the intermingling of races in America, the differentiation between the Frenchman, the American, the German, the Italian, assumes the character of a good-natured incoalescence, whereas the sentiment against the Jew usually crystallizes into active rebuff.

The physical causes for this animosity reside largely in the Jewish type. Though the various separate characteristics which repel the "Aryan" from the Jew can easily be pointed out in other races (Aryan

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included), a cumulative burden of idiosyncrasies weighs on our unfortunate people. It goes without saying that the Jewish type is not uniform, nor do we wish to concede that the caricaturist is always true to nature, but it must be acknowledged that the typical Jewish figure is not pleasing to the eye. The great masters in painting and sculpture have almost always modified or falsified the Jewish type in deference to æsthetic demands. This unfavorable physical impression is heightened by certain mannerisms, such as exaggerated gestures, by the peculiar voice inflection which grates on the ear, and by the distortion of the English language of which so many of our "prominent" Jews are guilty. Although these physical attributes are shared by other Oriental and also by the Latin races, they reach a climax in the Jewish type, which in its culmination is unsympathetic to the Anglo-Saxon, the Oriental, or the Latin people. It is not agreeable to touch on this phase of our inquiry; but the importance of physical repulsion can hardly be overestimated.

A visitor from Altruria might wonder why a race of people of intelligence, cleanly, moral, law-abiding, sober, industrious, prosperous, should be socially undesirable in a democracy. The following incident may offer an answer.

Several years ago the writer, on a vacation voyage, met a judge of one of our higher courts. He was a thoughtful man, refined in manner, moderate in speech, and a close observer of human affairs. Our conversation happened to drift to the subject of the education of the American Indian and to that of college fraternities. The question whether an Indian might be eligible for a college fraternity was, rightly or wrongly, answered in the affirmative. We then asked why Jews were *personae non gratae* in fraternities. Our friend answered very quietly, and without the slightest suggestion of harshness, "Because the Indians have better manners." There then ensued a gap of silence which became rather oppressive. But it struck the writer very forcibly that the probe had touched the sore. The remark has rankled ever since, and is responsible for this contribution to the *Atlantic Monthly*. Society will condone any fault more readily than offenses against good taste. Does not the social disability of the Jew in the United States hinge on this point?

It is easy enough to see why this charge is defensible. Our Jewish immigrants have come to America to earn their bread. The majority, when landing, are poor, without the advantages of an education. They mend their worldly condition, but not their minds. The result is obvious. Their possession of material wealth and of the comforts of life gives them a false sense of social values. Secure in the conviction that they possess the great desideratum, they become self-assertive. They forget that the money which buys them a box at the opera or an apartment at a fashionable hotel has not bought for them culture. They take the shadow for the substance. The defense that they are merely copying the American parvenu is no justification.

Do my Jewish readers wonder that the doors of summer hotels, where our parvenus sprawl in shameless familiarity, are closed to them and their people? I have not a single word of defense for the vulgar exhibitions of Jewish people in public places. These upstarts bring the blush of shame to the face of every decent Jew, who would show more loyalty to his race by open condemnation than by half-hearted defense or pouting resentment.

The exclusion of Jews from college fraternities is another case in point. In many frank interviews with fraternity men we have received the impression that they do not want Jewish boys because of their bad manners. This is a sane and commendable stand. On the other hand, we know of instances where Jewish boys were "rushed" for a fraternity, and dropped just in time, with rather undignified alacrity, when they announced

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their racial "disability." These boys were young fellows of culture, and apart from their origin, desirable associates in every respect. Their exclusion was an expression of hidebound prejudice, rearing its head in the institution which more than all others should be liberal in thought.

Now we wish to say to the young men of American colleges that from them will spring the representative men of the future of this Republic. The university stands for education and culture, for liberal thought and decent action, for justice, and for all the qualities which combine to make a gentleman. It stands for a type of man, unfortunately rare, of the stamp of the man Roosevelt. Do you represent that type? Are you loyal to the spirit of the Constitution of your country when you debase your manhood in blind intolerance? Are you good Christians? Does your faculty, which supplies you with Jewish teachers, connive at your actions? Do you honor Jesus when you spurn the race from which he is sprung? Do you remember Emerson's "the education at college of fools?" You cannot do the Jews and the community at large a greater service than by excluding the undesirable members of their race. But you cannot afford to stultify yourselves by a sweeping generalization.

Not only bad manners, but other faults which may be charged against the Jewish people, are fostered by the close family affiliation of the Jews. That this condition has arisen from necessity rather than choice does not alter the fact, or invalidate the statement that it is the Jew himself who must remedy the situation. For remedied it must be. This close family affiliation has, through its very excess, ceased to be an unmixed virtue. It serves to perpetuate objectionable idiosyncrasies, and narrows the sympathies. Not all the lavishness with which the Jew contributes to charities can give him the true spirit of altruism, so long as his interest is so strongly centred in his family. The projection of self into the next of kin savors strongly of selfishness masquerading as love. And the deadly monotony of family reunions is the thief of individual development. "Why," says Emerson, "should we assume the faults of our friend, or wife, or father, or child, because they sit around our hearth or are said to have the same blood? All men have my blood, and I have all men's." Men should not be able to say of us, "If I know your sect, I anticipate your argument." Rather we should be able to say, "I shun father and mother, and wife and brother, when my genius calls me."

We believe that the Jewish home is the nursery for the perpetuation of idiosyncrasies which tend to aggravate, instead of to relax, the social disabilities of the Jew.

Another of the most intense Jewish characteristics is the adoration of the child. The physical well-being of our offspring is made to assume undue priority over the spiritual life. Physical privation for the child, even within the limits of hygienic restraint, wrings the tender heart of the Jewish parent. Hence the fear of disease obtains to a degree little short of monomania. It is not difficult to perceive the softening influence of this domestic management. The child, become an object of anxious solicitude, is usually restrained from the more hardy play of his young neighbors, and a retarded physical development is the result. In the mean time, he becomes excessively self-conscious. Excluded from physical competition, he attempts to assert himself mentally — too frequently to the ill-concealed delight of doting parents who find compensation in the precociousness of their stunted children. The product of this bad training is a high-strung child, lacking in physical courage and over-impressed with its importance in the community. Its egotism, extending into the years of adult life, is bound to receive some very painful shocks. In the interest of fairness, this is the place to state that the children of Christian Americans, although usually not permitted to suffer in physical development, are likewise shame-

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fully pampered. They share with Jewish children a distorted view of the relation of things, — enormously enlarged and distorted images of their tastes, their clothes, their likes, their aversions, and their talents, — and they have in addition a large bump of irreverence.

The suppression of physical development in Jewish children makes them a tempting butt for their neighbor. The bully is usually safe in hurling a race insult against the Jewish boy. The Irish, who also seem possessed of a comical inclination to class themselves among the oppressed nations, would give short shrift to any one venturing aspersions against their race. The Jew would make a better man and a fitter protagonist for his people if he possessed the qualifications to resent a race insult, not by "dignified" silence, but by the more direct manual *argumentum ad hominem.*

It has been conceded in this essay that a heavy burden of responsibility for the intolerance against the Jews rests on the Jew himself. The most intelligent among our Jewish friends consider the situation hopeless. They reason that you cannot alter the Jew and cannot alter the Gentile. We beg to differ most emphatically.

A ceaseless process of adaptation is gradually modifying the Jewish type. Climate, environment, unconscious and conscious adoption of customs and manners, cannot fail to exercise their cogent influence. The French Jew is easily distinguishable from the German Jew, the German from the Russian. The Jew who, by establishing himself in a country town, dissociates himself from his own flock and comes into closer contact with his Christian neighbors, frequently exhibits refinement of manners considerably beyond that of his city cousin. The physical type of many Jews all over the civilized world has been so modified through adaptation (not by any means to their disadvantage), that they have become unrecognizable to their own race.

But the most potent of evolutionary influences is intermarriage. Whatever of Chauvinism exists in the Jewish people is quickly aroused by the suggestion of miscegenation; for the Jewish heart, whether hidden under gabardine or broadcloth, is proud, — proud of a lineage with its colossal Mosaic tradition, which has moulded the western world. To the uncompromising orthodox Jew, intermarriage signifies nothing short of apostasy, and by the liberal Jew mixed marriages are at least mildly deprecated. When a liberal Jew is questioned as to the cause of his misgivings, he will usually reply that miscegenation evidences disloyalty to the Jewish religion and would jeopardize the preservation of the race. When pressed for a definition of the Jewish religion, the liberal Jew, if a man of education, will almost invariably confess to that form of agnosticism which is born of reverence for the unknown and unknowable. You will find that he does not disavow the applicability of reason to questions of faith. You will find him rather skeptical as to the efficacy of prayer; his conception of the Divinity is far from dogmatic; and while the imagery of the immortality of the soul is quite flattering to his ego, he would not be willing to subscribe to the certainty of an hereafter. The argument will usually simmer down to the compromise that Judaism stands for ethics, and that the history of the Jewish race is sublime.

And we shall not quarrel with him on either point. Our understanding will usually terminate in the agreement that the principles of ethics and righteousness have sufficient power of locomotion without the aid of the theologic crutch. To the liberal Jew, the church is not essentially a house of worship. In communities where the Sabbath has been transferred to Sunday, he seeks intellectual diversion, ethical support, and a release from the rote of everyday life in the pleasant gregariousness of the synagogue. If loyalty has not stifled his candor, if allegiance to tottering dogma has not blinded his vision, he must confess that the reformed

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synagogue is but a way-station on the road to free-thinking.

Assuming these observations to be correct, the Jewish compunctions anent mixed marriages are racial, not religious, and must be modified in compliance with that point of view.

It would be well to remind our Jewish race-purists of some facts in history. Do they remember that the question of mixed marriages caused much confusion in Jerusalem after the return of the Jews from captivity? Do they remember the conversion of Egyptians, Greeks, and Romans to the Jewish faith? Do they remember that the Jews of Gaul and Spain received through various channels and at different periods an infusion of native blood? Do they know that the number of converted Jews during the past fifteen centuries is computed by millions? It is as certain that alien blood, pagan and Christian, flows in Jewish veins, as it is that the Christian nations have a liberal admixture of Jewish blood. The forefather of many a Jew went clad in Roman toga or Athenian pallium. And we would feel constrained to confess ourselves poor diagnosticians if George Bernard Shaw, the *enfant terrible* of nimble wit in contemporaneous literature, succeeded in disproving the existence in himself of the same strain of blood as coursed in the veins of Heinrich Heine. Israel is much less the offspring of a race than the work of history. Opposition against the intermingling of Jewish blood with that of other races is as untenable in theory as in practice; first, because no race has shown a greater adaptability to "Aryan" civilization than the Jew (being, in fact, the parent of civilization through the Mosaic law); and second, because the hyphenation of modern races is actually finding a corollary in a constantly increasing Jewish-Gentile sanguinity. As the alien traits of the Jew fade into softer outline, the elements of attraction will outweigh those of repulsion, and national, racial, and religious bigotry will be submerged in an irresistible confluence.

We do not underestimate the power of ecclesiastic resistance on the Christian side. The church has made many concessions to intelligence, and it will make more. An institution so jealous of its power as the church may be expected to fight hard against natural tendencies. But the interchange of pulpits between Jew and Christian is a sign of the times, and evidence that Christian vision has become sufficiently acute to recognize its parent in religion. And in the Ethical Culture movement the effacement is complete. A growing intelligence will do the rest.

If our investigations have been accurate, then, the vexed question of the social disability of the Jew in the United States must find its solution primarily in the self-elevation of the Jewish race; in a modification of the racial type, which is, *nolens volens*, in constant progression; in better physical development; in the best possible efforts of education, extending particularly to the younger generation of Jewish merchants; in the most earnest nurture of good breeding and culture; in judicious intermarriage; in ethical living.

So far as the Jew is able to understand Christianity, its points of contact with paganism, such as the faith in miracles and the adoration of images, are merely fortuitous. Nor does the pomp of the church seem a true reflection of the simplicity of Jesus. As we understand the Scriptures, Jesus preached essentially a conduct of life. When Jesus comes into his own, there will be no problem of race hatred.

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THE DIVINE SOIL

BY JOHN BURROUGHS

I

How few persons can be convinced of the truth of that which is repugnant to their feelings! When Darwin published his conclusion that man was descended from an apelike ancestor who was again descended from a still lower type, most people were shocked by the thought; it was intensely repugnant to their feelings. Carlyle, for instance, treated the proposition with contempt. He called it the "gospel of dirt." "A good sort of man," he said, "is this Darwin, and well meaning, but with very little intellect." Huxley tells of seeing the old man one day upon the street, and of crossing over to greet him. Carlyle looked up and said, "You 're Huxley, are n't you, the man who says we are all descended from monkeys?" and went on his way. It would be interesting to know just what Carlyle thought we were descended from. Could he, or did he, doubt at all that, if he were to go back a few thousand years over his own line of descent, he would come upon rude savage men, who used stone implements, and lived in caves or rude huts, who had neither letters nor arts, and with whom might did indeed make right, and that back of these he would find still more primitive races, and that these too had their still more savage and bestial forbears? When started on the back track of his own race, where could he stop? Could he stop anywhere? The neolithic man stands on the shoulders of the paleolithic, and he on a still lower human or semi-human form, till we come to a manlike ape or an apelike man, living in trees and subsisting on roots and nuts and wild fruits. Every child born to-day, by the grip of its hands, the strength of its arms, and the weakness of its legs, hints of those far-off arboreal ancestors. Carlyle must also have known that in his fetal or prenatal life there was a time when his embryo could not have been distinguished from that of a dog, much less of a monkey. Was this also intolerable to him?

It must be a bitter pill to persons of Carlyle's temperament to have to accept the account of their own human origin; that the stork legend of the baby is, after all, not good natural history. The humble beginning of each of us is not one that appeals to the imagination, or to the religious sentiment, or to our love of the mysterious and the remote, yet the evidence in favor of its truth is pretty strong.

In fact, the Darwinian theory of the origin of man differs from the popular one just as the natural history of babies, as we all know it, differs from the account in the nursery legends, and gives about the same shock to our sensibilities and our pride of origin.

One of the hardest lessons we have to learn in this life, and one that many persons never learn, is to see the divine, the celestial, the pure, in the common, the near at hand — to see that heaven lies about us here in this world. Carlyle's gospel of dirt, when examined closely, differs in no respect from a gospel of star-dust. Why, we have invented the whole machinery of the supernatural, with its unseen spirits and powers good and bad, to account for things, because we found the universal everyday nature too cheap, too common, too vulgar. We have had to cap the natural with the supernatural to satisfy our love for the marvelous and the inexplicable. As soon as a thing is brought within our ken, and the region of our experience, it seems to lose caste and be cheapened. I am at a loss how to account for this

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mytho-poetic tendency of ours, but what a part it has played in the history of mankind, and what a part it still plays — turning the light of day into a mysterious illusive and haunted twilight on every hand! It would seem that it must have served some good purpose in the development of the race; but what is not so easy to point out is the evil it has wrought, the mistakes and self-delusions to which it has given rise. One may say that in its healthy and legitimate action it has given rise to poetry and to art and to the many escapes which the imagination provides us from the hard and wearing realities of life. Its implacable foe is undoubtedly the scientific spirit — the spirit of the *now and the here, that seeks proof and* finds the marvelous and the divine in the ground underfoot; the spirit that animated Lyell and opened his eyes to the fact that the forces and agencies at work every day around us were adequate to account for the tremendous changes in the earth's surface in the past; that animated Darwin and led him to trace the footsteps of the creative energy in the natural life of plants and animals to-day; that animated Huxley and filled him with such righteous wrath at the credulity of his theological brethren; and that animates every one of us when we clinch a nail, or stop a leak, or turn a thing over and look on the other side, and apply to practical affairs the touchstone of common sense.

That man is of divine origin in a sense that no other animal is, is a conviction dear to the common mind. It was dear to the mind of Carlyle, it chimed in well with his distrust of the present, his veneration of the past, and his Hebraic awe and reverential fear before the mysteries of the universe. While Darwin's attitude of mind toward outward things was one of inquiry and thirst for exact knowledge, Carlyle's was one of reverence and wonder. He was more inclined to worship where Darwin was moved to investigate. Darwin, too, felt the presence of the great unknown, but he sought solace in the knowable of the physical world about him, while Carlyle sought solace in the moral and intellectual world, where his great mytho-poetic faculty could have free swing.

We teach and we preach that God is in everything from the lowest to the highest, and that all things are possible with him, and yet practically we deny that he is in the brute and that it is possible man should have had his origin there.

I long ago convinced myself that whatever is on the earth and shares its life is of the earth, and, in some way not open to me, came out of the earth, the highest not less than the humblest creature at our feet. I like to think of the old weather-worn globe *as the mother of us all.* I like to think of the ground underfoot as plastic and responsive to the creative energy, vitally related to the great cosmic forces, a red corpuscle in the life-current of the Eternal, and that man, with all his high-flying dreams and aspirations, his arts, his Bibles, his religions, his literatures, his philosophies — heroes, saints, martyrs, sages, poets, prophets — all lay folded there in the fiery mist out of which the planet came. I love to make Whitman's great lines my own: —

I am an acme of things accomplished, and I am
an encloser of things to be.

My feet strike an apex of the apices of the
stairs,
On every step bunches of ages, and larger
bunches between the steps,
All below duly travel'd, and still I mount and
mount.

Rise after rise bow the phantoms behind
me,
Afar down I see the huge first Nothing, I know
I was even there,
I waited unseen and always, and slept through
the lethargic mist,
And took my time, and took no hurt from the
fetid carbon.

Long I was hugged close — long and long.

Immense have been the preparations for me;
Faithful and friendly the arms that have
helped me.

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Cycles ferried my cradle, rowing and rowing
like cheerful boatmen,
For room to me stars kept aside in their own
rings,
They sent influences to look after what was to
hold me.

Before I was born out of my mother genera-
tions guided me,
My embryo has never been torpid, nothing could
overlay it.

For it the nebula cohered to an orb,
The long slow strata piled to rest it on,
Vast vegetables gave it sustenance,
Monstrous sauroids transported it in their
mouths and deposited it with care.

All forces have been steadily employed to com-
plete and delight me,
Now on this spot I stand with my robust soul.

II

The material, the carnal, the earthy, has been so long under the ban, so long associated in our minds with that which hinders and degrades, and with the source and province of evil, that it will take science a long time to redeem it and lift it again to its proper place.

It jars upon our sensibilities and disturbs our preconceived notions to be told that the spiritual has its root in the carnal and is as truly its product as the flower is the product of the roots and the stalk of the plant. The conception does not cheapen or degrade the spiritual, it elevates the carnal, the material. To regard the soul and body as one, or to ascribe to consciousness a physiological origin, is not detracting from its divinity, it is rather conferring divinity upon the body. One thing is inevitably linked with another, the higher forms with the lower forms, the butterfly with the grub, the flower with the root, the food we eat with the thought we think, the poem we write, or the picture we paint, with the processes of digestion and nutrition. How science has enlarged and ennobled and purified our conception of the universe; how it has cleaned out the evil spirits that have so long terrified mankind, and justified the verdict of the Creator: "and behold it was good." With its indestructibility of matter, its conservation of energy, its inviolability of cause and effect, its unity of force and elements throughout sidereal space, it has prepared the way for a conception of man, his origin, his development, and in a measure his destiny, that at last makes him at home in the universe.

How much more consistent it is with what we know of the unity of nature to believe that one species should have come through another, that man should have come through the brute rather than have been grafted upon him from without. Unfolding and ever unfolding, upward and onward, from the lower to the higher, from the simple to the complex — that has been the course of organic evolution from the first.

One thinks of the creative energy as working along many lines, only one of which eventuated in man; all the others fell short or terminated in lower forms. Hence, while we think of man as capable of, and destined to, still higher development, we look upon the lower orders as having reached the end of their course, and conclude there is no to-morrow for them.

The anthropoid apes seem indeed like preliminary studies of man, or rejected models of the great inventor who was blindly groping his way to the higher form. The ape is probably our ancestor in no other sense than this. Nature seems to have had man in mind when she made him, but evidently she lost interest in him, humanly speaking, and tried some other combination. The ape must always remain an ape. Some collateral branch doubtless gave birth to a higher form, and this to a still higher, till we reach our preglacial forbears. Then some one branch or branches distanced all others, leaving rude tribes by the way in whom development seemed arrested, till we reach the dawn of history.

The creative energy seems ever to have been pushing out and on, and yet ever

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leaving a residue of forms behind. The reptiles did not all become birds, nor the invertebrates all become vertebrates, nor the apes all become men, nor the men all become Europeans. Every higher form has a base or background of kindred lower forms out of which it seems to have emerged, and to which it now and then shows a tendency to revert. And this is the order of nature everywhere, in our own physiology and psychology, not less than in the evolution of the forms of life. Do not our highest ideals have their rise and foundation in sensation and experience? There is no higher without first the lower, and the lower does not all become the higher.

The blood relationship between man and the anthropoid apes, as shown in the fact that human blood acts poisonously upon and decomposes the blood of the lower apes and other mammals, but is harmless to the blood of the anthropoid apes, and affiliates with it, is very significant. It convinces like a demonstration. Transfer the blood of the dog to the fox or the wolf, or *vice versa*, and all goes well; they are brothers. Transfer the blood of the dog to the rabbit, or *vice versa*, and a struggle for life immediately takes place. The serum of one blood destroys the cells of the other. This fact confirms Huxley's statement that the anatomical difference between man and the anthropoid apes is less than the corresponding difference between the latter and the lower apes.

III

One thing we may affirm about the universe — it is logical; the conclusion always follows from the premises.

The lesson which life repeats and constantly enforces is, "Look under foot." You are always nearer the divine and the true sources of your power than you think. The lure of the distant and the difficult is deceptive. The great opportunity is where you are. Do not despise your own place and hour. Every place is under the stars, every place is the centre of the world. Stand in your own dooryard and you have eight thousand miles of solid ground beneath you, and all the sidereal splendors overhead. The morning and the evening stars are no more in the heavens and no more obedient to the celestial impulses than the lonely and time-scarred world we inhabit. How the planet thrills and responds to the heavenly forces and occurrences we little know, but we get an inkling of it when we see the magnetic needle instantly affected by solar disturbances.

Look under foot. Gold and diamonds and all precious stones come out of the ground; they do not drop upon us from the stars, and our highest thoughts are in some way a transformation or a transmutation of the food we eat. The mean is the divine if we make it so. The child surely learns that its father and mother are the Santa Claus that brought the gifts, though the discovery may bring pain; and the man learns to see providence in the great universal forces of nature, in the winds and the rain, in the soil underfoot and in the cloud overhead. What these forces in their orderly rounds do not bring him, he does not expect. The farmer hangs up his stocking in the way of empty bins and barns, and he knows well who or what must fill them. The Santa Claus of the merchant, the manufacturer, the inventor, is the forces and conditions all about us in everyday operation. When the lightning strikes your building or the trees on your lawn, you are at least reminded that you do not live in a corner outside of Jove's dominions, you are in the circuit of the great forces. If you are eligible to bad fortune where you stand, you are equally eligible to good fortune there. The young man who went West did well, but the young man who had the western spirit and stayed at home did equally well. To evoke a spark of fire out of a flint with a bit of steel is the same thing as evoking beautiful thoughts from homely facts. How hard it is for us to see the heroic in an act of our neighbor!

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IV

What a burden science took upon itself when it sought to explain the origin of man! Religion or theology takes a short cut and makes quick work of it by regarding man as the result of the special creative act of a supernatural Being. But science takes a long and tedious and hazardous way around through the lowest primordial forms of life. It seeks to trace his germ through the abyss of geologic time where all is dim and mysterious, through countless cycles of waiting and preparation, where the slow, patient gods of evolution cherished it and passed it on, through the fetid carbon, through the birth and decay of continents, through countless interchanges and readjustments of sea and land, through the clash and warring of the cosmic forces, through good and evil report, through the fish and the reptile, through the ape and the orang up to man — from the slime at the bottom of the primordial ocean up to Jesus of Nazareth. Surely one may say with Whitman, —

"Immense have been the preparations for me;
Faithful and friendly the arms that have helped me!"

It took about one hundred thousand feet of sedimentary rock, laid down through hundreds of millions of years in the bottom of the old seas, all probably the leavings of minute forms of life, to make a foundation upon which man could appear.

His origin as revealed by science fills and appalls the imagination; as revealed by theology it simply baffles and dumbfounds one. Science deepens the mystery while yet it gives the reason and the imagination something to go upon; it takes us beyond soundings, but not beyond the assurance that cause and effect are still continuous there beneath us. I like to think that man has traveled that long adventurous road, that the whole creation has pulled together to produce him. It is a road, of course, beset with pain and anguish, beset with ugly and repellent forms, beset with riot and slaughter; it leads through jungle and morass, through floods and cataclysms, through the hells of the Mesozoic and the Cenozoic periods, but it leads ever upward and onward.

The manward impulse in creation has doubtless been checked many times, but never lost; all forms conspired to further it, and it seemed to have taken the push and the aspiration out of each order as it passed on, dooming it henceforth to a round of life without change or hope of progress, leaving the fish to continue fish, the reptiles to continue reptiles, the apes to continue apes; it took all the heart and soul of each to feed and continue the central impulse that was to eventuate in man.

I fail to see why our religious brethren cannot find in this history or revelation as much room for creative energy, as large a factor of the mysterious and superhuman, as in the myth of Genesis. True it is that it fixes our attention upon this world and upon forces with which we are more or less familiar, but it implies an element or a power before which we stand helpless and dumb. What fathered this man-impulse, what launched this evolutionary process, what or who stamped upon the first protoplasm the aspiration to be man, and never let that aspiration sleep through all the tremendous changes of those incalculable geologic ages? What or who first planted the seed of the great biological tree and determined all its branchings and the fruit it should bear? If you must have a God, either apart from or immanent in creation, it seems to me that there is as much need of one here as in the Mosaic cosmology. The final mystery cannot be cleared up. We can only drive it to cover. How the universe came to be what it is, and how man came to be man, who can tell us?

That somewhere in my line of descent was an ancestor that lived in trees and had powerful arms and weaker legs, that his line began in a creature that lived on the ground, and his in one that lived in

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the mud, or in the sea, and his, or its, sprang from a germ at the bottom of the sea, but deepens the mystery of the being that is now here and can look back and speculate over the course he has probably come; it only directs attention to ugly facts, to material things, to the everyday process of evolution, instead of to the far away, the unknown, or the supernatural.

How the organic came to bud and grow from the inorganic, who knows? Yet it must have done so. We seem compelled to think of an ascending series from nebular matter up to the spirituality of man, each stage in the series resting upon or growing out of the one beneath it. Creation or development must be continuous. There are and can be no breaks. The inorganic is already endowed with chemical and molecular life. The whole universe is alive and vibrates with impulses too fine for our dull senses; but in chemical affinity, in crystallization, in the persistence of force, in electricity, we catch glimpses of a kind of vitality that is preliminary to all other. I never see fire burn, or water flow, or the frost-mark on the pane, that I am not reminded of something as mysterious as life. How alive the flame seems, how alive the water, how marvelous the arborescent etchings of the frost! Is there a principle of fire? Is there a principle of crystallization? Just as much as there is a principle of life. The mind, in each case, seems to require something to lay hold of as a cause. Why these wonderful star forms of the snowflake? Why these exact geometric forms of quartz crystals? The gulf between disorganized matter and the crystal seems to me as great as that between the organic and the inorganic. If we did not every day witness the passage, we could not believe it. The gulf between the crystal and the cell we have not seen cleared, and man has not yet been able to bridge it, and may never be, but it has been bridged, and I dare say without any more miracle than hourly goes on around us. The production of water from two invisible gases is a miracle to me. When water appeared (what made it appear?) and the first cloud floated across the blue sky, life was not far off, if it was not already there. Some morning in spring, when the sun shone across the old Azoic hills, at some point where the land and sea met, life began — the first speck of protoplasm appeared. Call it the result of the throb or push of the creative energy that pervades all things, and whose action is continuous and not intermittent, since we are compelled to presuppose such energy to account for anything, even our own efforts to account for things. An ever active vital force pervades the universe, and is felt and seen in all things, from atomic attraction and repulsion up to wheeling suns and systems. The very processes of thought seem to require such premises to go upon. There is a reason for the universe as we find it, else man's reason is a delusion, and delusion itself is a meaningless term. The uncaused is unthinkable; thought can find neither beginning nor ending to the universe, because it cannot find the primal cause. Can we think of a stick with only one end? We have to if we compass time in thought, or in space, either.

V

Given atomic motion, chemical affinity, — this hunger or love of the elements for one another, — crystallization, electricity, radium, the raining upon us of solar and sidereal influences, the youth of the earth, and the whole universe vibrating with the cosmic creative energy, the beginning of life, the step from the inorganic to the organic, is not so hard to conceive. In a dead universe this would be hard, but we have a universe throbbing with cosmic life and passion to begin with. It is impossible for me to think of anything as uncaused, and in trying to figure to myself this beginning of life I have to postulate this universal creative energy that pervades the worlds as animating the atoms and causing them to combine so as to produce the primordial protoplasm. Then

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when the first cell divides and becomes two, I have to think of an inherent something that prompts the act, and so on all the way up.

I cannot conceive of crystallization, this precise and invariable arrangement of certain elements, nor of the invariable chemical compounds, without postulating some inner force or will or tendency that determines them. I cannot conceive of an atom of carbon, or oxygen, or hydrogen as doing anything of itself. It must be alive, and this life and purpose pervades the universe. This inability on my part may be only the limitation of thought. I know there are things I cannot conceive of that are yet true. I cannot conceive how the sky is still overhead at the South Pole as at the North, because one position to my senses is the reverse of the other and I am compelled to think of up and down as the same. I cannot think how anything can begin, because time, like matter, is infinitely divisible, and there always remains a mathematical fragment of time between the not beginning and the beginning. The conditions of thought are such that I do not see how one can think of one's self, that is, be object and subject at the same instant of time, — jump down one's own throat, so to speak, — and yet we seem to manage to do it.

VI

If life can finally be explained in terms of physics and chemistry, that is, if the beginning of life on the globe was no new thing, the introduction of no new principle, but only the result of a vastly more complex and intimate play and interaction of the old physico-chemical forces of the inorganic world, then the gulf that is supposed to separate the two worlds of living and non-living matter virtually disappears: the two worlds meet and fuse. We shall probably in time have to come to accept this view — the view of the mechanico-chemical theory of life. It is in a line with the whole revelation of science, so far, — the getting rid of the miraculous, the unknowable, the transcendental, and the enhancing of the potency and the mystery of things near at hand that we have always known in other forms. It is at first an unpalatable truth, like the discovery of the animal origin of man, or that consciousness and all our fine thoughts and aspirations are the result of molecular action in the brain; or like the experience of the child when it discovers that its father or mother is the Santa Claus that filled its stockings. Science is constantly bringing us back to earth and to the ground underfoot. Our dream of something far-off, supernatural, vanishes. We lose the God of a far-off heaven and find a God in the common, the near, always present, always active, always creating the world anew. Science thus corrects our delusions and vague superstitions, and brings us back near home for the key we had sought afar. We shall probably be brought, sooner or later, to accept another unpalatable theory, that of the physical origin of the soul, that it is not of celestial birth except as the celestial and terrestrial are one. This is really only taking our religious teachers at their word, that God is here, as constant and as active in the commonest substance we know as in the highest heaven. Science finds the beginning of something like conscious intelligence in the first unicellular life, the first protozoön. When two or more cells unite to form a metazoön, it finds a higher and more complex form of intelligence. In the brain of man it finds a confraternity of millions of simple cells, each with a life and intelligence of its own, but when united and coöperating, the intelligence of all *pooled*, as it were, we have the mind and personality of man as the result. This fact leaves no room for the notion that the mind or soul is an entity apart from the organ which it uses. It seems, on the contrary, in some mysterious way to be the result of the multicellular life of the nervous system. Thus we do not banish the mystery of the soul, we only bring it nearer home. We disprove a fable and are then confounded by the fact.

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that lurks under it. And this proves true in all attempts at ultimate explanations of the phenomena of this world.

It seems as if we saw the hint of prophecy of the vegetable in the mineral — in this growth of crystals, in these arborescent forms of the frost on the pane or on the flagging-stones. One may see most wonderful tree and fern forms on the pavement, with clean open spaces between them, no less than in a wood, — an endless variety of them. A French chemist has lately produced by inorganic compounds the growth of something like a plant, with roots, stem, branches, leaves, buds, — a mineral plant, as if the type of the plant already existed in the soil. Yes, the inorganic is dreaming of the organic. And the plant in its cell structure, in its circulation, in its intelligence, or ingenious devices to get on in the world, is dreaming of the animal, and the animal is dreaming of the spiritual, and the spirituality of man touches the spirituality of the cosmos, and thus the circle is complete.

VII

So far as science can find out, *sentience* is a property of matter which is evolved under certain conditions, and though science itself has not yet been able to reproduce these conditions, it still believes in the possibility. If life was not potential in the inorganic world, how is it possible to account for it? It is not a graft, it is more like a begetting. Nature does not work by prefixes and suffixes, but by unfolding and ever unfolding, or developing out of latent innate powers and possibilities, — an inward necessity always working, but never an external maker. It is no help to fancy that life may have been brought to the earth by a falling meteorite from some other sphere. How did life originate upon that other sphere? It must have started here as surely as fire started here. We feign that Prometheus stole the first fire from heaven, but it sleeps here all about us, and can be evoked any time and anywhere. It sleeps in all forms of force. A falling avalanche of rocks turns to flame; the meteor in the air becomes a torch; the thunderbolt is a huge spark. So life, no doubt, slept in the inorganic, and was started by the reverse of friction, namely, by brooding.

When the earth becomes lifeless again, as it surely must in time, then the cycle will be repeated. a collision will develop new energy, and new worlds, and out of this newness will again come life.

It is highly probable that a million years elapsed between the time when the ancestor of man began to assume human form and the dawn of history. Try to think of that time and of the struggle of this creature upward: of the pain, the suffering, the low bestial life, the warrings, the defeats, the slow, infinitely slow gains, of his deadly enemies in other animals, of the repeated changes of climate of the northern hemisphere from subtropical to subarctic, — the land at one time for thousands of years buried beneath an ice sheet a mile or more thick, followed by a cycle of years of almost tropical warmth even in Greenland, — and all of this before man had yet got off of "all fours," and stood upright, and began to make rude tools and rude shelters from the storms.

The Tertiary period, early in which the first rude ancestor of man seems to have appeared, is less than one week of the great geologic year of the earth's history — a week of about five days. These days the geologists have named Eocene, Oligocene, Miocene, Pliocene, and Pleistocene, each one of these days covering, no doubt, a million years or more. The ancestor of man probably took on something like human form on the third, or Miocene, day. The other and earlier fifty or more weeks of the great geologic year gradually saw the development of the simpler forms of life, till we reach the earliest mammals and reptiles in the Permian, about the forty-eighth or forty-ninth week of the great year. The laying down of the coal measures, Huxley thinks, must have taken six millions of

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years. Well, the Lord allowed himself enough time. Evidently he was in no hurry to see man cutting his fantastic tricks here upon the surface of the planet. A hundred million years, more or less — what of it? Did the globe have to ripen all those cycles upon cycles, like the apple on the tree? to bask in the sidereal currents, work and ferment in the sea of the hypothetical ether, before the gross matter could evolve the higher forms of life? Probably every unicellular organism that lived and died in the old seas helped prepare the way for man, contributed something to the fund of vital energy of the globe upon which man was finally to draw.

How life has had to adjust itself to the great cosmic changes! The delays must have been incalculable. The periodic refrigeration of the northern hemisphere, which brought on the ice age several times during each one of the Eocene and Miocene days, must have delayed the development of life, as we know it, enormously.

VIII

From nebula to nebula — these are the hours struck by the clock of eternity: from the dissipation of the solar systems into nebular gas by their falling together, to their condensation again into suns and worlds, by the action of physical laws — thousands of millions of years in each hour, and the hours infinite in number. This is a hint of eternity. How many times, then, there must have been a world like this evolved in the course of this running down and winding up of the great clock, with beings like these we now behold! how many such worlds and such beings there must now be in the universe, and have always been! Can you think of the number? Not till you can think of infinity. The duration of life upon the globe, to say nothing of man's little span, is hardly a tick of this clock of eternity, and the repetition of the birth and dissipations of systems is well symbolized by the endless striking or ticking of a clock.

Then, sooner or later, comes the thought, What is it all for? and from the great abysm comes the echo, "What for?" Is it our human limitations, the discipline of this earthly life, when we have to count the cost and ask what it is for, that makes us put the question to the Infinite? When the cosmic show is over, what is the gain? When our universe is again a blank, who or what will have reaped the benefit? Will the moral order which has been so slowly and painfully evolved, and which so many souls have struggled to live up to, still go on? Where? with whom? I seem to see dimly that you cannot bring the Infinite to book, that you cannot ask, What for? of the All, — of that which has neither beginning nor end, neither centre nor circumference, neither fulfillment nor design, which knows neither failure nor success, neither loss nor gain, and which is complete in and of itself.

We are tied to the sphere, its laws shape our minds, we cannot get away from it and see it in perspective; away from it there is no direction; at either pole on its surface there is the contradiction of the sky being always overhead. We are tied to the Infinite in the same way. We are part of it but we may not measure it. Our boldest thought comes back like a projectile fired into the heavens — the curve of the infinite sphere holds us. I know I am trying to say the unsayable. I would fain indicate how human and how hopeless is our question, "What for?" when asked of the totality of things. There is no totality of things. To say that there is, does not express it. To say that there is not, does not express it. To say that the universe was created, does not express the mystery; to say that it was not created, but always existed, does not express it any nearer. To say that the heavens are overhead is only half the truth; they are underfoot also. Down is toward the centre of the earth, but go on through and come out at the surface on the other side, and which way is down then?

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The Unspeakable will not be spoken.

In the light of science we must see that life and progress and evolution and the moral order must go on and on somewhere; that the birth of systems and the evolution of planets must and does continue, and always has continued; that if one sun fades, another blazes out; that as there must have been an infinite number (how can there be an infinite number? where is the end of the endless?) of worlds in the past, so there will be an infinite number in the future; that if the moral order and the mathematical order and the intellectual order disappear from one planet, they will appear in due time on another.

All that which in our limited view of nature we call waste and delay — how can such terms apply to the Infinite? Can we ever speak truly of the Infinite in terms of the finite? To be sure, we have no other terms, and can never have. Then let us be silent and — reverent.

ROSE MACLEOD [1]

BY ALICE BROWN

XXIV

It was the early twilight, and MacLeod was going to Electra to say good-by. But first he tapped at Rose's door. He had seen her from time to time through the day, and nothing of significance had passed between them. That unbroken level had been exciting to her. She knew he had things to say and that he would not go leaving them unspoken; delay was only the withholding of bad news. Now she came to the door, a fan in her hand and the summer night reasonably accounting for the breathlessness she felt. Her pallor made a white spot in the dusk; she was like a ghost, with all the life drained out of her. MacLeod stepped inside and closed the door.

"Hot!" he breathed, taking a place by the window.

She could not quite compose herself, and stood near him, fanning him to give herself a pretext for movement. MacLeod looked up at her, smiling. He saw how pale she was.

"Why," he said, with his beguiling kindliness, "you must n't look as if you were afraid of me."

She moved a little, to escape his eyes.

"No," she said, in a low tone, "I don't mean to be afraid. But I am."

"What of, Rose?"

She wanted to say, from her confused suspicions, that he was inevitably contemplating some course that would involve her freedom. But he had turned, and was looking at her in a smiling candor. There was evidently no more guile in him than in the impartial and cherishing sun.

"I wish life did n't present itself to you as a melodrama," he volunteered, with almost a brightness of reproach.

She shook her head. The tremulous expectancy of her face remained unchanged.

"I wish so, too," she answered.

"Well!" He spoke robustly, with a quick decision. "I'm going back. I shall sail next week."

She drew a quick breath. Ready as she was to disbelieve him, it was impossible to deny herself an unreasonable relief. She held herself rigid with anticipation, knowing what the next words would be and how he would command or entreat her also to go. But they amazed her.

"Rose," said he, "this may be the last

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little talk we have together here. I want to speak to you about your mother."

"My mother!" Unconsciously she drew nearer him. Her mother was — what? A banished dream, not forgotten, but relegated to dim tapestried chambers because the air of the present seemed to blur out memory by excess of light. She had awakened from her girlhood's dreams; to them, chiefly, her mother had belonged. Now that past beneficence was a faded flower found in a casket, a scent of beauty touched by time.

"Sit down," said MacLeod, and she obeyed him. He stretched out his legs at ease, and put his head back, his eyes closed, in an easy contemplation. "We don't speak of her very often, do we, little girl?"

"No!" Her irrepressible comment was, "I thought you had forgotten her."

But he continued, —

"I was thinking the other day how much you lose in not having known her as she was when I met her first."

"I have the miniature."

"I know. But that's only a suggestion. It does n't help me bring her to life for you. She had beauty — not so much as you have — and an extraordinary grace and charm. She had, too, that something we trace back to breeding."

He had always undervalued the virtues claimed by gentle birth, and she looked at him, amazed. He understood, and laughed a little. His best weapon against the aristocrat had been tolerance, at its mildest, or a gentle scorn. Where a mob threw eggs, he tossed a rounded epithet.

"I know," he said, "you think I laugh at breeding. Not in her. She had its rarest virtues. She was like an old portrait come to life. She could n't think of her own advantage. She could n't lie. Ah well! well!" He seemed to be musing over the sadness of things begun and ended all too soon, over a light quenched, a glory gone. Rose found herself passionately anxious to hear more. He had brought her a jewel, a part of her heritage; she might have seen it, but without knowing how bright it was. She was acquiescing, too, in the old spell of his kindness, but never, it seemed to her, so beguilingly administered: for he had come, like a herald accredited by an impeccable authority — the talisman of her mother's name. He was, she thought from his voice, gently amused, even smiling a little to himself.

"You see, Rose, your mother made a bad match. Her people, the few there were, repudiated her. I had no qualifications. I was a poor scribbler, too big, too robust, too everything to suit them. I breathed up all the air. I just went into their stained-glass seclusions and carried her off. They never forgave me."

"Her father died very soon." She had never referred to the two old people as her grandparents. She found, in her emotional treasury, no right to them, even as a memory. This hesitating question, indeed, seemed a liberty, as it subtly brought them nearer.

"Yes. Your mother was prostrated by that. She had a strong sense of family feeling."

Immediately Rose pictured to herself the wonder of having such clinging tendrils, to aspire upward, and such filaments of root to mingle with kindred roots in a tended ground. Until now it had seemed to her brave and desirable to walk alone without inherited ties, the cool wind breathing about her, unchecked by walls of old restraint. Now, whether he was gently guiding her thoughts toward his desired ends, or whether some actual hunger in her was impelling them to seek lost possibilities, she did not know; but she was sad. She wanted the spacious boughs of a tree of family life to sit under, to play there and rest. He was continuing, —

"Above all, your mother was a woman of great loyalties, not only to individuals but to her inherited pride. You know that threadbare phrase, *noblesse oblige?* I can laugh when most of them

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use it. I never laughed when I saw her cutting her conduct by it."

"I never knew —" She was about to say, in her glowing surprise, that she never knew he cared so much for her mother, or that he had been cherishing such memories.

"That's the reason, my dear," he was saying now, "why you must model yourself on her, and not on me. I don't know that you ever had the least desire to model yourself on me, but I feel very strongly about your knowing what kind of woman she was and letting her — well, letting her decide things for you."

"I wish —" All sorts of longings were choking her and crying for expression; but she could only finish, "I wish she had not died."

"Yes, child. Now these people here, Rose," — his voice had changed into a decisive affirmation, "they are a good sort, very gentle, very well worth your meeting them with fairness. You haven't met them fairly. Now, have you?"

"What do you mean?" She was trembling, not so much under his words as from her own dreary shame. The shame had been with her all day, until she was tired with it, and the words seemed to be little separate floutings to make the burden heavier.

"Electra called you an adventuress. She had every right to."

"Yes. She had every right to." But Rose spoke with the unreasoning bitterness of youth that, finding itself in the wrong path, is sure the way, once entered, has no turning.

"She says you came here with a lie on your lips. Is n't that true?"

"But you told me —" She was seeking to get back her lost self, the one that still believed in its own integrity. "I did n't choose to lead the life she thinks I led. You told me it was the noblest thing to do."

"Ah!" He took the words out of her mouth. "I did. But did you make your stand magnificently and face the conventions you defied? No! you came here and told a lie. You chose the cheapest part you could, and played it."

His righteous anger was sweeping her away. Everything helped him, even her own sad sense of inexorable destiny and her poor desert.

"You have taken a very unfortunate step, child," he was saying. "You came here on a questionable errand. Now you have owned up to these people. They know what you are."

"Oh!" She threw out her hands at the horror of it. Until now she had not seen herself as she must be, even in Electra's eyes. His way of presenting things made them intolerably vivid.

"But they — they will not —" She quivered before him, and seemed to crouch and lessen.

"They won't tell? I don't feel sure of that. But do you want to trade on their not telling? Such things are always known."

"Well, I have done wrong. I must suffer for it."

"Who suffers? You — and I. The blow to me is incalculable. I don't understand it. Your mother's memory — that should have kept you straight. So far, child — why, you're a liar."

She was, she told herself, the tears streaming over her face. The happy certainties she had felt with Osmond withdrew into a vague distance. At last she understood; she had sinned, and she was not forgiven.

"Now!" said MacLeod. His voice had a ring she knew. "Now, we must consider what is to be done. One thing I have done already. I have taken passage for you. I will stand by you if you go back to France. I won't support you here. Nor shall they. Think what you did. A cheap adventuress could do no more, except persist in it." He was all breathing indignation.

"Do you mean —" Her voice broke. "Do you mean to take me back to him?"

"The prince? By no means. I mean to take you back to work, to be good and

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clean and honest. You must retrieve this step. You shall be independent of me, if you like. You shall sing. My dear daughter, you may not think I have shown you much affection, — but your honor is very dear to me." He looked nobly sincere, and yet she bent her brows upon him and tried to read a deeper soul than he displayed.

"Father!" The word was wrung from her. She had not willingly called him by it for the two years past. "You have persuaded me before. How can I believe you?"

A melting change came over him. It was evident in his voice, his suffused look, his whole manner.

"My child," said he, "can't you believe I loved your mother?"

Immediately the tides of her filial being were with him. If she denied him, she must hurt something to which her very blood bade her be faithful. The house of life, the father, mother, and their child, — these were the sacred three, and it might be her high emprise to keep their union holy.

"Can you be ready to-morrow?" he asked, with that emphasis his followers knew. "You will stay in town with me until we sail."

"Yes."

"Will you be ready?"

"I will be ready."

He got up and bent to kiss her forehead. But she retreated.

"No," she breathed. "I'll do it, father, but don't be kind to me."

He gave her a little pat on the shoulder, and a reassuring "Nonsense! I'm always kind. We'll have famous times yet, my dear."

She stood droopingly while his steps went down the stairs and out through the veranda and ceased upon the grass. Then she opened her door and crossed the hall to grannie's room and tapped.

"Come in," called the kind old voice. Grannie was in bed, a candle by her, a book in her hand. She looked, in her nightcap, like a beautiful old baby. "I had to crawl in here," she said apologetically. "I get so stiff sitting about. But I don't want to sleep. Draw up the rocking chair."

Rose went up to the bedside, and dropped upon her knees, looking up so that the light could strike her face. It was a wretched face, but she tried to keep it calm lest it should plead for her.

"My father is going to take me away," she began. "I must pack to-night. But I want to tell you — "

"Take you away? where?" asked grannie.

"To France."

"Why, I don't like that!"

Rose continued, —

"I am not a good woman. My father has told me so. He has shown me. I believe it."

"I guess you're tired," said grannie. She laid a motherly hand on the girl's forehead. Then she smoothed her hair, and tucked a lock behind her ear. "I guess I would n't say such things."

"I was never married to Tom Fulton. I thought it was right not to be. But I came here and called myself his wife. I am an adventuress. My father says so."

The old lady sat looking at her with a puzzled glance.

"You blow out the candle," she said then. "It makes it kind of hot. Now I'll move over, and you climb up here and lie down a spell. I guess it'll rest you."

Rose put out the candle and breathed her relief now that even that light was off her tortured face. Then she did stretch herself on the bed, and grannie put out a hand and held hers.

"'T won't hurt your skirt, will it?" she asked. "You've got such pretty clothes. I should n't want to have 'em tumbled."

Rose spoke again with her insistent haste, —

"I am an adventuress."

"There! there! don't say that. It's a miserable kind of a word. Did your father come here to take you back?"

"I don't know why he came — not

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entirely. But he tells me to go with him. I must go."

"Do you want to go, dear?"

She hesitated a moment, and they both listened to the sounds of the summer night.

"I want to be honest," Rose said at last. "It is too late — but I must do the best I can."

"It is n't ever too late," said grannie. "But I don't seem to want you to go. I'm fond of you, dear." Rose lifted the cherishing hand to her lips. "Peter is fond of you, too. He told me so to-day. It is all over between him and Electra. He told you that?"

"Dear Peter! But after this" — she was quivering with impatience to put that test — "you would n't be willing to have him like me — after this?"

Now grannie was silent, but only because she was thinking. The tightening clasp of her hand made that evident.

"My dear," she said at last, in her soft old voice, "you can't imagine how stupid I am. I never know how to say things right. But if it was a transgression — I suppose you'd say it was —"

Honesty rose up in the girl, and cried to be heard.

"I thought it was right," she protested sharply. "I did think it was right. About coming here I did n't think much, except that I was lonesome and afraid. Now I understand. I must pay my penalties. I must be honest. It is too late, — but it's all I can do."

"You see, about transgressions," said grannie, "why, they're not to be thought of, my dear, not for an instant after we are sorry. We've just taken the wrong road, that's all. We've got to clip it back into the right one. We can't sit down to cry."

"We've got to take our punishment!"

"Yes, mercy, yes! I guess we have. But we've got to be happy, too. The punishments were given us in love. We've got to be thankful for 'em. Now, do you feel as if 't was right for you to go back with your father?"

"There are hard things there. I ran away from them. I must face them."

"Then you go, dear," said grannie. "But don't you forget for one minute that there's the love of God. Peter and I love you, too. And when all the things are done, you hurry right back here, and we shall be here — some of us, anyway — and your room'll be ready for you just the same."

Rose lay there with the ineffable sense upon her of that readjusted balance which we call forgiveness. Life, even the narrow piece of it she was touching, greatened with possibilities.

"Grannie," she said, "there's one thing more."

"What is it, dear?"

"I want to leave a message with you. I want you to tell Osmond something."

"Why, honey, do you know Osmond?"

"Yes, I know him." Then she rehearsed the bare details of their meetings, and finishing, said, quite simply, "I can't see him. I can't say good-by. If I spoke to him, how could I bear to go? But it's he who really sends me."

"What do you mean, dear?"

"I don't know how to tell you. Only, he is so true he makes me want to be true, too. He wants to do the hardest thing. This is the hardest thing for me. And I want to go and be honest, not stay and have you all make it easy for me to be honest. And I want to prove myself, to use my voice. I don't intend to be supported by my father. But when I have established myself, I shall come back."

She felt as if she were talking to Osmond himself, and as if his idea of great world spaces and inevitable meetings made it certain for them to part without loss.

Grannie was thinking. She gave a little sigh.

"What is it?" asked Rose.

"Osmond likes you very much, does n't he?" asked the old lady.

"It is n't exactly liking. We understand each other. He is different from anybody."

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"Yes."

"He understands me almost before I speak. It is comfortable to be with him."

"Yes. And the boy finds it comfortable to be with you."

"Oh, yes! It is because it is so exactly alike for us both. That is why we are so contented together."

"He will miss you when you are gone."

"Oh, but not as I shall miss him! He is so sure of things. He knows so well when the cord between us is holding. But I shall doubt. I shall want to hear his voice."

Grannie sighed again. She was a happy old woman in her certainties; but sometimes she felt tired, with the gentle lassitude of the old. She had been with Osmond through every step of his difficult way, and she had hoped some tragedies would be spared them both. Much as she believed in ultimate good fortune, she had to shrink from his desiring woman's love. Yet this was to be. A little jealous doubt of the girl crept into her troubled heart. Was she light of love, a lady of enchantments who could appear out of nowhere and make all these strange happenings seem commonplace until her fickle destiny should snatch her away again, leaving hurt and mourning hearts behind? Grannie was humbly conscious that there were many things outside her world, exotic flowers of life her upland pastures did not breed. That they were poison flowers she could not well believe; but when her dear boy tasted the essence of them she had to pause and sternly think it over, whether it was well.

"My dear," she said, "you must be honest with him." The gentle voice had steel in it.

"Honest? With Osmond? How should I be anything else? What reason — why, grannie!"

"Osmond is not like other men."

"He is better. He is like a spirit."

"No. He is only a man that's had heavy loads to carry. You must n't be cruel to him."

"Grannie, I never heard you speak like that. You have been so kind."

"I am kind now, but Osmond is my boy. Do you feel to him as you did to Tom Fulton?"

"Oh!" It was a cry of pain. "What has Tom Fulton to do with it, to do with me?" the girl asked, in that hurt surprise. "All I want is to forget him. He made himself beautiful to me because he lied to me. The things I loved he said he loved — and then he laughed at them. But Osmond — what has Osmond to do with Tom Fulton?"

"You have made Osmond love you," said grannie. "That's all."

The chamber was very still. Rose could hear the ticking of grannie's watch beside her on the stand. Presently she spoke in a wondering tone.

"Love me? Grannie, is it that?"

"What did you think it was?"

"I did n't think. I thought it was something greater."

"There is nothing greater, Rose. Is there anything more terrible?"

The girl turned her face over, and dropped it for a minute on the hollow of the old woman's arm. Then she spoke, and to grannie's amazement she laughed a little, too.

"Oh, I never dreamed I could be so happy!"

"Happy! But is he happy?"

"He must be, if he knows it. Do you think he knows it, grannie?"

"I'm afraid he does, my dear," said grannie sadly.

"Has he told you so?"

"Not a word."

"If he does, tell me, grannie. Betray him. I need to know everything he knows — everything."

It was a new Rose, one none of them in America had yet seen. There were tumultuous yearnings in her voice, innocent insistencies; she seemed to be clamoring for life, the boon that it was right and sweet for her to have.

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"He does n't speak of you," said grannie. "What could come of it, if he did?"

"What could come of it? Everything could come of it. I shall write him by every mail. Tell him that. I will write him all my life, every minute of it from morning till night. And I will come back, soon, soon, — as soon as I have earned money to be honest on. Tell him that, grannie."

But grannie sighed.

"I am afraid you are not very reasonable," she said. "And I should n't dare to give him such messages. How do I know what they would mean to him? Why, my dear, you may meet some young man to-morrow, any day. You may want to marry him. What do you think Osmond would feel, if you wrote and told him that?"

"Why," said Rose, in a pained surprise, "you have n't understood, after all. But he will understand. No, don't tell him anything, grannie, only that I'll write to him every mail and that I shall come home. He will believe me. Now I must go and pack."

But grannie held her anxiously.

"I'm afraid I've made you troubled," she said.

"No, you've made me rich. I don't care what happens to me now. I can face it all. Dear, dear grannie! I thank you for forgiving me." She kissed the two kind hands, and stood beside the bed for a minute. "He comes to you in the morning, does n't he? Tell him all that then. Only tell him I could n't bear to say good-by. But I shall come back, and there will be welcomes, not good-bys." She went softly out, and grannie heard the closing of the door.

Rose, in her own room, did not begin at once to pack. She was alive again with the most brilliant triumph and delight. Her father's influence had slipped from her, and she stood there shuddering in the delicious cold of a strong wind of life. If she was to go forth, to make herself whole with her own destiny, she was going, not as the puppet of his will, but exhilarated by marvels. There were still large things in the world, strong loyalties, pure faithfulness. She felt like a warrior girded with a sword.

XXV

Osmond was sitting in his playhouse under the tree. He did not expect Rose to come, but he had things to think about, and in the playhouse he never felt alone. He was studying his own life as it had been and as it was. The past looked to him all submission and a still endurance He marveled that a man could live so long and not look man's lot in the face. A thousand passions had been born in him at once, and they seemed almost equally good to him because they were all so strong. He sat there drunk with the lust of power and reviewing his desires as, one by one, they came and smiled upon him.

First he desired a woman, the one woman, Rose, not now romantically through the mist of dreams, but as the wild man wants his mate. Was that love? he asked himself, in this dispassionate scrutiny, and decided that, as men chose to name it, it was love. They crowned it with garlands, they sang about it and drank to it, but that was only to make it sweeter.

He remembered again the passion of protection he had felt for her, the desire to slay whatever crossed her path. That was hate, he knew, and it seemed to him good. All these things were the forces that made up life, and life was a battle.

And then, as he did intermittently after every wave of thought, he remembered that Peter was in love with Rose, he recalled the gay certainty of the boy when he had said he could make her happy, and he saw her in Peter's arms. And this was jealousy.

At once he rose to his feet and listened. A step was coming nearer, heavy and halting, pausing for frequent rests. The familiar sound of it and the appeal

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of a presence not yet known made him knit his brows and peer forward through the dark. When the step ceased again, for an interval, he cried out, "Grannie!"

"Why, dear, you there?" called grannie.

He ran to her and put his arm about her, and so they came onward to the chair which had been a throne for Rose. When she had sunken into it, he began to scold her gently. She had not been so far from home for many a day. She had chosen night and a rough path. Why did she do it?

"I had to see you, dear," said grannie. "Maybe I did n't consider how hard it would be, but when I started out, I was n't thinking much about my aches and pains. I had to see you. So I just dressed me and came."

"But, grannie, it's the middle of the night!"

"Yes, child, I suppose it is. Night or day, it's all one. Osmond, her father's going to take her away from here."

"Rose!"

"Yes, dear, she's going. Do you think it's best to let her go with him?"

"No! It's outrageous and impossible."

"I thought you'd say so. Well, Osmond, she meant to go away to-morrow morning without seeing you. But she sent you her love. It seemed to me that . . . So I thought you'd better have it to-night."

She heard him breathing heavily, but he did not speak. Once he walked away from her and back again.

"What has made her want to go?"

"She does n't want it. But he has worked upon her. He's told her she is bad; some dreadful things I guess he said. I don't believe in that man, Osmond. I never did, first minute I laid eyes on him."

"No, grannie, he's not to be believed."

"I thought maybe you'd better have the night-time to think it over in. You may want to do something."

"Grannie, what can I do?"

"I don't know, son. But you're the head of the house."

Again he strode away on his impatient march, and grannie waited and prayed a little and thought how her knees ached and how she hoped God would help him. He was back again.

"You know how it is with me?" he said roughly.

"Yes, child."

"It's a big proposition."

"It's the biggest there is, son. I've just been telling her so."

"Rose? What has Rose said?"

"Not much. Only I had the feeling, when I was with her, that she loved you and did n't hardly know about your loving her. So I came down here."

"You did right to come."

Grannie drew a long breath. The thing was out of her hands, now, she knew. What his hands would do with it did not yet appear. She rose.

"Well, son," she said, "I'll go back. Come with me to the wall. Then I'll manage it alone."

He did go with her, helping her in a tender silence, and at the door she kissed him good-night.

"What time is breakfast, grannie?"

"Eight o'clock."

The next morning when they had assembled in the dining-room, grannie, standing with a hand on the back of her chair, waited. Her face had a flush of expectation. Her eyes sought the window.

"There!" she said, "he's coming. Peter, I've moved your place. Osmond will sit opposite me."

"Osmond!" Peter almost shouted it.

"Yes," said grannie, in what seemed pride. "I thought Osmond would be here."

Osmond came in, a workman in his blouse, fresh from cold water and the night's stern counseling. Rose, hearing his step, could not, for a minute, look at him, because he had once forbidden it. The commonplace room, with the morning light in it, swam before her. After he

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had spoken to grannie, he walked up to her and offered his hand. Then their eyes met. Hers were full of tears, and through their blur, even, his face looked stern and beautiful.

"I wanted to see you," Osmond said; and she answered, feeling his kindness as from some dim distance, —

"To say good-by?"

"No, not to say good-by."

Then they sat down, and there was no constraint, but a good deal of talking; and, strangely, it was Osmond who led it. He did not touch upon things of wider interest than his own garden ground, where he was at home. He had pleasant chronicles of the work to give grannie, and MacLeod took a genial interest. Only Peter sat, wide-eyed at the turn things were taking, and Rose grew paler and left her plate untouched. She did not know whether it was joy that moved her, or grief at parting with him. Only the morning seemed like no other morning. When they rose from the table, Osmond turned at once to MacLeod.

"May I see you for a minute or two?" he asked. "We'll go into the west room, grannie."

While Peter started forward, as if to help or hinder as the case might be when he understood it, Osmond had led the way, still with the air of being master of the house, and Rose stood with downcast eyes, as if miserably conscious that the interview would concern her. Inside the west room, cool in the morning, and with a restful bareness about it, a retreat where people went to sleep or read, Osmond turned at once to the man whom, at that moment, he delighted in as a worthy foe. Osmond had never known before the keen, salt taste of victory. All his triumphs up to this time had been as slow as the growth of a tree that recovers itself after lopped branches. Now he felt the anticipation of combat.

"We need n't sit down," he said rapidly, yet with self-possession. He looked taller, even, MacLeod thought with wonder. His dark eyes were full of fire. "I love your daughter," said Osmond, in a full, steady voice. He chose the words the poets had taught him to use simply, and also, perhaps, the novels he had been reading since he had known Rose.

"My dear fellow!" cried MacLeod expansively. And then, remembering the peculiar circumstances of the case, "I'm sorry, devilish sorry for you."

Osmond smiled. He felt capable, if there were no other way of doing it, of wresting the lady's fate from evil chances with his hands. Yet he liked MacLeod to resist. It made the fight more splendid.

"She must not go back with you," he said. "You are not to insist on it. Don't insist. That will save us all trouble."

MacLeod had gathered himself together. He put his hand in his pocket and meditatively brought out his pipe, fingering the case with an absent and lingering interest, as if he felt the call to a lost rite.

"My dear fellow," he said again, "this is too bad. I'm sorry."

"Rose will remain here," said Osmond briefly. "My grandmother will take the kindest care of her."

"But I can't allow it, you know," said the father, still with tolerance. "Rose is due in Paris. We're both due there. It's very good of you, very hospitable and all that, — but you must n't carry this Lochinvar business too far. It's too rapid a world, you know. I'm too busy, my dear fellow. That's the truth."

Osmond stood gazing at him reflectively, not in doubt or hesitation, but because he liked the look of so big an animal, and considering that it would be charming to see the creature yield. Osmond had not sharpened his weapons or even decided what they were. He only knew MacLeod must bend, and that there was in himself a big, even an invincible force to make him.

"Rose is not going," he said quietly.

Then MacLeod laughed. The morning was hurrying by and this vaporing was a hindrance to be shuffled off. "You

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say you love my daughter?" he remarked, with a veiled meaning in the tone. "What then? You don't propose to marry her?" The tone said further, "You don't tell me you propose to marry anybody?"

"I only said I loved her," returned Osmond simply. "I thought it would be well for you to know that. It seemed fairer."

MacLeod smiled again, as if he were smiling down on something. Osmond opened the door, knowing where he should find her. She was there at the end of the hall, sitting in one of the high-backed chairs, her hands in her lap, her head bent sweetly as she listened. She was pale, and there was terror in her face. As Osmond read that, his own passion quieted, and he spoke with perfect gentleness: —

"Rose, will you come here?"

She obeyed at once, and they three were in the room together and Osmond had closed the door. He put out his hand to her, and without hesitation she gave him hers.

"Rose," he said, "I have been telling your father you will not go back with him."

Her eyes dilated. Her lips parted eagerly.

"I have said I would," she began; but he forestalled her.

"I have forbidden it, Rose. I have told him I forbid it."

His touch on her hand seemed to be leading her, drawing her into his own breast. They looked at each other, and both forgot the other presence in the room. The color came back slowly to her cheeks, and Osmond's eyes filled with tears.

"Answer, dear," he said, with the same gentleness. "Let me hear you answer."

"Very well," she returned, like a gentle child. "Shall I go now, Osmond?"

He led her to the door, opened it, and closed it after her. Then he glanced at his adversary. MacLeod had sunk into a chair and was sitting astride it, his chin bowed upon its back. He looked terror-stricken. One hand held a little box, and he was tendering it to Osmond.

"Open it," he gasped. "Crush one in your handkerchief. Let me smell it."

Osmond ignorantly but deftly did it, and held the handkerchief to MacLeod's face. MacLeod breathed at it greedily. He lifted his left hand as if it were half useless to him. "Rub it," he said savagely. "Wring it off. Such pain! my God, such pain!"

In a moment more the attack was over, and he looked like an old man, inexplicably ravaged. Osmond's question sprang impetuously.

"Is it — excitement?"

MacLeod smiled a little and moistened his lips.

"You think you did it?" he suggested. "No. You did n't do it. It comes — of itself — like a thief in the night, like the very devil. Nobody's to know it. Understand that."

"Then you need her with you!" Osmond broke out in a fresh understanding.

"Need her? need Rose? Get that out of your mind. The world is full of women. She'll go back with me, but not because I need her."

He walked past Osmond and out through the empty hall, and slowly, but still erect, to the driveway and the road. Osmond stood watching him. He saw him straighten more and more, and assume his wonted carriage though without its buoyancy. Osmond followed for a little distance, but when MacLeod turned to look at him and then went on again, he stepped over the wall and crossed the lot to his own plantation. MacLeod, he knew, was going to Electra's for a last word, and for himself, he had struck his one sharp, quick blow for Rose. She should have an interval alone, to make her abiding decision calmly, and when the moment came for MacLeod's going, Osmond would be there again, to hearten her.

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But MacLeod, when Osmond had really turned aside, halted more and more. At last he was sick with fear of that enemy inside his breast. There was no moment now, he knew, when he might not expect it, tearing away at the delicate harmonies within the gates of life. What would happen when the pain grew fiercer still? The enemy would let in that other he refused to think upon, though even that was more tolerable than having this evil creature claw at him when men could see him cringe. And as life itself is death when it is once sapped of power, he threw up his head and strode on faster. One step with the old vigor and abandon — and there it was again.

XXVI

Later that same morning, Peter was hurrying along the road, for the carriage was due and MacLeod had not returned. Peter was not more than reasonably sorry to lose his chief, for he meant to follow soon. He had the excited sense of being ready for flight, of great freedom before him and strength in his wings, and of leaving Osmond and grannie with regret, yet happily, for something untried and as wonderful as youth. He ran along the road, hat in hand, in love with the morning breeze, and Electra met him. She looked wan, he saw, and with an incredulous pang, he questioned whether she could be moved by their separation. But he was glad of a definite and hurried question to ask.

"Where is MacLeod?"

A look like hope flashed into her face. She stopped and turned half about, as if for instant flight back to the house.

"Was he coming to me?" she asked breathlessly.

"We thought he might be there."

"Did he say he was coming?" Her eagerness looked like hunger for a desired good, slipping, by some chance, away from her.

"No! no! he may have gone to the plantation. I'll run down there and find him."

He hurried on, and Electra, watching his light, easy lopes, wished she, too, were a man and running to find Markham MacLeod.

At the pasture-bars, in a bed of roadside fern, Peter found him. MacLeod lay majestically, stretched at length, upon his side, as if some one had disposed him in the attitude of sleep. Peter knew. Yet he stooped and touched one of the beautifully shaped hands with his finger. He stood there a long time, it seemed to him, looking not at the figure at his feet, but off into the morning sky, and MacLeod was not in his mind: only Osmond and what Osmond had said about the lust for fight. Osmond seemed to fill the world. He had wished to kill the man, but God instead had killed him. Yet the other thing might have been. Peter wondered that he had not realized what his brother was to him, and again that he had too often foregone Osmond's companionship, this summer of their reunion, for lesser loyalties. He comprehended him, at the moment, with an exaggerated passion that was pain: a gigantic figure, all sacrifice, all patient truthfulness, and, in its own bounded life, as much to be loved and protected as a woman, and yet untrained and ready for a savage deed. And all the time Electra was advancing rapidly toward him on the road, aimlessly, but, as she afterwards believed, drawn by some premonition of what she was to find. Her approach broke Peter's fearful vision. She was like a figure walking into his dream, and he hurried toward her, remembering what she must not see. He motioned to her harshly with his hand.

"Go back!" he called.

But Electra came inevitably on. Then Peter placed himself before her.

"Something has happened," he said quietly, while she looked him in the face. "Go home."

But now she was gazing past him, and the figure in the bracken caught her

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sight. With a low cry, the inarticulate sound that throws suffering woman back to her kinship with the mother brute, she ran past him and stooped over MacLeod; Peter, dull with feeling, thought she tried to raise his head, and failing that, that she took the hand and nursed it on her bosom. Peter judged apathetically that he had never really known Electra; she looked now like a woman numb with grief over a dead child. Then he waked himself out of his maze.

"Don't!" he heard himself calling. "People will come."

"Who will come?" she returned sharply, as if she challenged them all to show why this should not be her dead. Then she wakened. "Go!" she cried. "Get help. It can't be true."

"I will call the men. We can get him home among us."

He ran over the wall and on to the field where men were hoeing. When they had dropped their work and followed him, they found Electra sitting there by the roadside, as if she were the one mourner over the dead, and she did not rise until they stooped to lift him, and arranged how he should be carried. Then she said to Peter, again as if it were her right, —

"Have him taken to my house."

Peter stared at her, but he remembered Rose.

"That will be better," he said; and added, "but who will tell her?"

"His daughter?" said Electra, in her clear tone. "I will tell her. But there is a great deal to do before that. She can wait."

So they walked along the road like a strange funeral procession, Electra in front, as if she had a right to lead. She turned in at her own gate, and they followed, and she walked on up the steps and into the library, where they laid him down. Madam Fulton and Billy Stark had gone for a drive, and the house, in its morning order, looked as if it had been prepared for the solemnity of this entrance. Now Electra's methodical capacity came into play. She sent one man for the doctor and another to the kitchen for hot water and for brandy. But when they were hurriedly dispersed, she turned to Peter and said, with a heartbreaking quiet, —

"And yet, he is dead!"

She sat down upon the floor beside the couch and laid her head on the dead man's heart. Peter knew it was to listen for a flutter there, but with his sensitive apprehension of all emotion, he felt also that she was glad to put her head upon MacLeod's breast. He was conscious of being useless in his inactivity, but he could only stand and stare down at them, the dead man and the mourning woman. Presently Electra got up and stood, dry-eyed, and looked at him.

"He was coming to me," she said, in awe at the loneliness of the event. "I could n't sleep last night. I wish I had known a little more. Instead of thinking about him, I could have met him. I could have been with him."

Peter shuddered.

"I am glad you were not with him."

Electra was not listening. She had placed her hand on the hair of the fallen man, tenderly and yet with reverence.

"He is splendid, Peter, is n't he?" she said, as if she wondered at life and its fleeting forms. "He looks like a god, sleeping." Some echo of her words came back to her, and she felt a momentary pleasure at their sound. Then, very shortly it seemed, men came, the doctor and others who had authority, and Electra was turned out of the room.

"Go upstairs," Peter besought her.

But she stepped out, bareheaded, into the air.

"No," she answered, "I am going to tell his daughter."

"No!" Suddenly Peter remembered how little she was fitted to be a kindly messenger. "No, Electra. I will go."

Electra looked at him in a calm surprise.

"He would wish it," she said. "He

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would wish me to do everything." And she was gone.

Peter went back into the room where there were quick voices and peremptory demands. Markham MacLeod was being interrogated in a way that had never befallen him before. His body was being asked to bear witness of the fashion by which it had come to its dumb estate, wherein it could not compel others, but was most ruthlessly at their will.

Rose, at grannie's knee, in a mute gratitude that now she was to stay here, because it had been wonderfully decreed, saw Electra coming up the walk. She ran to meet her lightheartedly; in her flooding delight it seemed to her as if even Electra might acquiesce in her reprieve.

At the foot of the steps they met, Rose all pleadingness, as if again she begged Electra to love her. But Electra delivered her news straightway. She felt like nothing but the messenger of MacLeod.

"He is dead," she said, with the utmost quietude.

Rose stared at her.

"Who is dead?" she managed to ask.

"Markham MacLeod."

Rose leaned forward and gazed still in her face. She was well convinced that this look was real: a look of hopeless grief, though the words were so fantastic.

"Electra," she said gently, and even put out a hand and touched her on the arm. "Electra! What is it?"

"I have told you," said Electra, "he is dead. We found him in the ferns, Peter and I. He is at my house. We thought you ought to know it."

"Come!" said Rose. She seized her hand, and Electra pulled it away again, quietly, and yet as if it had no business in that hasty grasp. "Let me go home with you."

"If you wish," said Electra. "I suppose you have a right to be there. They may want you." And in silence they hurried down the path together and out into the road. At Electra's own gate, she turned to Rose.

"It is strange, is n't it?" she said.

"What, Electra?"

"That he could die."

"Electra, he has not died. No one has died." Rose spoke gently, knowing that in some way the other woman had been shocked and her reason shaken. "Come into the house and we 'll find Peter."

But at the moment Peter and the doctor appeared together in the doorway, and the doctor turned to give orders to a servant in the hall. Peter saw them and came quickly down to them. It was apparent to Rose that something had happened.

"Tell her, Peter," said Electra, in some impatience. "She won't believe me. Tell her he is dead."

Peter and Rose stood looking at each other, she questioning and he in sad assent. Then there crept upon her face a look that was the companion to Electra's. The color faded, her eyes widened.

"My father?" she breathed, and Peter nodded.

"Yes," said Electra, as if she were astonished at them both and their dull wits, "Markham MacLeod is dead."

That evening grannie was in her own room, and Peter and Rose, below, talked intermittently of that strange morning.

"It is incredible, Peter, is n't it," she began, "for him to die like this?"

He nodded.

"I expected violence," he said. "We all expected it."

"Is n't it strange, too, that I can't feel grief! I'm neither glad nor sorry. I feel very still."

"The whole world will feel grief," said Peter loyally.

"Yes, but to me — Peter, it is just as if he were not a man, not something I had loved, but a thing that was great to look at and had no soul. It was like a tree falling, or a huge rock undermined. Don't you see? As if it were the natural thing, and there was no other way possible."

She began to feel the inexorability of

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great revenges and to see that when a soul has for a long time denied us answer in our needs, we refuse to believe that it can speak. MacLeod had grown to be a beautiful spectacle of the universe, full of natural health and power. Now that he had fallen, there was nothing left. She had no vestige to remember of those responses in the dim reaches of being when one calls and another answers: homely loyalties, sweet kindnesses, even overlaid by later pain. He had lived what he called the natural life, and its breath had failed him and he was no more. Sometime, she knew, in this dull brooding, she might try to whip herself up into an expected grief; but now, in the bare honesty of the moment, she accepted the event as it was.

"Osmond has been great," said Peter.

She started back to life.

"What has he done?"

"Everything. He 's been Electra's right-hand man. I'll run down to see him a minute presently."

He hoped Rose would send some word of appreciative thanks. Old Osmond, he knew, would like it. But she got up and gave him her hand, in her grave affectionate way, and said good-night. She remembered how Osmond and her father had met in contest, and she knew Osmond would not seek her until Markham MacLeod was wholly gone.

XXVII

Peter met his brother midway in the field, and waited for him.

"I'll go with you," he said.

"No," said Osmond, "I'm not going now. Come back to the shack."

"You're a regular night-owl," said Peter, as they turned. "When I don't find you after dark, I know you're in the woods, prowling. What makes you?"

"It's a good place to think things out, — and swear over 'em."

"What things, old man? You know I would n't tell. Nothing would tempt me to."

Osmond laughed a little.

"If you care so much as that, I'll tell you," he said, with a sudden harshness for himself in retrospect. "I go into the woods to think about life, my life, my difference from other fellows."

They sat down on the bench at the door, and a whippoorwill, calling, made the distance lonely. Peter had no answer for the truth he had evoked. It was too harsh. Only a woman could have met it, and that with kisses, not with words.

"Do you know," he said abruptly, "what all this makes me want? — this horrible excitement?"

"No, boy."

"It makes me want to paint. I want to paint everything I see: Markham MacLeod lying there in that bed of fern, Rose with all the life washed out of her, and you now, your face coming out of the dark. Everything 's been unreal to me since it happened — except paint — and you."

"Poor old chap!" said Osmond. But he fled on from that concurrent sympathy to a dearer plea. "Paint, Pete," he urged. "Let all the rest go. Let MacLeod die. But you paint."

Peter was looking at him now, fascinated. The pale face out of the dark was all one glowing life. Peter wondered at him, his strength, his beauty. Again he felt as he had that morning, as if he had never known his brother, and as if it would pay for any pains to comprehend that pathetic and yet adventurous soul. Peter was more than half woman, with his quick perception of what went on in other minds. He understood, at that moment, that the great adventure of all is life itself: not, as it seemed to him, to paint, to love, but to taste all things with this richness that was beginning to be Osmond's, this hunger for the forbidden, even, so it was hunger. Osmond had begun to recognize his own nature, and for the first time his brother began to recognize him.

"Osmond," he said, in a wistful eager-

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ness, very beguiling, "whatever you did, I should believe in it."

Osmond looked at him with that faint sweet smile upon his face, and his eyes offered hints of ineffable meanings.

"Would you, boy?" he asked.

Peter went on. It was almost like a woman's confession of her love.

"Osmond, you say you think about your life when you are alone. What do you think?"

"I think it is full of passions as an egg is of meat. They have been growing while I ignored them. I saw them marching before me and round and round me. They thought they were my masters."

"What then?"

Osmond remembered how the morning seemed when he met Rose in the sunlight, and touched her hand.

"Then," he said gravely, "I was their master. That's all."

"Oh," said Peter exultingly, "you'd be the master in the end. You're great!"

"Pete," said Osmond suddenly, "is this death coming?"

"Is what death?"

"It's too queer for life."

"To sit here talking like this?"

"No, not that exactly, but the sense of things to come. It seems as if life was n't going to be the same again, and nothing was quite big enough to come after things as they've been lately, — but death, and that's only big enough because it's unknown."

"What will come?" asked Peter. He felt at once like a little boy, half afraid, and afraid of his fear, yet with his brother to uphold him.

"We won't go to bed to-night, will we? We 'll sit here, even if we hold our tongues. I can't go to bed."

They did sit there for an hour or so. Peter spoke.

"What are you thinking, old man?"

"Of Rose."

It was not strange to Peter to hear him speak of her familiarly. He returned, —

"I've been thinking of her, too."

XXVIII

The deed was over. The great emotional wave that mounted, in Europe and America, at the death of Markham MacLeod, threw its spray upon this quiet shore. Letters came from his disciples and his lovers, and Rose, wondering as she read them, answered in a patient duty. If a great man is one who moves things, then her father had been great. He was bigger to her now than when she feared him. Though there were mutterings afar of what must come now Markham MacLeod was dead, this country spot took on its old tranquillity. Peter sat in the garden and painted. He seemed to think of nothing else. Rose was too busy to sit, and he began a portrait of grannie; then his only communication with the world seemed to be his flashing glance at her and at his canvas. Osmond, in the plantation, bent his back and worked with the men, and no one knew what he thought. To Peter he was gravely kind, and Rose, with a growing emotion that seemed to her likely to become terror in the end, realized that he had not sought her.

One morning while Peter was in the garden smoking, before he called grannie to her chair again, and Rose was at the library table answering letters, Madam Fulton appeared at the door.

"Where's Bessie Grant?" she asked.

Rose was at once on her feet and came forward to give her a chair, relieve her of her parasol, and stand beside her in a deferential waiting that, for some reason, never displeased this pulsating age with its memory ever upon the habitudes of youth.

"Where's Bessie Grant?"

"She will be in presently. Peter is painting her."

The old lady lay back in the chair and gazed at her absently, as if she merely included her in a general picture of life. Madam Fulton had changed. Her eyes were wistful, and she looked very frail.

"Billy Stark sails on Saturday," she

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volunteered, as if it were the one thing in her mind.

Grannie came in at the moment, and put a kindly hand on her old friend's shoulder. Rose went back to her chair, and left them to their talk, while she put up her papers before quitting the room. Madam Fulton looked at grannie now.

"You've had your morning coffee, have n't you?" asked grannie, because she could think of nothing else to offer.

"Yes, I've had coffee, and I've had cereals. Electra is looking after me with that kind of an air, you know, as if I were a rockbound duty. My soul! If it was n't for Billy Stark I should die."

"Poor Electra!" said grannie softly.

"Now what do you want to call her that for? Why is she 'poor Electra' because she chooses to go round like a high priestess strapping me down on altars and pouring libations of cereals and cream? I could stand it if her heart was in it, but it's miles away. And Billy Stark is going."

Grannie only patted her hand.

"Well, well!" said she. "It's been nice to have him here."

"It's been heaven. It's the only heaven I shall ever know."

"We get a little mite of it here every once and a while," said grannie. "Don't you think so?"

"No, except when Billy Stark comes, — and he won't come again. Electra's going, too."

"Abroad?"

"Yes. She's going abroad. At once, it seems. Rose MacLeod!"

Rose looked up from her papers.

"What was it about your father that put the devil into people?"

Rose answered with an unsmiling candor.

"I don't know, Madam Fulton."

"But you know what I mean?"

"He had great personal power."

"You are not in mourning for him?" She had been considering the girl's dress and its fluttering ribbons.

Rose returned with dignity, —

"I am not in mourning."

"Well, Electra is. She has n't put on black, but it's all over her. She's perfectly shameless. I asked her this morning why she was hurrying her sailing, and she said it was because he would wish it. There were things to do for him."

"That he would wish it?"

"Your father. Don't you see? She's got an idea that she's his earthly vicegerent, and there's some majestic poppycock about the Brotherhood. I can't understand it, and I don't want to. All I know is, she's mad. Bessie Grant, when I told the Lord I wanted things to happen, I did n't mean this kind, and He knew it perfectly well."

Rose had risen and stood in grave attention.

"Oh, she must n't do that," she said earnestly. "I must tell her."

"Well, go and tell her, then," said the old lady, turning back to Mrs. Grant. "If you can make her listen, you'll do more than I can. I ought to chaperon her, though you might as well chaperon the Lion of Lucerne. Bessie!" And then as Rose left the room, she bent forward, and leaned her head on grannie's breast. "Bessie," she repeated, "it's a miserable world."

To grannie all ages were as one. The old and the young were alike defenseless, when they were in trouble, and she put her arms about the frail creature and held her warmly.

"Hush, dear!" she said, and forgot this was not one of her own children. "Mother's sorry." Then they both smiled a little, but grannie went on: "You must come right here, you know. Electra will be gone, and Billy, and you don't want to carry on the house alone. You come here, dear, and stay with me."

"Could I?" Madam Fulton lifted her tear-wet face. "If I could stay here a little while, maybe I might pull myself together. I don't know how to do it, Bessie. I don't know how to live. I never did."

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Rose had run over to the other house in an unreasoning haste. Electra was in the library, putting her desk in order. Her firm white hands were busy, assorting and arranging. She turned her head as Rose came in, and, without rising, spoke to her collectedly and bade her be seated. She was older, Rose thought; she looked even like a different woman, not merely one whom middle age had overtaken. Purpose sat on her brow, and her eyes looked straight at you, as if she bade you tell your business and be gone. The one effect upon Rose was to make her sorry, infinitely sorry for her. Electra had broken the globe of her hopes upon a rock, and she was not even going to walk on and leave the shards forgotten there. Rose spoke at once, to use her courage while she felt it hot.

"Madam Fulton tells me you are going abroad."

"Yes. I sail next week."

"Is it with any purpose? Electra, did my father make you love him?"

Electra faced her. Color flowed into her cheeks. Her eyes glowed beyond any promise they had ever given.

"I am glad you ask me that," she said, and her full tone was strangely unlike the even consonance of the old Electra's voice. At last she forgot how she did things or why. Life was sweeping her along. "He never made me love him. It was ordained. It was like nothing else on earth."

Rose felt cold with the sad knowledge of it.

"Yes," she said, "he had great power over people."

A smile stole upon Electra's lips.

"We had planned it all," she said. "I was to go to Paris. I was to work with him. Now that he is gone, I must carry on the work for both of us."

Rose regarded her with a wistful compassion, not knowing how much she might help her, and yet wishing to offer all she had.

"Electra," she said, "what do you mean by carrying on the work?"

"His work, the Brotherhood."

"But, dear child, you would have to submit yourself for years and years to all sorts of tests before you would be trusted. I don't even know whether it won't fall apart, now he has gone. It may do that and reorganize in a different form. And how would you find it? You think of it as a definite body with headquarters anybody can reach. Why, Electra, you might stay a dozen years in Paris and not put your finger on it."

Still Electra turned to her that look of rapt allegiance. She heard apparently, yet the words made no impression on her fixed resolve. Now she spoke, and rather sweetly. All the tones of her voice, all her looks, had a reminiscent value, as if they were echoes from her lost relation with him.

"He told me where to write," she said, as if she were satisfied with that. "I shall go there."

"I know, the address for his letters. But he was never there. Now that he is gone, the place will be for other uses. Everything connected with the Brotherhood keeps fluctuating, changing. There would be no safety otherwise."

Electra was looking at her in that removed, patient way that made another woman of her. It was almost like a mother who has cares to think of and can spare no time from them for alien presences.

"I must go," she said again. "He would wish it."

Rose now had her moment of delay. Her mind went back over that weary road, to the past the present had so illumined for her. It tired her to think the trouble ever attendant on her father's life was to go on, ripple after ripple, now that he had sunken into the mystery of things. Once over the horror of his death, there had been a throb of thankfulness that at least an end had been made to his great power of bringing pain. And now here was another life to be thrown into the void after him, another woman to love a dream. She awoke from

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that momentary musing, to hear Electra saying, —

"You will excuse me, if I go on working? I sail so soon, and I must leave everything in order."

"Electra," said Rose. Then she called her name again, as if appealing to the softest of her moods. "How can I tell you! Electra, you must n't love my father."

Again that swift smile came to Electra's face. The face itself was all a burning truth. The old crude precision in her seemed suddenly to have flowered into this warm candor that spoke and liked to hear itself disclosing, regardless of its auditor.

"You cannot" — she looked at Rose with happy inspiration, as if she had been the first to make the saying — "you can't kill love with reason."

Again Rose deliberated. When she spoke it was with an air of sad decisiveness.

"Electra," she said wistfully, "did he ask you to marry him?"

"I never thought of it," said Electra at once, in the simplest unreserve. "It would have seemed too small, to limit it and bound it."

"Yes. That is what he would have said, too small. You were a quick pupil."

Electra glowed.

"I know what he would have said, if he had had time. He did not need to tell me."

Rose sat wondering what argument would move her.

"Electra," she ventured, "have you had any curiosity about my father's relations to other people?"

"He had no time to tell me," said Electra, with a proud dignity.

"No, he would not have told you. He never confused his relations. Did you know he was adored by women?"

Electra's face flamed. She made no answer. If she could have set forth adequately what was in her tumultuous thoughts, she would have told Rose that nothing seemed so entirely her own as her part in Markham MacLeod's life. She had no curiosity over his past, no doubt of what her future would have been with him, accepting what he chose to give her, and finding it enough.

Rose pursued her into the cloister of her thought.

"Do you know, Electra," she was urging, "do you know how women devoted themselves to him?"

"They must have devoted themselves to him. I am one of them. I am proud to be."

"Ah, but, Electra, to take so much and give nothing!"

"How do you dare to say he gave nothing?"

"I know. I was slow in learning. I learned it first through your brother. No, don't put me off with a gesture. I must speak of him. It was he who showed me the cruelty of my father's attitude toward women. He laughed over it, but he showed me."

"He was never cruel." Electra seemed to be dreaming away in a sad reminiscence of his kindness.

"But to promise so much, Electra, and give nothing! He implied to every one, I have no doubt, that she was his great helper, that he would have married her if he had not been set aside by his work. That was like him. He was a sponge drinking up devotion."

"Yes, and he gave it back to the hungry and the thirsty and the cold."

"I don't know. I do know what he absorbed. One woman did translations for him. She worked like a dog, and he paid her with one of his looks. Another — she was a titled lady — kept his suite of rooms ready for him, and when he came treated him like a prince. And they all had this sense of intimacy with him. Each thought she was the only one. Each felt she was divided from him by hard circumstance, but she should possess him in the end."

"In heaven?" asked Electra, eager for the slightest knowledge of him.

"No, not in heaven. My father always

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said his expectations stopped here. He never carried the game on there."

"The great souls" — Electra began, and stopped. Trouble was upon her brow. She knew there was a goodly reason for every act he did, yet human jealousy was in her. She had to seek out arguments. "The great souls are different," she halted. "They are many-sided. Look at Goethe —"

But Rose had heard that reason. She was tired of it.

"It's a pity they make it so hard for other people," she said wearily. "Because they are great, must they be greedy, too? But that was my father. He may have been a great man, but he was not the man you think him. If you saw him as he was, — he was a big, dominating animal, that's all."

Electra sat staring at her, condemning, Rose knew, not Markham MacLeod, but his daughter. The charm of his mastery was still upon her. Rose and Peter, more mobile than she, had escaped with the cutting of his cord of life. It was as if they had been under a crude natural magnetism, and now that the magician had gone into another room, they were free. But Electra had petrified in the attitude where he had left her. She had a pitying certainty that Rose had never known him. Something like indignation came now into her face. She spoke passionately:

"Why do you want to take it away from me?"

Rose could not answer. Tears were in her eyes from pure pity at the loss and pain of it all.

"We knew each other so short a time," brooded Electra; and it was apparent that she believed the relation had been as much to MacLeod as to her. "Why can't you let me have the comfort of it?"

"If it did n't mean so much time, so much energy wasted! If you would n't devote your life to it, — you might, you know. It's quite like you, Electra. And that would be a pity; because he was never for a minute such a person as you think him, — never, Electra, never in the world."

Electra rounded upon her in a flash of indignation.

"Tell me what you think him."

Rose's mind ran back to that first night when, with the daring inspired in her by their meeting, she had given Osmond a portrait of her father. Now was the time to paint it again, but, for some reason, she could not. The man had not changed, but his aims obscured him. Behind them, he was nothing, but they were large enough to make his monument. Instead of answering directly, she found herself saying, —

"I have had such letters about him!"

"From the Brotherhood?"

"Yes. And they will keep on coming for a long time now, because it is everywhere, you know, in far, far-off places. And there's a tremendous loyalty in them, not only to him but to the Brotherhood."

"How can you read them and not be loyal, too!"

Rose considered why she could. Was it because the Brotherhood seemed, in her latest acquaintance with it, to have all the seeds of the old conditions that made a world of hate? If it had been the pure bond it promised to be, could even her father's sins have quenched the flame in her? Then she remembered one night when, in her father's absence, some one had spoken like a poet and created, in shining imagery, a new world. She had seen it, the new world, hanging like a crystal in the rejoicing sky.

"One night Ivan Gorof spoke," she began.

Electra's brows came together.

"He was the man that died."

"How did you know?"

"Peter told me."

"Yes. Well, there was a time when Ivan Gorof was like a flame. He was more moved than any one. He was a student, — and so enthusiastic, so believing, — I can't tell you! Afterwards he changed. That came suddenly. But

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this night he spoke about the Brotherhood as he wanted it to be. He said it could be a chain of hands round the earth, of people who wanted to do justice and show mercy. The old oppressors killed, he said. The Brotherhood must not kill. It can put to death, — but justly."

"What did he mean by justly?"

"Ah, that I don't know. I don't believe he knew, that night. He was like a man seeing a vision. But if such a thing could grow and grow, he said, that would be the kingdom of God. It would begin with the poor. Then some day a king would join it, and there would be rejoicing and wonder because some would think the king was mad and others would know it meant a great step upward. And they would all choose law, not liberty as the Brotherhood sees it. And then, he said, there would be a new heaven and a new earth, and it would n't be possible for oppressors to live, because everybody would love love and be afraid of hate. But it would all come through men who hated injustice more when they did it than when it was done to them."

"But that," said Electra, in no great interest, "is only Christianity."

"Is it? I don't know about that. I thought it was Ivan Gorof."

"What did he say?"

"My father?"

"The chief."

"It was reported to him, and I believe he said it was visionary. He probably smiled a little. He said there would be no peace without the sword. And afterwards Ivan told him to his face — I heard him — that it would come by the sword, but not the sword of war. It must be the sword kept hanging in the temple to be used for the god of the temple."

"Was the chief indignant?"

"He disapproved. Ivan was ignored, after that. He was quietly crowded out. My father," she could not resist saying, "my father was very intolerant of new leadership."

"Naturally! He thought of the general good."

Rose sighed.

"Perhaps he did, Electra; I should like to think he did."

But she had told Electra nothing yet, she realized, to keep her from going forth with an ignorant intent. She tried once more, not to destroy the image of MacLeod, but to make it a just one. Yet if it were better to have the image broken, that, too, must be done.

"My father," she said, "took life like a great play."

"A game!" put in Electra quickly. She had heard him use the word, though as he said it, it seemed noble.

"Yes. He was always rearranging scenes on the big stage, ringing down the curtain and putting it up on another act. But what Ivan Gorof wanted — that silent spread of good — that he could n't understand. He wanted war and himself a big figure in the midst."

"He was a leader!" cried Electra jealously, "the greatest of all."

Rose smiled wistfully.

"I have n't weakened your faith, have I?" she asked. "You don't doubt the wisdom of throwing yourself into this."

Electra rose suddenly from the desk, with an air of terminating the interview. Her voice rang like metal.

"If you talked to me until you were an old woman, you could n't convince me. He was great — great! I should have followed him, if he had lived. I shall follow him all the faster now."

Rose, too, came to her feet.

"I almost think," she said, "I shall hear of your speaking for the cause."

A flush went over Electra's face. She looked wonderfully equipped for some high task and also as if she recognized her own value and was glad she had that to give. Rose went back to Ivan Gorof and his great night.

"I keep remembering more and more of what he said," she mused. "He said the Brotherhood, as he saw it, would have its way because it was so beautiful. It would be like men in shining raiment regarded because they made a light, and

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people would see the light and want to walk by it."

"I must put that down," said Electra absorbedly. "I may at any time have to talk about him as I knew him."

"Ivan Gorof?"

"The chief. Was it Ivan Gorof who said that?"

Immediately, Rose saw, the words had lost their lustre. They were of no value, save as they had the sanction of MacLeod. Electra moved a pace nearer the door. She was impatient, Rose believed, to have her gone.

"Good-by, Electra," she said lingeringly and sadly. "I can't persuade you, can I?"

"No, you can't persuade me."

"And you glory in it!"

"Yes. And I thank God I have something to glory in."

At last she had it, the purpose of her life, though it was only a memory. But after all, what might she not turn it into? For she was pressing on as rashly as if the army of her desires were not at the cliff's edge below which foamed the sea, and in the sea, perhaps, lay glorious disaster.

"I shall be in Paris within a month," Rose hesitated. "If I can do anything for you there, — I told you the Brotherhood was not easily found, but I could introduce you to the leaders."

"They will flock about you," said Electra, with a candid bitterness, "because you are his daughter."

"Not long. There are things to do, — money to make over to them, money that stood in his name. Everything was in his name. I don't know how much he had of his own, so I shall keep my mother's and give back the rest."

"That will be right," said Electra. She did not add "ethically." Outlines had grown too sharp for that.

Rose held out her hand, and Electra, after a perceptible hesitation, took it in her firm grasp. Having it, she seemed warmed, through the contact, to something more humble and more natural. Still holding it, she looked Rose in the face, as if she tried to read her deepest self.

"Tell me," she said, and stopped.

"Yes, Electra." The girl's voice was very soft. She felt as if she would tell Electra anything that would help her.

"Did he love you?" The words came with difficulty, whether from jealousy or pure interest Electra herself could not say.

Rose stood a moment, not so much considering her answer as grieved that she must give it.

"No, Electra," she said then. "My father loved nobody, — but himself."

Then, as Electra dropped her hand, she went away. But after three paces she returned, doubtful of her own judgment, but ready to venture it.

"Electra," she said, "the papers have begun already to report a woman's speeches to the Brotherhood. You saw that yesterday."

Electra bowed her head silently. She was white to the lips.

"That woman was Ivan Gorof's mistress. My father separated them, for a time, just as he is separating you now from all your past. Ivan Gorof accused him of it, and next day he died. But I know, as well as I know anything, that now she has gone back to Ivan Gorof's memory. She will preach the Brotherhood as he saw it. Don't you see, Electra, until a man rises that is strong enough, she will lead the Brotherhood herself?"

Electra struck her hands together in a passionate, unconsidered gesture. But she recalled herself immediately.

"Good-by," she said coldly, and, turning about, went in.

(*To be continued.*)

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LAUS DIONYSI

BY M. A. DE WOLFE HOWE [1]

(Intended for music by Frederick S. Converse, to be sung at a Classical Pageant in the Harvard Stadium)

(*Chorus:* MEN, WOMEN, BOYS)

SPRING ON THE LAND

SPRING on the vineyards of Attica! Spring on the land,
All the dear land of the Hellenes loved of the sun!
The god Dionysus immortally breathes his command,
And the bars of the prison of winter dissolve, and are gone!

He hath slept — he awakes; he stirs on the hills — he is free,
And the blood at the bountiful heart of the earth throbs again;
Blue is the sky overhead and blue is the sea,
And green roll the billows on laughing valley and plain.

The sap, to the uttermost tendrils, is quick in the vine;
It shall creep, it shall mount, till the spheres of delight take form;
They shall blush, they shall swell, — and their blood flowing red in the wine
Shall be one with the life-blood of men, all vibrant and warm.

Who but thee, Dionysus, hath guarded the vineyards at first?
Their fruit at the last shall be turned to thy kingly employ;
And cool at the lips of sorrowing mortals athirst
Flows ever thy chalice of kinship and freedom and joy.

(*Chorus:* WOMEN)

THE BIRTH OF DIONYSUS

Semele, a woman, bore thee:
We, her mortal sisters, know
All she won and suffered for thee —
All her ecstasy and woe.
Io Bacche,
Io Bacche,
Daughters of the sun-kissed grape
Joy nor anguish may escape.

Semele besought her lover:
"Zeus omnipotent, draw nigh!
All thy splendor now uncover

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As to Hera throned on high!"
Io Bacche,
Io Bacche,
Daughters of the mystic vine
Ever crave a heavenly sign.

"Semele, I come." And round her
Blazed a glory, lightning-torn;
Blinded, stricken, dead, they found her —
Yet was Dionysus born.
Io Bacche,
Io Bacche,
Daughters of the mortal race
Dying still to life give place.

Child of Semele, we sing thee
Hymns of holy mysteries;
Nature's next of kin we bring thee
Earth's eternal sympathies.
Io Bacche.
Io Bacche,
Daughters of the soul's desire
Joyful guard thy death-lit fire.

(*Chorus:* MEN)

THE TOKENS OF DIONYSUS

By the cup at thy leathern girdle,
For the draught that sweetens toil,
Thou art brother to all the brethren
That conquer the stubborn soil.
For thou hast yoked to our service
The sun, the night, and the rain;
And thy grateful vinesmen pay thee
With toll of sweat and pain.
That the wine of the victors' vintage
May gush from the barren sod,
Thou sealest thy sons, the chosen ones,
To follow the victor-god.

By the fawnskin on thy shoulder,
Got with the price of blood,
Thou art one with the creature kindred
Of thicket and field and wood.
But the comrades of the forest
Must fall at thy children's will

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When the lust of blood is on them,
The passion of man to kill;
For the spell of a savage fury
Reigns where the brutes have trod,
And ever thy sons, the chosen ones,
Must follow the victor-god.

By the bull's horn at thy forehead
The Chosen share thy might —
Lusty of limb and fibre,
Framed for the hard-won fight.
By the pledge of the fertile pine-cone
That crowns thy wreathèd staff
With the token of life's renewals,
Men fling at Death their laugh:
O'er all his conquests conqueror,
Thy feet with triumph shod,
Thou sealest thy sons, the chosen ones,
To follow the victor-god.

(*Chorus:* Boys)

THE WINE OF YOUTH

With shout and song and Bacchic cry
Thy worshipers go reeling by,
Their lips all dyed with ruddy juice,
Their tattered goat-skins flying loose.
Wild creatures from the coverts come
To join the rout with antics dumb,
And man and satyr mingled seem
Like some mad figment of a dream.
Women with streaming locks unbound
Whirl tempest-like thine altars round;
For men with eyes of roving fire
The sacrifice flames high and higher.
The grape, the grape! on every tongue
Its praise and thine together sung!

And we — the youngest-born of earth,
O youngest of immortal birth,
Need yet no draught of autumn wine
To bring our hearts in tune with thine.
We press no grape to drink our fill
Of exaltation; ours to thrill
From heart to prickling finger-tip
With wine that staineth not the lip.

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The wine of youth, the wine of youth —
Who drink it need not seek thy truth;
'T is theirs unasked — a heavenly flood,
Wine of the young heart's leaping blood!

(*Chorus:* MEN, WOMEN, BOYS)

SPRING IN THE HEART

Spring in the heart, Eleutherios, highest of names!
The bonds of the spirit are broken; the prisoned go free!
Mortal to mortal, emancipate, joyous, proclaims
Spring in the heart, Dionysus, spring-time from thee!

Fettered of darkness and cold lay the children of men, —
For vision a dimness, the soul but a perishing slave, —
Till the light and the warmth of thy being spread earthward, and then —
Then what a glamour and glory thy godhead outgave!

Eyes that were lustreless shine with all beauty's delight,
Flashing to grace and to color their signal, their gleam;
Murmurs of song thrill sweet on the soundless night,
Music of reeds and the wind on a magical stream.

Lips that were dumb break forth in thy passionate praise,
For spring in the heart, Dionysus, is light to the blind;
The ways of the spirit of song, love and life are thy ways —
Flame of the fires of youth at the heart of mankind!

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A SECOND MOTOR-FLIGHT THROUGH FRANCE

IV

BY EDITH WHARTON

THE RHONE TO THE SEINE

FROM Montélimar to Lyons the "great north road" to Paris follows almost continuously the east shore of the Rhone, looking across at the feudal ruins that stud the opposite cliffs. The swift turns of the river, and the fantastic outline of these castle-crowned rocks, behind which hang the blue lines of the Cévennes, compose a foreground suggestive in its wan colour and abrupt masses of the pictures of Patinier, the strange Flemish painter whose ghostly calcareous landscapes are said to have been the first in which scenery was painted for scenery's sake. In all the subtler elements of beauty, as well as in the power of historic suggestion, this Rhone landscape far surpasses that of the Rhine; but, like many of the most beautiful regions of France, it has a quality of aloofness, of almost classic reserve, that defends it from the inroads of the throng.

Midway to Lyons, Valence, the capital of Cæsar Borgia's Valentinois, rises above the river, confronted, on the opposite shore, by a wild cliff bearing the ruined stronghold of Crussol, the cradle of the house of Uzès. The compact little Romanesque cathedral of Saint Etienne, scantily adorned by the light exterior arcade of its nave, is seated on an open terrace overlooking the Rhone. As sober, but less mellow, within, it offers — aside from the monument to Pius VI. who ended his troubled days here — only the comparatively recondite interest of typical constructive detail; and the impressionist sightseer is likely to wander out soon to the little square beyond the apse.

Here stands "Le Pendentif," a curious little vaulted building of the Renaissance, full of the note of character, though its original purpose seems to be the subject of archæological debate. Like many buildings of this part of the Rhone valley, it was unhappily constructed of a stone on which the wear of the weather might suggest the literal action of the "tooth of Time" — so scarred and gnawed is the whole charming fabric. As to its original use, it appears to have been the mortuary chapel of the noble family whose arms are discernible among the incongruous animals of its decaying sculpture; for it is part of the strangeness of the little monument that the spandrils of its elegant classic order are inhabited by a rude Romanesque fauna which, combined with the dusky hue and ravaged surface of the stone, produces, in contrast to the rejuvenated church, a look of mysterious antiquity.

A few yards off, down a dark narrow street, the same savour of the past is found in one of those minor relics which let the observer so much deeper into bygone institutions than the study of their official monuments. This is simply an old private house of the early Renaissance, with a narrow sculptured courtyard, a twisting staircase, and vaulted stone passages and rooms of singularly robust construction. It is still — appropriately enough — inhabited by *une très vieille dame,* who has receded so deeply into the farthest convolution of her stout stone shell that her friendly portress had leave to conduct us from basement to attic, giving us glimpses of dusky chambers with meagre venerable furniture, and of kitchens and offices with stone

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floors, scoured coppers and pots of herbs, all so saturated with the old concentrated life of provincial France that it was like lifting to one's lips a glass of some ancient wine just at the turning-point of its perfection.

Not far from Valence, Tournon springs romantically from a cliff of the west bank, surmounted by the ducal castle of Soubise; and the next strong impression comes where Vienne, proudest of Rhone towns, lifts its flamboyant cathedral on a vast flight of steps above the river. The site of Vienne, and its long Roman past, prepare one for more interest of detail than a closer inspection reveals. The Roman temple, which may once have rivalled the Maison Carrée, was in the Middle Ages (like the temple of Syracuse) incorporated in a Christian church, and now, extricated lifeless from this fatal embrace, presents itself as an impersonal block of masonry from which all significance of detail is gone. The cathedral, too, has suffered in the same way, though from other causes. In its early days it was savagely mutilated by the Huguenots, and since then the weather, eating deeply into its friable stone, has wrought such havoc with the finery and frippery of the elaborate west front that the exterior attracts attention only as a stately outline.

All the afternoon we had followed the Rhone under a cloudy sky; and as we crossed the river at Vienne the clouds broke, and we pushed northward through a deluge. Our day had been a long one, with its large parenthesis at Grignan, and the rainy twilight soon closed in on us, blotting out the last miles of the approach to Lyons. But even this disappointment had its compensations, for in the darkness we took a wrong turn, coming out on a high suburb of the west bank, with the city outspread below in a wide network of lights against its holy hill of Fourvière. Lyons passes, I believe, for the most prosaic of great French towns; but no one can so think of it who descends on it thus through the night, seeing its majestic bridges link quay to quay, and the double sweep of the river reflecting the million lights of its banks.

It was still raining when we continued on our journey the next day; but the clouds broke as we climbed the hill above Lyons, and we had some fine backward glimpses of the Rhone before our road began to traverse the dull plain of the Bresse.

> So rest, forever rest, O princely pair!

If the lines have pursued one from childhood, the easiest — and, alas, the most final! — way of laying their lovely spectre is to turn aside from the road to Dijon and seek out the church of Brou. To do so, one must journey for two or three hours across one of the flat stretches of central France; and the first disillusionment comes when Brou itself is found to be no more than a faubourg of the old capital of the Bresse — the big, busy, cheese-making town of Bourg, sprawling loosely among boundless pastures, and detaining one only by the graceful exterior of its somewhat heterogeneous church.

A straight road runs thence through dusty outskirts to the shrine of Margaret of Austria, and the heart of the sentimentalist sank as we began to travel it. Here, indeed, close to the roadside, stood "the new pile," looking as new as it may have when, from her white palfrey, the widowed Duchess watched her "Flemish carvers, Lombard gilders" at work; looking, in fact, as scrubbed, scraped and soaped as if its renovation were a feat daily performed by the "seven maids with seven mops" on whose purifying powers the Walrus so ingeniously speculated. Matthew Arnold's poem does not prepare the reader for the unnatural gloss which makes the unhappy monument look like a celluloid toy. Perhaps when he saw it the cleansing process had not begun — but did he ever really see it? And if so, where did he see the

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Savoy mountain meadows,
By the stream below the pines?

And how could he have pictured the Duchess Margaret as being "in the mountains" while she was supervising the work? Or the "Alpine peasants" as climbing "up to pray" at the completed shrine, or the priest ascending to it by the "mountain-way" from the walled town "below the pass"?

Is Bourg the walled town, and its dusty faubourg the pass? And shall we, when we pass under the traceries of the central door, and stand beneath the vaulting of the nave, hear overhead the "wind washing through the mountain-pines"? It will have to travel a long way to make itself heard!

Poor Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, so maligned for her imaginative pictures of Lovere and Lake Iseo, may surely be forgiven for having gilded the lily, for adding an extra touch of romance where the romantic already so abounded; but it is less easy to explain how the poet of the church of Brou could evoke out of the dusty plain of the Bresse his pine-woods, streams and mountains. Perhaps (the pilgrim reflects) the explanation will be found within the church, and standing in the magic light of the "vast western window" we too shall hear the washing of the wind in the pines, and understand why it travelled so far to reach the poet's ear.

In this hope we enter; but only to discover that inside also the archæological mops have been at work, and that the elaborate lining of the shrine is as scoured and shiny as its exterior. Well! let us affront this last disenchantment — and the little additional one of buying a ticket for the choir from a gold-braided custodian at a desk in the nave — and closing our eyes to the secularized, museumized aspect of the monument, try to open them to a vision of what it may have been before it was turned into a show.

Alas! even this last effort — this *bon mouvement* of the imagination — fails to restore an atmosphere of poetry to the church of Brou, to put it in any other light than that of a kind of superlative "Albert Memorial," in which regardlessness-of-cost has frankly predominated over æsthetic considerations. Yet it is manifestly unfair to charge the Duchess Margaret with the indiscrimination of the *parvenue*. One should rather ascribe to special conditions of time and place that stifling confusion of ornament, that air of being, as Bacon puts it, so terribly "daubed with cost," which is both the first effect and the final outcome of an inspection of Brou. If Arnold gave the rein to fancy in his mise-en-scène, he was quite exact in picturing the conditions in which the monument was produced, and his enumeration of the "Flemish carvers, Lombard gilders, German masons, smiths from Spain" who collaborated in its making, reminds one that artistic unity could hardly result from so random an association of talents. It was characteristic of the time, of the last boiling-over of the heterogeneous Gothic pot, that this strange fellowship was not felt to be any obstacle to the production of a work of art. One sees the same result in almost all the monuments of the period, especially where the Spanish-Netherlands influence has added a last touch of profusion — and confusion. How could an art so evolved issue in anything but a chaos of overdone ornament? How could line survive in such a deluge of detail? The church of Brou is simply the most distressing because the most expensive product of the period. Expiring Gothic changed its outline as often as the dying dolphin is supposed to change his colours — every ornament suggests a convulsion in stone.

And on all this extravagance of design, which could be redeemed only by the lightest touch of the chisel, lies the heavy hand of the Flemish sculptor. Is it possible that the same phase of artistic feeling produced the three tombs of Brou and those of the Dukes of Burgundy at Dijon? Certainly, at least, the same hand did not carve them. At Brou the

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innumerable subordinate figures — angels, mourners and the rest — are turned out with the unerring facility of the pastry-cook's art: they represent the highest achievement in sugar and white-of-egg. At Dijon, on the contrary, each "pleureur" in the arcade beneath the tomb of Duke Philip is a living, sentient creature, a mourner whose grief finds individual utterance. Is there anything in plastic art that more vividly expresses the passionate mediæval brooding over death? Each little cowled figure takes his grief, his sense of the *néant*, in his own way. Some are wrung and bowed with it. One prays. Another, a serene young man, walks apart with head bent above his book — the page of a Stoic, one conjectures. And so each, in his few inches of marble, and in the confinement of his cramped little niche, typifies a special aspect of the sense of mortality — above all of its loneliness, the way it must be borne without help.

The thought came to one, the next day at Dijon, the more vividly by contrast to the simpering sorrow of Brou. The tombs of the Dukes of Burgundy, so cruelly torn from the hallowed twilight of the Chartreuse, and exposed to the cold illumination of museum windows, give one, even in this impersonal light, a strong sense of personality. Even the over-laden detail of the period, the aimless striving of its frets and finials, cannot obscure the serious purity of the central conception; and one is led to the conclusion that a touch of free artistic emotion will break through the strongest armour of stock formulas.

One sees them, of course, the ducal tombs, in a setting in a certain sense their own, since this privileged city, in addition to its other distinctions, has a mediæval palace for its museum, and the mailed heels of the recumbent Dukes may have rung on the stone flagging of the Salle des Gardes where they now lie. But the great vaulted hall has ceased to be a guard-room, as they have ceased to be its lords, and the trail of label and number, of velvet cord and iron rail, is everywhere in their democratized palace. It is noteworthy, therefore, that, as the tombs have retained so much of their commemorative value, so the palace itself has yielded as little as might be of its private character to the encroachments of publicity: appearing almost, as one wanders from one bright room to another, like the house of a great collector who still lives among his treasures.

This felicitous impression is partly due to the beauty of the old building, and partly also to the fact that it houses a number of small collections, the spoils of local dilettanti, each kept together, however diversified its elements, so that many of the rooms exhibit a charming habitable mingling of old furniture, old porcelain and the small unobtrusive pictures that are painted to be lived with, not glanced up at from a catalogue.

The impression of happy coincidences, of really providential accidents, which gives such life to the bright varied museum, persists and deepens as one passes from it into the town — the astonishing town which seems to sum up in itself almost every phase of French art and history. Even the deep soil of France has hardly another spot where the past grows so thick and so vigorously, where the ancient growths lift such hale heads to the sunlight. The continuity of life at Dijon is as striking as its diversity and its individuality. Old Dijon is not an archipelago of relics in a sea of modern houses: it is like a vascular system, binding the place together in its network of warm veins, and seeming, not to be kept alive, but to be keeping life in the city.

It is to this vivid synthesis of the past that one reverts from even the strongest single impressions — from the civic sumptuousness of the Palais de Justice, the elegance of the Hôtel de Vogüé, the mysterious symbolism of the jutting row of gargoyles on the west front of Notre Dame — suffering them to merge

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themselves, these and many more, into a crowded splendid tapestry, the mere background of the old city's continuous drama of ducal, imperial, parliamentary life.

The same impression of richness, of deep assimilated experience, accompanies one on the way north through the Burgundian province — giving to the trivial motorist, the mere snarer of haphazard impressions, so annihilating a sense of his inability to render even a superficial account of what he sees, and *feels beneath the thing seen*, that there comes a moment when he is tempted to take refuge in reporting the cuisine of the inns — though even here the abundance of matter becomes almost as difficult to deal with.

It is for this reason, perhaps, that after a morning among the hills and valleys of the Morvan, in sight, almost continuously, of that astonishing Burgundian canal, with its long lines of symmetrical poplars, its massive masonry, its charming lock-houses, all repeating themselves like successive states of a precious etching — that after such a morning I seek, and seem to find, its culminating astonishment in the luncheon which crowned it in the grimy dining-room of the *auberge* at Précy-sous-Thil. But was it an *auberge*, even, and not rather a *gargote*, this sandy onion-scented "public," with waggoners and soldiers grouped cheerfully about their *petit vin bleu*, while a flushed handmaid, in repeated dashes from the kitchen, laid before us a succession of the most sophisticated dishes — the tenderest filet, the airiest *pommes soufflées*, the plumpest artichokes that ever bloomed on the buffet of a Parisian restaurant? It corresponded, at any rate, to the kind of place where, in any Anglo-Saxon country, one would have found the company as prohibitory as the food, and each equally a reason for fleeing as soon as possible from the other.

So it is that Précy-sous-Thil may stand as a modest symbol of the excessive amenity of this mellowest of French civilizations — the more memorably to one party of hungry travellers because it formed, at the same time, the final stage of their pilgrimage to Vézelay.

That thought, indeed, distracted us from the full enjoyment of the filet, and tore us from the fragrant *mazagrans* that our panting waitress carried after us to the motor's edge; for more than half the short April day was over, and we had still two hours of steep hill and vale between ourselves and Vézelay. The remainder of the way carried us through a region so romantically broken, so studded with sturdy old villages perched on high ledges or lodged in narrow defiles, that but for the expectation before us every mile of the way would have left an individual impression. But on the road to Vézelay what can one see but Vézelay? Nothing, certainly, less challenging to the attention than the loftily-seated town of Avallon which, midway of our journey, caught and detained us for a wondrous hour.

The strain of our time-limit, and the manifold charms of the old town, so finely planted above the gorge of the Cousin, had nearly caused us to defer Vézelay, and end our day's journey at the Hôtel du Chapeau Rouge. But in the mild air, and on the extreme verge of the bright sky, there was a threat of rain, and the longing to see the great Benedictine abbey against such a sunset as the afternoon promised was even stronger than the spell of Avallon. We carried away therefore (with the fixed intention of returning) only the general impression of a walled town set against a striking background of cliff and woodland, and one small vivid vignette of a deserted square where aged houses of incredible picturesqueness grouped themselves at scenic angles about the sculptured front of the church of Saint Lazare.

From Avallon to Vézelay the road winds to the west, between the leafy banks of the Cousin, through the town of Pontaubert, with its ancient church of the

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Templars, past the bridge of the Cure, and out at last into the valley dominated by the conical hill of Vézelay. All day the vision of the Benedictine church had hung before us beyond each bend of the road; and when at length we saw its mighty buttresses and towers clenched in the rock, above the roofs and walls of the abbatial town, we felt the impact of a great sensation — for the reality was nobler than the vision.

The mere sight of Vézelay from the valley — quite apart from the rush of associations it sets free — produces the immediate effect of one of those perfect achievements in which art and nature interpret and fulfill each other. The church stands just where such a building should stand, and looks as a building should look to be worthy of such a site. The landscape about it has the mingled serenity and ruggedness which its own lines express, and its outline grows out of the hill-top without a break between the structural harmony of the two.

Before mounting up to compare the detailed impression with the first effect, one is detained by the village of Saint Père (Pierre) sous Vézelay, which lies just at the foot of the road leading up to the abbey. Here, from a heap of sordid houses, and among stifling barn-yard exhalations, rises the sweet worn old church of Saint Pierre, younger in date than the abbey church above, but stained and seamed by time. From the stone embroideries of its triple porch and its graceful fantastic narthex, it might pass, at first glance, for a more than usually temperate specimen of flamboyant Gothic; but if one backs away far enough to take in its whole outline, the upper façade and the tower reveal themselves as an exquisite instance of thirteenth-century transition. The tower, in particular, with its light ranges of arcades, and the slender trumpeting angels that so surprisingly buttress its angles, seems, as an observant traveller has already noted, more Italian than Burgundian — though to find its match in Italy one would have to seek, not among actual church-towers, but in the backgrounds of early Tuscan pictures, where, against a sky of gold-leaf, such heralds sound their call from the thatch of the manger.

After the mystical vision of the bell-tower of Saint Père it is almost a drop back to prose to climb the hill to Vézelay and stand before the church of the Magdalen — or rather it is like turning from the raptures of Joachim of Flora or Hugo of Saint Victor to the close-knit dialectic of Saint Thomas Aquinas. This vast creation of mediæval faith might indeed be likened to the great doctrinal system out of which it grew — such a strong, tight, complex structure, so studied, balanced and mathematically exact it seems.

It has seen, the great church, in its well-nigh thousand years of existence, sights so splendid and memorable that it seems at first a mere background for its memories — for the figures of Saint Bernard and Becket, of Philip Augustus and Cœur de Lion, with their interminable train of clerical and secular dignitaries, monks, nobles, doctors of the Church, and all the wild impassioned rout of the second and third Crusades. To have seen so much, and now to stand so far apart from life! One reflects on the happier fate of those other great churches of lay growth, the French cathedrals, whose hearts beat warm for so many centuries, through so many social and political alternations.

The situation of the church of Vézelay typifies this deeper solitude. It stands alone on the crest of the hill, divided from the town below by a wide stony square. Behind the apse, where the monastic buildings lay, a shady grassy slope simulates the privacy of an English close — and on all sides are the blue distances of the Morvan. This loftiness and detachment of site give a peculiar majesty to the building, and conduce no doubt to the impression that in all church architecture there is nothing quite like it,

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nothing in which the passive strength of the elder style so imperceptibly blends with the springing grace of the new. The latter meets one first, in the two-storied narthex, a church in itself, which precedes the magnificent round-arched portals of the inner building. It is from the threshold of this narthex that, looking down its lofty vista, and through the triple doorways to the vast and stern perspective of the Romanesque nave, one gets the keenest impression of the way in which, in this incomparable building, the two styles have been wrought into an accord that shows their essential continuity. In the nave itself, with the doors of the narthex closed, another, subtler impression awaits one; for here one seems to surprise the actual moment of transition, to see, as nowhere else (except in a lesser degree at Saint Germer-de-Fly) the *folded wings of the Gothic* stirring under the older forms.

More even than its rich mysterious sculptures, far more than its mere pride of size and majesty, does this undefinable *frémissement* of the old static Romanesque lines remain with one as the specific note of Vézelay: giving it, in spite of its age-long desertion, in spite of the dead and staring look produced by indiscriminate restoration, an inner thrill of vitality, the promise of "strange futures beautiful and young," such as the greatest art alone possesses.

The long spring sunset filled the sky when we turned from Vézelay and began to wind through the valley of the Cure to Auxerre. The day had been too rich in impressions to leave space for more than a deep sense of changing loveliness as we followed the curves of the river through poplar-planted meadows, by white chalk-cliffs and villages hanging on the heights. But among these fugitive impressions is the vivid memory of a white railway viaduct, so lightly yet securely flung across the valley that in the golden blur of sunset it suggested one of Turner's dream-bridges spanning a vale of Tempe: a notable instance of the almost invariable art with which, in French engineering, the arch is still employed. After that the way grew indistinct, and night had fallen when we entered Auxerre — feeling our way through a dimly-lit suburb, seeing the lights of the town multiplied in the quiet waters of the Yonne, and reaching it at last by a bridge that led straight to the steep central street.

Auxerre, the next day — even through the blinding rain which so punctually confirmed our forebodings — revealed itself as one of those close-knit, individual old French towns that are as expressive, as full of vivacity and character, as certain French faces. Finely massed above the river, in a pile culminating with the towers of the cathedral and the detached shaft of Saint Jean, it confirms, and indeed exceeds, on a nearer view, the promise of its distant aspect. A town which has had the good fortune to preserve its walls and one or two of its fortified gates, has always — and more especially if seated on a river — the more obvious opportunities for picturesqueness; and at Auxerre the narrow streets rising from the quay to the central group of buildings contribute many isolated effects — carved door, steep gable or opportune angle-turret — to the general distinction of the scene.

The cathedral itself is the heart of the charming old place — so rich in tone, so impressive in outline, so profusely yet delicately adorned, it rose at the end of the long market-square, shedding on it, even through the grey sheets of rain, the warmth of its high tawny masses. The design of the western front is so full and harmonious that it effaces from memory the less salient impression of the interior. Under a more favourable light, which would have brought out the colours of the rich clerestory glass, and the modelling of shafts and vaulting, it would have seemed, no doubt, less austere, more familiarly beautiful; but veiled and darkened by rain-clouds it offered, instead of colour and detail, only an un-

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folding of cavernous arches fading into the deep shades of the sanctuary.

The adjoining Bishop's palace, with its rugged Romanesque arcades planted on a bit of Gallo-roman city wall, and the interesting fragment of the church of Saint Germain, beside the hospital, are among the other notable monuments of Auxerre; but these too, masked by the incessant downpour, remain in memory as mere vague masses of dripping masonry, pressed upon by a low black sky.

The rain pursued us northward from Auxerre along the valley of the Yonne, lifting a little toward noon to leave the landscape under that grey-green blur through which the French *paysagistes* have most persistently seen it. Joigny, with this light at its softest, seemed, even after Auxerre, one of the most individual of ancient French towns: its long and stately quay, closed by a fine gate at each end of the town, giving it in especial a quite personal character, and one which presented itself as a singularly happy solution of the problem of linking a town to its river. Above the quay the steep streets gave many glimpses of mediæval picturesqueness, tucked away at almost inaccessible angles; but the rain closed in on them, and drove us on reluctantly to Sens.

Here the deluge hung a still denser curtain between us and the amenities of this singularly charming town. Sens, instead of being, like Joigny, packed tight between river and cliff, spreads out with relative amplitude between Roman ramparts transformed into shady promenades; and about midway of the town, at the end of a long market-place like that of Auxerre, the cathedral rears itself in such nobility and strength of line that one instantly revises one's classification of the great French churches to make room for this one near the top.

Its beauties develop and multiply on a nearer view, and its kinship with Canterbury makes it, to those under the spell of that noblest of English choirs, of peculiar architectural interest. But when one has done full justice to the long unfolding of the nave, to the delicate pallour of Cousin's glass, and to the associations attached to the "altar of Becket" behind the choir, one returns finally to the external composition of the apsidal chapels as the most memorable and perfect thing at Sens. The development of the *chevet*, which Romanesque architecture bequeathed to Gothic, is perhaps the happiest product of the latter growth on French soil; and after studying so complex an example of its possibilities as the apse of Sens presents, one feels anew what English Gothic lost in committing itself to the square east end.

Of great historic interest is the so-called *Officialité* which adjoins the cathedral — a kind of diocesan tribunal built under Louis IX; but its pointed windows and floriated niches have been so liberally restored that it has the too-Gothic look of a mediæval stage-setting. Sens has many other treasures, not only in its unusually rich collection of church relics and tapestries, but among the fragments of architecture distributed through its streets; and in the eighteenth-century gates of the archiepiscopal palace it can show a specimen of wrought ironwork probably not to be matched short of Jean Lamour's gates at Nancy.

One of its most coveted possessions — Jean Cousin's famous picture of the Eva prima Pandora — has long been jealously secluded by its present owner; and one wonders for what motive the inveterate French hospitality to lovers of art has been here so churlishly reversed. The curious mystical interest of the work, and its value as a link in the history of French painting, make it, one may say, almost a *monument historique*, a part of the national heritage; and perhaps the very sense of its potential service to art gives a perverse savour to its possessor's peculiar mode of enjoying it.

From Sens to Fontainebleau the road follows the valley of the Yonne through a tranquil landscape with level meadows

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and knots of slender trees along the river, till the border of the forest is reached, and a long green alley takes one straight to the granite cross on the edge of the town. Toward afternoon the rain turned to a quiet drizzle, of the kind that becomes the soft French landscape as a glass becomes certain pictures; and through it we glided on, past the mossy walls of great estates, past low-lying châteaux, green *pièces d'eau*, and the long grassy vistas that are cut in every direction through the forests about Melun. This district of big "shootings" and carefully-tended preserves extends almost to the outer ring of environs. Beyond them Paris itself soon rose smokily through the rain, and a succession of long straight avenues, as carefully planted as if they had been the main arteries of a fashionable suburb, led us thence to the Porte de Choisy.

To be back in the roar of traffic, to feel the terrific pressure of those miles of converging masonry, gave us, after weeks of free air and unbounded landscape, a sense of congestion that made the crowded streets seem lowering and dangerous; but as we neared the river, and saw before us the curves of the lifted domes, the grey strength of the bridges, and all the amazing symmetry and elegance of what in other cities is mean and huddled and confused, the touch of another beauty fell on us — the spell of "*les seuils sacrés, la Seine qui coule.*"

(*The End.*)

HARKING BACK TO THE HUMANITIES

BY JOHN CORBIN

A PROFESSOR of Romance literature in one of our foremost universities has a very sad story to tell, to illustrate the declining vogue of those studies which used to be called the humanities. In his introductory course in the literature of the Italian Renaissance he had had two young women, intelligent, charming — to teach whom was a delight. He had confidently looked to them the following year to take the advanced course, but at the time of registration they did not appear. Besought for an explanation, they said that his lecture hours conflicted with those of another course they had elected — in abnormal psychology. Charming young women; abnormal psychology: no wonder the professor of Renaissance culture shook his head.

It is everywhere much the same. At Harvard, out of a total of 2334 students in the college, less than three hundred, or about one in eight, are pursuing either Greek or Latin, and many of these elect only a single course or two. The number of those who achieve any considerable degree of classical culture is much smaller.

Yet our professor of Romance literature grew even more pessimistic over another phase of modern education, an almost universal reaction against freedom in the choice of studies — the so-called Harvard elective system. His own university, until lately Harvard's most prominent ally, had only just joined the ranks of those that require students to make the main body of their electives not a scattering of unrelated subjects but a consistent and coherent group. It had not occurred to him, as it seemed, that there might have been some connection between the extension of the elective system and the decline in the humanities, and conversely that the reaction against it may be a symptom of hope and cheer.

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I

As has often been pointed out, the elective system is largely a product of the scientific awakening of the nineteenth century. A maze of new branches had been discovered on the tree of knowledge — some of which might perhaps be described as its trunk. Undergraduate life, indeed the entire span of human existence, was too brief to compass them all. The practical difficulty of the situation might have given the ordinary mind what is sometimes called pause. Not so the scientific mind. It is the first article in the modern creed that all knowledge is of equal importance, all training of equal value, provided only that the knowledge and the training are in the line of accurate classified knowledge.

This is no abstract theory. It is rule of thumb — the glorious guiding principle, if you will — by which the elective system has been erected. President Eliot, in an address entitled "Aims of the Higher Education," reprinted in his volume on educational reform, states it explicitly. "There is to-day no difference between the philologist's method of study and the naturalist's, or between a psychologist's method and a physiologist's. Students of history and natural history, of physics and metaphysics, of literature and the fine arts, find that, though their fields of study are different, their methods and spirit are the same. This oneness of method characterizes the true university." You may study the French Revolution, or (that object of Ibsen's casual satire) the domestic industries of Brabant in the Middle Ages, and so long as you study them scientifically they count equally for the degree in arts. You may study literature and science — let us say Petrarch and abnormal psychology — but in "the true university" the spirit and the methods will be identical.

One or two examples will illustrate the practical absurdity that resulted from the attempt to construct a system of education on this theory, and especially in view of the fact that the rubric of it all was entire freedom in the choice of studies. I remember — if I may speak of what I know best — I remember electing a course that centred in the French Revolution, as an aid to the study of modern literature and drama. The lecturer spent hour after hour droning over the series of constitutions that were framed and adopted one day to be superseded the next. What was picturesque and dramatic in the period, even what was of the deepest and most permanent significance, he neglected, or at best passed it over with a small sarcasm at the vanity of so much passion and bloodshed. Constitutions were matters of scientific record, and the soul-history of a great nation in its greatest crisis was not.

Again, I elected to study the Elizabethan drama. The preliminary course was a minute verbal scrutiny of five of the plays of Shakespeare, in which the consideration of literature as literature was casual and incidental. It was strongly recommended that the student repeat this course, philologizing five more plays. The study of the Elizabethan drama as such was limited to two half courses, which were in no wise to be repeated or extended. In order to get at the drama one was required to plough through an equal dose of philology, and it was recommended that the dose be doubled. Decidedly, the play was not the thing. The thing was words, words, words. That was what the glorious proffer of free election came to.

In the end, it is true, one did arrive, in any department of language, at drama *qua* drama, inspiringly taught. Even under such conditions the cold passion for science cannot quite congeal the human spirit. In recent years, owing to the reaction of which I am writing, the humanities are made more prominent, even in the courses primarily philological. Yet the fact remains that in the "true university" of to-day they are, and are intended to be, subordinate to science.

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II

The very ideal of a liberal education has been metamorphosed to fall in with the new and absorbing passion. Again I quote the most powerful advocate of the "true university," though any one of a dozen utterances by different educators would do as well. "Science has engendered a peculiar kind of human mind — the searching, open, humble mind, which, knowing that it cannot attain unto all truth, or even to much new truth, is yet patiently and enthusiastically devoted to the pursuit of such little new truth as is within its grasp, having no other end than to learn, prizing above all things accuracy, thoroughness, and candor in research, proud and happy, not in its own single strength, but in the might of that host of students whose past conquests make up the wondrous sum of present knowledge, whose sure future triumphs are shared in imagination by each humble worker. Within the past four hundred years this typical scientific mind has gradually come to be the kind of philosophic mind most admired by the educated class; indeed it has come to be the only kind of mind, except the poetic, which commands the respect of scholars, whatever their department of learning."

Unquestionably there is fire in these words. But is it not the kind of fire which inflames the palm that has held a block of ice? What, after all, is the business of a university? Has it not a duty to young men as well as a duty to knowledge? In order to give science its due, is it necessary to ignore altogether the human heart and the human will — character?

How many boys go to college, how many parents send them there, to achieve that peculiar kind of human mind which rejoices not in its own strength, and has no other end than to learn? It may seem a philistine thing to say, yet it is indubitably true, that boys go to college, and that their parents pay the considerable cost of their educations, not to become searching and humble, but to realize the proud strength of the human mind and heart; not to feed their minds on the little new truth within their grasp — spare diet! — but on the many great truths of nature, history, and art; not to narrow their spirits to minute special research, but to expand them in contact with the Promethean fire of the great personalities and the great movements of civilization.

And this is only half of what in America we look for in our universities. As a people we place equal value upon the moral and social side of undergraduate life — upon democracy and manly comradeship as expressed in college spirit; upon personal courage, self-control, and chivalrous generosity as expressed in true sportsmanship. To these things the partisans of the "true university" pay little or no heed. In President Eliot's weighty volume on educational reform they are not considered. Somewhere and somehow there is a lack of coördination between the nation and its universities.

A brief historical retrospect will perhaps put the case in a clearer light. Our universities, like our institutions in general and our people, were originally, and still are, preponderantly English. But the scientific awakening of the nineteenth century, though in a considerable measure the product of English minds, had its origin and ran its course without the university walls. To this day Oxford is powerfully — to our view obstinately, suicidally — resisting it. In Germany, on the other hand, the universities early became imbued with the scientific spirit, and, following their lead, the American universities have for almost a century valued it and cultivated it. In a word, though founded in accordance with native ideals that still endure and flourish in the nation at large, they have largely made themselves over in accordance with the ideals of an alien people. Now Germany, as it happens, has its own peculiar schools of character. The discipline

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which the young American gets on the athletic field, in the close community and under the rigid standards of college life, the young German gets, and in an infinitely higher degree, in the army or the bureaucracy. The business of the German university is not at all to discipline character. Quite the contrary, it is to enfranchise it from Kaiserism and red tape. The universities are the great strongholds of German liberty. Their watchwords are the freedom to learn and the freedom to teach. In England and America liberty and truth have been an undisputed heritage for two centuries and more.

In all this we have assumed that the German and the American universities are, roughly, parallel institutions; for that has been the tacit assumption of the advocates of the elective system. The fact is far otherwise. The German university is built on the foundation of the *Gymnasium* and the *Realschule*, which carry the student at least as far as the end of the second year of the American college. Now the instruction in these German preparatory schools is thoroughly organized in groups, production both of coherent knowledge and mental training. In the *Gymnasium* an extended study of the ancient classics is prescribed. Our elective system, disorganized to the point of anarchy, is not so much an imitation of German methods as a caricature of them.

That our universities have responded to the modern scientific impulse is wholly admirable. But in doing so was it necessary to renounce the function of mental training, of character-building and of humanistic culture, which is not only native to them, but vital in the scheme they are ostensibly emulating? By their most recent deeds they are confessing that it was not.

III

From the outset the sense of the great body of educated people, and of a large proportion even of college faculties, has been against the doctrinary extremes to which we have carried our imitation of things German. Almost a generation ago Harvard went through a reaction that still gives occasion for thought, and perhaps also for a smile of far from subtle irony.

The question was of student freedom. It seemed a monstrous thing to the progressive element in the faculty that men in a great university should be subject to petty police regulations in the matter of residence and attendance at lectures. Here, with one stroke of the pen, it was possible to make the university quite like Berlin, Leipsic, and Bonn.

For once the undergraduates were in full accord with the faculty. Midnight potations in Boston were no longer disturbed by thoughts of the nine o'clock lecture in Cambridge. To the moose-hunter it ceased to be evidence of the eternal unfitness of things that his season in the woods should be cut short by term time. Skater, snowshoer, and tobogganer partook deeply of the joys of the ice carnival in Montreal. At the season when winter had become darkest and most oppressive, one party of undergraduates woke up in the Grand Central Station in New York, still clad in their evening clothes. After due consideration, they decided that their purpose the night before must have been to spend the month of February under the clement skies of Bermuda; and stopping only to buy the necessary flannels on Broadway, they embarked forthwith. *Lernfreiheit* bade fair to eventuate in a sort of *Lehrfreiheit* which the faculty had little taste for, namely an entire freedom from any one to lecture to. The Board of Overseers and parents everywhere were even more deeply moved. The life of this experiment in the ways of the "true university" was short.

From that moment it should have been evident that the spirit and needs of our young men are, in many respects, infinitely removed from those of the German undergraduate. They are, in fact, essentially similar to those of the Oxford and

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Cambridge man. In the English universities no one is allowed to leave his college after nine o'clock; and to remain without the walls after midnight, on whatever pretext, is a crime punishable and punished with expulsion. Far from considering this régime an infringement of his liberties, the young Briton regards it as part and parcel of a system which he respects and loves. Much as he might relish the autumn hunting in the shires, or the spring gayeties of the London season, he loves his life as an undergraduate more, and acquiesces in the college gate-rules, vexatious though they often are, as the very foundation of the social and athletic, as well as of the studious life, of his college — of the humanities, in short, in the broad and true meaning of the term. For the American youth, of course, the full rigor of the English regulations is impossible; but he might be led far in the same direction if it were made evident to him that that way lies a better ordered and more wholesome life.

For a dozen years past there has been a strong tendency, quite unconscious in all probability, to revert toward the typically English university methods, or rather to compass them a second time in the full swing of the cycle of progress. It was at Harvard that this tendency first showed itself, and Harvard has the greatest need of reform, at least among eastern institutions. But other universities have carried it to a far fuller and more efficient development, and are destined, as it seems, at no distant day to perfect it. Its manifestations are many and varied, but it is chiefly evident in three new departures: a system of grouping electives so as to make them cover some broad and vital department of knowledge, tutorial instruction, and residence in coördinate colleges or halls.

IV

All three, it will be seen, involve an increase of the personal element in the relations of teachers and pupils.

Under the old régime, in England and America, all undergraduates studied the same subjects in the same order, and nothing was taught besides the prescribed curriculum. At Oxford still the scope of election is narrow: one may choose among several "honor schools," — *Literæ Humaniores*, Modern History, Mathematics, Science, and English,—but having chosen, the course of study is virtually prescribed. One might exhaust the entire instruction of an English university in a dozen years. In the leading American universities the body of instruction is so large — and this is the signal service of the elective system — that it would take a hundred years and more to take all the courses offered by the faculty of arts and sciences; and it is permitted either to pursue a more general course than in England or to specialize more narrowly; though, as I have indicated, the ponderous array of electives is primarily calculated for the scientific specialist, and so tends to block the path of the student of the humanities.

Many American universities, as for example Yale, long resisted the extreme development of the elective system; they still prescribed the subjects of the old curriculum as of primary and fundamental value, from the point of view both of mind and character-building and of humanistic culture. It is a curious example of conservatism that Yale, after a slow process of yielding, finally surrendered to the elective system four years ago, when the reaction at Harvard was already vigorous. Other universities, notably Cornell, have been more alert both in adopting the system and in reacting against its extremes. Wisconsin, to the superficial view scientific to the point of utilitarianism, vigorously insists on the grouping of studies. Even Harvard has provided that the highest honors at graduation shall be awarded only for a consistent and orderly group of studies, and offers a body of courses in comparative literature the primary purpose of which is cultural.

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Princeton has very happily combined conservatism with progress, and has thus become the leader in the present advance. As Professor West has described a rather complicated system, "the earlier part of the course" consists "mainly of prescribed studies of fundamental and general nature," while "the latter part of the course" consists of "studies of which a majority lie in some large department of the student's own choice, the remaining courses being free — in other words a system of gradual and progressive election based on a prescribed substratum." Such a system combines, in the earlier years, the essentials of the *Gymnasium* and the elder American college, and, in the later years, the essentials of the German and the American university. Throughout there is a system of intimate personal instruction analogous to the tutorial system of the modern English and the early American college.

In the absence of some such organization, that is, under the elective system, it is necessary, in order to make the wisest practicable grouping, that the student plan his entire undergraduate course from the start, with the guidance of some one who knows his peculiar bent and abilities. At Harvard this was early recognized, at least by the reactionary element. Each freshman is given an adviser. In connection with the formal lectures, furthermore, it has been found advisable to have a system of personal conferences. In many universities this takes the form of what are known as quiz sections. In the larger and more elementary courses, Harvard has established a system of individual conferences held by instructors under the professor in charge of the course. In a word — although it is unfortunately a word of ill repute in America — a promising start has been pretty generally made toward tutorial instruction.

As yet it is only a start. In England the tutor comes into close personal relations with his pupils from the outset, and follows them throughout their undergraduate course. The freshman adviser at Harvard has twenty-five new men each year. It is humanly impossible that he become intimately acquainted with each of them, or be familiar with all the varied courses they elect. Furthermore, he receives no additional pay for his office and has usually no time even to do what little he might. In point of fact he is not required to see his advisees except at the opening of the college year, and then he does little more than scrutinize lists of electives to make sure that there is no conflict in the lecture hours. In many cases he is regarded by his charges less as a guide and friend than as a police officer. The instructors in conference deal with a far larger body of undergraduates and — not being primarily scientists — are miserably underpaid. They are mostly raw and recent graduates supporting themselves in advanced study. Quite lately the undergraduates themselves have protested against their negligence and incompetence. Like the new plan for grouping electives, the freshman advisers and instructors in conference are an uninspired concession to the ideals of the impotent minority of progressives.

Princeton alone, of all American colleges, has given personal instruction in the humanities a fair trial. In every study every student has, in addition to the lecturing professor, a tutor called preceptor, whose duty it is to direct his reading, and, by means of personal conferences, to make sure that he has assimilated it to the best of his ability. Each conference lasts an hour, and the number of students in each is limited to four, or at most five. Great care is taken to have the groups of students composed of men of similar attainments and mental calibre, so that progress may be as even and rapid as possible. The preceptors are liberally paid, receiving as much as the average assistant professor. According to all indications the preceptorial system is a signal success. Its advocates report that it has done much in only two years to remove prejudice, once so strong

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in the mind of the Princeton undergraduate, against reading and book talk, supplanting it with a real interest in things of the mind.

The innovation is less anomalous than may appear to the casual view. In point of fact it is exactly parallel to the most cherished scientific methods. The basis of the instruction of the "true university" has long been a corps of laboratory assistants, whose business is to train the student in the use of the microscope and dissecting knife, and in the proper observation and recording of results. Even the most advanced scientific students are taught by means of seminars, under the personal supervision of leading professors. One of the most frequent objections to the preceptorial system is its cost. But on the whole it is probably less expensive than the long existing system of laboratories and seminars.

In certain ways the Princeton preceptor differs from the English tutor, and as it seems, to his disadvantage. He does not, in the first place, follow an undergraduate through the four years of the course. In the first two years, the work of which is a varied grouping of general courses, the student has a different preceptor in each course. The authorities wished this otherwise; but — and this is a sharp commentary upon education in the "true university" — it was impossible to find recent graduates prepared to teach all freshman and sophomore studies. In the two later years, however, during which the studies are elected by groups, each student, as in England, has a single preceptor.

Again, whereas the English tutor works with an eye direct upon the two great examinations, set by a university examining board and leading directly to the degree, the Princeton preceptor is, in many courses, concerned only with collateral reading, having no direct bearing on the examinations — which, as in all American universities, are set severally by the professors in the several courses. Both the English and the American examination systems have characteristic virtues and defects; but it may safely be conjectured that personal instruction in the humanities will not be as valuable as it is in the sciences until it bears some vital relation to the final degree.

V

In 1894 a paper by Frank Bolles, late secretary of Harvard College, was published posthumously in the *Harvard Graduates' Magazine*. It was entitled "The Administrative Problem," and dealt with the difficulty, amounting to an impossibility, of the merely official supervision of the increasing hordes of undergraduates. The plight of Harvard is only a little more pitiful than that of all other leading American universities. New wine in old bottles is bad enough; but when the wine is abundant and the bottles small there is a spilling as well as a bursting. The small colleges of a century ago have doubled and redoubled many times without changing their administrative system. The remedy Mr. Bolles proposed was to divide the student body into administrative units, roughly corresponding to those of the English university.

A few years later a graduate resident at Oxford became impressed with the idea that the same arrangement, in a somewhat completer form, would also remove certain evils in the residential and social life, which had suffered equally in outgrowing the system of the earlier day; and he published a book advocating this view. Any servile imitation of things English was obviously as unwise as impracticable; but by adapting certain fruitful ideas to our needs it seemed easily possible to revive the virtues of the small American college, not only without impairing the intellectual life of the university, but to its decided advantage, in making it more intimate and human. Many leading educators have lately hit upon a similar solution. As President Wilson of Princeton has very happily phrased it, the aim of the university should be to

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make the social and the intellectual life interpenetrate.

Again Harvard, though first in the field, has proved a laggard in achievement, and for the same reason. Many undergraduates and graduates, and a considerable number of the faculty, have long favored an administrative and social division of the student body; but the funds and energy of the corporation have been expended in the opposite direction — toward extending the already vast body of scientific electives. Two of the private dormitories, however, Claverly and Randolph, have evolved certain very interesting phases of collegiate life, Randolph being, architecturally and otherwise, the nearest approach to an English university college in America. At certain other American universities the idea, though as yet embryonic, is backed by those in authority, and is thus likely to come speedily to realization.

The University of Chicago has a number of "halls," each organized as a unit under faculty supervision; and it plans, as soon as funds are available, to give each its separate commons. These halls, however, are not quadrangular, but of the familiar style of dormitory. The University of Wisconsin has lately received a grant from the state legislature of one hundred thousand dollars a year for the erection of living accommodations for the students, who have hitherto, except for the small minority of fraternity men, lodged and boarded in a welter of minute and shifting cliques in the houses of townsfolk. It is President Van Hise's intention to build the "dormitories" in the quadrangular form, each with its kitchen and dining-hall. President Schurman of Cornell has long publicly advocated the building of residential halls, and is favorably considering the idea of giving each not only a kitchen and dining-room, but a master and a group of resident graduates corresponding to the English dons. President Wilson of Princeton, to whose energy and originality we owe the system of preceptors, has announced his intention of dividing the student body into colleges or halls, each with its own commons and dons; and though his purpose of disestablishing the upper-class eating clubs has provoked vigorous and not unreasonable opposition, he will certainly in the end achieve some effective reform. There is more than a coincidence here. A universal evil is finding its universal remedy.

VI

Unless all signs fail, higher education in America has entered a new phase of vast significance. Precious as has been the impulse from Germany, — it has in fact been invaluable, — its absolute dominance is passing. Whether the ancient classics will ever regain their predominance in liberal education may be doubted, but when they are taught as literature and not merely as philology they cannot fail mightily to increase their appeal. The important fact is that the human spirit is asserting itself as of at least equal importance with the passion for pure science. The man of broad culture will take his place beside the narrow researcher. Character and style, in living and thinking and writing, will be no less regarded than the conquest of new truth.

To the country at large this new humanistic revival is of deep significance. The scientific spirit, in its most altruistic development, as embodied in the special researcher, has of necessity withdrawn itself very far from the actual and present needs of the nation, political, commercial, and social. At its most practical, in the technical schools, its aim has been frankly utilitarian. The great need of modern America is an impulse away from materialism and toward higher standards of living, moral, intellectual, and spiritual; and it is a hopeful sign of the times that no one has been more vigorous in sounding the advance than the president of our foremost technical university, Cornell. Already we have made mighty progress in the purification of personal life, of business and of statecraft. For the pur-

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pose of furthering the movement and conserving it no better engine could be devised than a system of universities in which the chosen youth of the nation shall be brought in contact with the best standards of the human spirit, in their comradeships and their games no less than in things of the mind.

For the universities the departure should prove epoch-making. Hitherto there have been two broadly differentiated types of higher institutions in America, the small college and the large, or more accurately speaking, the college and the university. Princeton has been the most perfect example of the one, Harvard of the other. Both are now seen to be tending toward the same goal, the union of the spirit of pure science with that of the ripest humanities. There is still a long way to go. Princeton is as imperfect in scientific teaching as Harvard is in the organization of study. Nor are the two elements anywhere successfully mingled. But it is not too much to hope that eventually we shall reproduce, in a form assimilated to our national needs, all that is valuable in the two great types of modern university, the English and the German.

A BIRD OUT OF THE SNARE

BY DOROTHY CANFIELD

AFTER the bargain was completed and the timber merchant had gone away, Jehiel Hawthorn walked stiffly to the pine tree and put his horny old fist against it, looking up to its spreading top with an expression of hostile exultation in his face. The neighbor who had been called to witness the transfer of Jehiel's woodland looked at him curiously.

"That was quite a sight of money to come in without your expectin', wa'n't it?" he said, fumbling awkwardly for an opening to the question he burned to ask.

Jehiel did not answer. The two old men stood silent, looking down the valley, lying like a crevasse in a glacier between the towering white mountains. The sinuous course of the frozen river was almost black under the slaty sky of March.

"Seems kind o' providential, havin' so much money come to you just now, when your sister-in-law's jest died, and left you the first time in your life without anybody you got to stay and see to, don't it?" commented the neighbor persistently.

Jehiel made a vague sign with his head.

"I s'pose likely you 'll be startin' aout to travel and see foreign parts, same's you've always planned, won't you — or maybe you cal'late you be too old now?"

Jehiel gave no indication that he had heard. His faded old blue eyes were fixed steadily on the single crack in the rampart of mountains, through which the afternoon train was just now leaving the valley. Its whistle echoed back hollowly, as it fled away from the prison walls into the great world.

The neighbor stiffened in offended pride. "I bid you good-night, Mr. Hawthorn," he said severely, and stumped down the steep, narrow road leading to the highway in the valley.

After he had disappeared Jehiel turned to the tree and leaned his forehead against it. He was so still he seemed a part of the great pine. He stood so till the piercing chill of evening chilled him through, and when he looked again about him it was after he had lived his life all through in a brief and bitter review.

It began with the tree and it ended with the tree, and in spite of the fever of unrest in his heart it was as stationary as any

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rooted creature of the woods. When he was eleven and his father went away to the Civil War, he had watched him out of sight with no sorrow, only a burning envy of the wanderings that lay before the soldier. A little later, when it was decided that he should go to stay with his married sister, since she was left alone by her husband's departure to the war, he turned his back on his home with none of a child's usual reluctance, but with an eager delight in the day-long drive to the other end of the valley. That was the longest journey he had ever taken, the man of almost three-score thought, with an aching resentment against Fate.

Still, those years with his sister, filled with labor beyond his age as they were, had been the happiest of his life. In an almost complete isolation the two had toiled together five years, the most impressionable of his life; and all his affection centred on the silent, loving, always comprehending sister. His own father and mother grew to seem far away and alien, and his sister came to be like a part of himself. To her alone of all living souls had he spoken freely of his passion for adventuring far from home, of the lust for wandering which devoured his boy-soul. He was sixteen when her husband finally came back from the war, and he had no secrets from the young matron of twenty-six, who listened with such wide tender eyes of sympathy to his half-frantic outpourings of longing to escape from the dark, narrow valley where his fathers had lived their dark, narrow lives.

The day before he went back to his own home, now so strange to him, he was out with her, searching for some lost turkey-chicks, and found one with its foot caught in a tangle of rusty wire. The little creature had beaten itself almost to death in its struggle to get way. Kneeling in the grass, and feeling the wild palpitations of its heart under his rescuing hand, he had called to his sister, "Oh, look! Poor thing! It's 'most dead, and yet it ain't really hurt a mite, only desperate, over bein' held fast." His voice broke in a sudden wave of sympathy: "Oh, ain't it *terrible* to feel so!"

For a moment the young mother put her little son aside and looked at her brother with brooding eyes. A little later she said with apparent irrelevance, "Jehiel, as soon as you're a man grown, I'll help you to get off. You shall be a sailor, if you like, and go around the world, and bring back coral to baby and me."

A chilling premonition fell on the lad. "I don't believe it!" he said, with tears in his eyes. "I just believe I've got to stay here in this hole all my life."

His sister looked off at the tops of the trees. Finally, "Surely He shall deliver thee from the snare of the fowler," she quoted dreamily.

When she came to see him and their parents a few months later, she brought him a little square of crimson silk, on which she had worked in tiny stitches, "Surely He shall deliver thee from the snare of the fowler." She explained to her father and mother that it was a "text-ornament" for Jehiel to hang up over his desk; but she drew the boy aside and showed him that the silk was only lightly caught down to the foundation.

"Underneath is another text," she said, "and when your day of freedom comes I want you should promise me to cut the stitches, turn back the silk, and take the second text for your motto, so you'll remember to be properly grateful. This is the second text." She put her hands on his shoulders and said in a loud, exultant voice, "My soul is escaped as a bird out of the snare of the fowler. The snare is broken and I am escaped."

For answer the boy pulled her eagerly to the window and pointed to a young pine tree that stood near the house.

"Sister, that tree's just as old as I be. I've prayed to God, and I've promised myself that before it's as tall as the ridge-pole of the house, I'll be on my way."

As this scene came before his eyes, the white-haired man, leaning against the great pine, looked up at the lofty crown of green wreathing the giant's head

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and shook his fist at it. He hated every inch of its height, for every inch meant an enforced renunciation that had brought him bitterness and a sense of failure.

His sister had died the year after she had given him the double text, and his father the year after that. He was left thus, the sole support of his ailing mother, who transferred to the silent, sullen boy the irresistible rule of complaining weakness with which she had governed his father. It was thought she could not live long, and the boy stood in terror of a sudden death brought on by displeasure at some act of his. In the end, however, she died quietly in her bed, an old woman of seventy-three, nursed by her daughter-in-law, the widow of Jehiel's only brother. Her place in the house was taken by Jehiel's sister-in-law, a sickly, helpless woman, alone in the world except for Jehiel, and all the neighbors congratulated him on having a housekeeper ready to his hand. He said nothing.

By that time, indeed, he had sunk into a harsh and repellent silence on all topics. He went through the exhausting routine of farming with an iron-like endurance, watched with set lips the morning and afternoon trains leave the valley, and noted the growth of the pine tree with a burning heart. His only recreation was collecting time-tables, prospectuses of steamship companies, and what few books of travel he could afford. The only society he did not shun was that of itinerant peddlers or tramps, and occasionally a returned missionary on a lecture tour.

And always the pine tree had grown, insolent in the pride of a creature set in the right surroundings. The imprisoned man had felt himself dwarfed by its height. But now, he looked up at it again, and laughed aloud. It had come late, but it had come. He was fifty-seven years old, almost three-score, but all his life was still to be lived. He said to himself that some folks lived their lives while they did their work, but he had done all his tasks first, and now he could live. The unexpected arrival of the timber merchant and the sale of that piece of land he'd never thought would bring him a cent — was not that an evident sign that Providence was with him? He was too old and broken now to work his way about as he had planned at first, but here had come this six hundred dollars like rain from the sky. He would start as soon as he could sell his stock.

The thought reminded him of his evening chores, and he set off for the barn with a harsh jubilation that it was almost the last time he would need to milk. How far, he wondered, could he go on that money? He hurried through his work and into the house to his old desk. The faded text-ornament stood on the top shelf, but he did not see it, as he hastily tumbled out all the time-tables and sailing-lists. The habit of looking at them with the yearning bitterness of unreconciled deprivation was still so strong on him that even as he handled them eagerly, he hated them for the associations of years of misery they brought back to him.

Where should he go? He was dazed by the unlimited possibilities before him. To Boston first, as the nearest seaport. He had taken the trip in his mind so many times that he knew the exact minute when the train would cross the state line and he would be really escaped from the net which had bound him all his life. From Boston to Jamaica as the nearest place that was quite, quite different from Vermont. He had no desire to see Europe or England. Life there was too much like what he had known. He wanted to be in a country where nothing should remind him of his past. From Jamaica where? His stiff old fingers painfully traced out a steamship line to the Isthmus and thence to Colombia. He knew nothing about that country. All the better. It would be the more foreign. Only this he knew, that nobody in that tropical country "farmed it," and that was where he wanted to go. From Colombia around the Cape to Argentina. He was aghast at the cost, but instantly decided that he would go steerage. There would be more

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real foreigners to be seen that way, and his money would go twice as far

To Buenos Ayres, then. He did not even attempt to pronounce this name, though its strange, inexplicable look on the page was a joy to him. From there by mule-back and afoot over the Andes to Chile. He knew something about that trip. A woman who had taught in the Methodist missionary school in Santiago de Chile had taken that journey, and he had heard her give a lecture on it. He was the sexton of the church and heard all the lectures free. At Santiago de Chile (he pronounced it with a strange distortion of the schoolteacher's bad accent) he would stay for a while and just live and decide what to do next. His head swam with dreams and visions, and his heart thumped heavily against his old ribs. The clock striking ten brought him back to reality. He stood up with a gesture of exultation almost fierce. "That's just the time when the train crosses the state line!" he said.

He slept hardly at all that night, waking with great starts, and imagining himself in strange foreign places, and then recognizing with a scornful familiarity the worn old pieces of furniture in his room. He noticed at these times that it was very cold, and lifelong habit made him reflect that he would better go early to the church because it would be hard to get up steam enough to warm the building before time for service. After he had finished his morning chores and was about to start he noticed that the thermometer stood at four above zero.

That was certainly winter temperature; the snow lay like a heavy shroud on all the dead valley, but the strange, blind instinct of a man who has lived close to the earth stirred within him. He looked at the sky and the mountains and put out his bare palm. "I should n't be surprised if the spring break-up was near," he said. "I guess this is about the last winter day we'll get."

The church was icy cold, and he toiled in the cellar, stuffing wood into the flaming maw of the steam-heater, till it was time to ring the bell. As he gave the last stroke, Deacon Bradley approached him. "Jehiel, I've got a little job of repairing I want you should do at my store," he said in the loud, slow speech of a man important in the community. "Come to the store to-morrow morning and see about it." He passed on into his pew, which was at the back of the church near a steam radiator, so that he was warm, no matter what the weather was.

Jehiel Hawthorn went out and stood on the front steps in the winter sunshine and his heart swelled exultingly as he looked across at the deacon's store. "I wish I'd had time to tell him I'd do no repairs for him to-morrow, nor any time — that I'm going to travel and see the world."

The last comers disappeared in the church and the sound of singing came faintly to Jehiel's ears. Although he was the sexton he rarely was in church for the service, using his duties as an excuse for absence. He felt that it was not for him to take part in prayer and thanksgiving. As a boy he had prayed for the one thing he wanted, and what had it come to?

A penetrating cold wind swept around the corner and he turned to go inside to see about the steam-pipes. In the outer hall he noticed that the service had progressed to the responsive readings. As he opened the door of the church the minister read rapidly, "Praised be the Lord who hath not given us over for a prey unto their teeth."

The congregation responded in a timid inarticulate gabble, above which rose Deacon Bradley's loud voice, — "Our soul is escaped even as a bird out of the snare of the fowler. The snare is broken and we are escaped." He read the responses in a slow, booming roar, at least half a sentence behind the rest, but the minister always waited for him. As he finished, he saw the sexton standing in the open door. "A little more steam, Jehiel," he added commandingly, running the words on to the end of the text.

Jehiel turned away silently, but as he

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stumbled through the dark, unfinished part of the cellar he thought to himself, "Well, that's the last time he'll give me an order for *one* while!"

Then the words of the text he had heard came back to his mind with a half-superstitious shock at the coincidence. He had forgotten all about that hidden part of the text-ornament. Why, now that had come true! He ought to have cut the stitches and torn off the old text last night. He would, as soon as he went home. He wished his sister were alive to know, and suddenly, there in the dark, he wondered if perhaps she did know.

As he passed the door to the rooms of the Ladies' Auxiliary Society he noticed that it was ajar, and saw through the crack that there was a sleeping figure on the floor near the stove — a boy about sixteen. When Jehiel stepped softly in and looked at him, the likeness to his own sister struck him even before he recognized the lad as his great-nephew, the son of the child he had helped his sister to care for all those years ago.

"Why, what's Nathaniel doin' here?" he asked himself in surprise. He had not known that the boy was even in town, for he had been on the point of leaving to enlist in the navy. Family matters could not have detained him, for he was quite alone in the world, since both his father and his mother were dead and his step-mother had married again. Under his great-uncle's gaze the lad opened his eyes with a start and sat up confused. "What's the matter with you, Nat?" asked the older man not ungently. He was thinking that probably he had looked like that at sixteen. The boy stared at him a moment, and then, leaning his head on a chair, he began to cry. Sitting thus, crouched together, he looked like a child.

"Why, Natty, what's the trouble?" asked his uncle, alarmed.

"I came off here because I could n't hold in at home any longer," answered the other between sobs. "You see I can't go away. Her husband treats her so bad she can't stay with him. I don't blame her, she says she just *can't!* So she's come back and she ain't well, and she's goin' to have a baby, and I've got to stay and support her. Mr. Bradley 's offered me a place in his store and I've got to give up goin' to the navy." He suddenly realized the unmanliness of his attitude, rose to his feet, closing his lips tightly, and faced the older man with a resolute expression of despair in his young eyes.

"Uncle Jehiel, it does seem to me I can't *have* it so! All my life I've looked forward to bein' a sailor and goin' around the world, and all. I just hate the valley and the mountains! But I guess I got to stay. She's only my step-mother, I know, but she was always awful good to me, and she has n't got anybody else to look after her." His voice broke, and he put his arm up in a crook over his face. "But it's awful hard! I feel like a bird that's got caught in a snare."

His uncle had grown very pale during this speech, and at the last words he recoiled with an exclamation of horror. There was a silence in which he looked at his nephew with the wide eyes of a man who sees a spectre. Then he turned away into the furnace-room, and picking up his lunch-box brought it back. "Here, you," he said, roughly, "part of what's troublin' you is that you ain't had any breakfast. You eat this and you'll feel better. I'll be back in a minute."

He went away blindly into the darkest part of the cellar. It was very black there, but his eyes stared wide before him. It was very cold, but drops of sweat stood on his forehead as if he were in the hay-field. He was alone, but his lips moved from time to time, and once he called out in some loud, stifled exclamation which resounded hollowly in the vault-like place. He was there a long time.

When he went back into the furnace cellar, he found Nathaniel sitting before the fire. The food and warmth had brought a little color into his pale face, but it was still set in a mask of tragic desolation.

As his uncle came in, he exclaimed,

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"Why, Uncle Jehiel, you look awful bad. Are you sick?"

"Yes, I be," said the other harshly, "but 't ain't nothin'. It'll pass after a while. Nathaniel, I've thought of a way you can manage. You know your uncle's wife died this last week and that leaves me without any housekeeper. What if your stepmother sh'd come and take care of me and I'll take care of her. I've just sold a piece of timber land I never thought to get a cent out of, and that'll ease things up so we can hire help if she ain't strong enough to do the work."

Nathaniel's face flushed in a relief which died quickly down to a sombre hopelessness. He faced his uncle doggedly. "Not *much*, Uncle Jehiel!" he said heavily. "I ain't agoin' to hear to such a thing. I know all about your wantin' to get away from the valley — you take that money and go yourself and I'll — "

Hopelessness and resolution were alike struck out of his face by the fury of benevolence with which the old man cut him short. "Don't you dare to speak a word against it, boy!" cried Jehiel in a labored anguish. "Good Lord! I'm only doin' it for you because I *have* to! I've been through what you're layin' out for yourself an' stood it, somehow, an' now I'm 'most done with it all. But 't would be like beginnin' it all again to see you startin' in."

The boy tried to speak, but he raised his voice. "No, I could n't stand it all over again. 'T would cut in to the places where I've got calloused." Seeing through the other's stupor the beginnings of an irresolute opposition, he flung himself upon him in a strange and incredible appeal, crying out, "Oh, you must! You *got* to go!" commanding and imploring in the same incoherent sentence, struggling for speech, and then hanging on Nathaniel's answer in a sudden wild silence. It was as though his next breath depended on the boy's decision.

It was very still in the twilight where they stood. The faint murmur of a prayer came down from above, and while it lasted both were as though held motionless by its mesmeric monotony. Then at the boom of the organ, the lad's last shred of self-control vanished. He burst again into muffled weary sobs, the light from the furnace glistening redly on his streaming cheeks. "It ain't right, Uncle Jehiel. I feel as though I was murderin' somethin'! But I can't help it. I'll go, I'll do as you say, but — "

His uncle's agitation went out like a wind-blown flame. He, too, drooped in an utter fatigue. "Never mind, Natty," he said tremulously, "it'll all come out right somehow. Just you do as Uncle Jehiel says."

A trampling upstairs told him that the service was over. "You run home now and tell her I'll be over this afternoon to fix things up."

He hurried up the stairs to open the front doors, but Deacon Bradley was before him. "You're late, Jehiel," he said severely, "and the church was cold."

"I know, Deacon," said the sexton humbly, "but it won't happen again. And I'll be around the first thing in the morning to do that job for you." His voice sounded dull and lifeless.

"What's the matter?" asked the deacon. "Be you sick?"

"Yes, I be, but 't ain't nothin'. 'T will pass after a while."

That evening, as he walked home after service, he told himself that he had never known so long a day. It seemed longer than all the rest of his life. Indeed he felt that some strange and racking change had come upon him since the morning, as though he were not the same person, as though he had been away on a long journey, and saw all things with changed eyes. "I feel as though I'd died," he thought with surprise, "and was dead and buried."

This brought back to his mind the only bitter word he had spoken throughout the endless day. Nathaniel had said as an excuse for his haste (Jehiel insisted on his leaving that night), "You see, mother, it's really a service to Uncle Jehiel, since he's got nobody to keep house for him." He

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had added in the transparent self-justification of selfish youth, "And I'll pay it back to him every cent." At this Jehiel had said shortly, "By the time you can pay it back what I'll need most will be a tombstone. Git a big one so's to keep me down there quiet."

But now, walking home under the frosty stars, he felt very quiet already, as though he needed no weight to lie heavy on his restless heart. It did not seem restless now, but very still, as though it too were dead. He noticed that the air was milder, and as he crossed the bridge below his house he stopped and listened. Yes, the fine ear of his experience caught a faint grinding sound. By to-morrow the river would begin to break up. It was the end of winter. He surprised himself by his pleasure in thinking of the spring.

Before he went into the house after his evening chores were done, he stopped for a moment and looked back at the cleft in the mountain wall through which the railroad left the valley. He had been looking longingly toward that door of escape all his life, and now he said good-by to it. "Ah well, 't wan't to be," he said, with an accent of weary finality; but then, suddenly out of the chill which oppressed his heart there sprang a last searing blast of astonished anguish. It was as if he realized for the first time all that had befallen him since the morning. He was racked by a horrified desolation that made his sturdy old body stagger as if under an unexpected blow. As he reeled he flung his arm about the pine tree and so stood for a time, shaking in a paroxysm which left him breathless when it passed.

For it passed as suddenly as it came. He lifted his head and looked again at the great cleft in the mountains, with new eyes. Somehow, insensibly, his heart had been emptied of its fiery draught by more than mere exhaustion. The old bitter pain was gone, but there was no mere void in its place. He felt the sweet, weak light-headedness of a man in his first lucid period after a fever, tears stinging his eyelids in confused thanksgiving for an unrecognized respite from pain.

He looked up at the lofty crown of the pine tree, through which shone one or two of the brightest stars, and felt a new comradeship with it. It was a great tree, he thought, and they had grown up together. He laid his hardened palm on it, and fancied that he caught a throb of the silent vitality under the bark. How many kinds of life there were! Under its white shroud, how all the valley lived. The tree stretching up its head to the stars, the river preparing to throw off the icy armor which compressed its heart — they were all awakening in their own way. The river had been restless, like himself, the tree had been tranquil, but they passed together through the resurrection into quiet life.

When he went into the house, he found that he was almost fainting with fatigue. He sat down by the desk, and his head fell forward on the pile of pamphlets he had left there. For the first time in his life he thought of them without a sore heart. "I suppose Natty'll go to every one of them places," he murmured as he dropped to sleep.

He dreamed strange, troubled dreams that melted away before he could seize on them, and finally he thought his sister stood before him and called. The impression was so vivid that he started up, staring at the empty room. For an instant he still thought he heard a voice, and then he knew it was the old clock striking the hour. It was ten o'clock.

"Natty's just a-crossin' the state line," he said aloud.

The text-ornament caught his eye. Still half asleep, with his sister's long-forgotten voice ringing in his ears, he remembered vaguely that he had meant to bring the second text to light. For a moment he hesitated, and then, "Well, it's come true for Natty, anyhow," he thought.

And clumsily using his heavy jackknife, he began to cut the tiny stitches which had so long hidden from his eyes the joyous exultation of the escaped prisoner.

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CONFESSIONS OF A RAILROAD SIGNALMAN

III

LOYALTY

BY J. O. FAGAN

THE relations, coöperative and otherwise, that exist between the men and the management of a railroad are intimately connected with the safety and efficiency of the service. Generally speaking, the public is quite ignorant of the nature of these relations. The men and the management may be working harmoniously with a constant solicitude for the safety and well-being of the patrons of the road; or, on the other hand, they may be entrenched in opposing camps, mutually watchful and suspicious of each other, and more or less forgetful of the wider and vastly more important interests of the community at large. One way or the other, the public knows little or nothing about the actual situation. The managers of railroads are not in the habit of discussing such matters or of taking the public into their confidence; our organizations of railroad men likewise pursue the even tenor of their way. It seems to the writer that the time is opportune for a candid discussion of this topic, with a view to the education of public opinion, and in the general interest of travelers by rail. A very brief preliminary survey of the situation will not be out of place.

It is, of course, unnecessary to dwell upon the tremendous importance of the railroads as a factor in our national life. Their ramifications are like countless veins or arteries penetrating every nook and corner of the continent. Backward and forward through these arteries there passes and repasses an endless procession of commerce and travel. In times gone by these huge systems of national and international intercourse have, for the most part, been directed and kept in working order by boards of management more or less personal and irresponsible in their methods of administration. But within a few years a great change has taken place. A new partner, in the person of the railroad employee, has literally pushed his way into the manager's office. So important a factor has he now become in the councils of a railroad corporation that hardly a move can be made in the operating department without first consulting his rights and wishes. Not only is the power and influence of the railroad employee at the present day an important factor in railroad management, but, in the opinion of competent judges, the time is not far distant when manager and employee will meet on equal terms and together legislate for the interests of all concerned. Now, granting the ever-increasing power of the employee in framing the rules and influencing the management, what is there to be said about the division of responsibility? The question calls for the most serious consideration of railroad men. Manifestly, it also concerns the public interest, for, in criticising conditions on our railroads, public opinion should be thoroughly informed concerning the situation, so that in all fairness it may call for remedies and reform from the right quarter.

At the present day, when an accident happens on a railroad and lives of passengers are sacrificed by reason of the carelessness or neglect of employees, practically the whole moral and financial responsibility is immediately assumed by the management. Heartfelt regret is at

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once expressed by the highest authorities, the injured are visited by sympathetic officials, and every conceivable kind of bill or expense is at once acknowledged and paid. On the other hand we, the employees, singly and collectively, ignore the whole business. We simply stand back and let the press and the authorities figure out reasons and remedies for themselves. We neither adopt resolutions of sympathy nor pay out a single dollar to benefit the families of the dead, or to alleviate the sufferings of the injured.

Considering the division of power, does this adjustment of responsibility appeal to any fair-minded person? It has occurred to some of us that if we or our organizations were assessed in hard cash in proportion to our responsibility for some of these preventable accidents, the casualty lists on our railroads would very quickly assume microscopic proportions. An " Employees' Liability Act " would, of course, be looked upon as an absurdity; yet, if unprejudiced judges were to analyze a few of our accidents they would quickly conclude that the idea is sanely and soberly logical. They would simply consider the matter in the light of fair and square taxation with unmistakable and ample representation. It must not be forgotten that the manifestation of power by railroad labor is to be looked for not so much in the wording of schedules and agreements as in what the managements of railroads under pressure *feel constrained to refrain from doing.* The fairness and cogency of this argument may not be " as deep as a well " nor " as wide as a church door," but I think, in the words of Mercutio, " 't is enough." The questions and considerations that arise in this way in regard to the interests of the public, the management, and the men, are all comprehensively included and can be profitably discussed under the simple caption of loyalty, — on the one hand, loyalty of the men to their employers, and, on the other, loyalty of the employers to the men.

No sincere well-wisher of the railroad employee will question the importance of the relation that exists, or that is supposed to exist, on American railroads, between labor and loyalty. Volumes have been written about loyalty in the abstract. For the most part politicians and teachers of national morality and patriotism have monopolized these arguments. The former would sink individualism in the interest of the machine, the latter for the good of their country. Granted the purity of their motives, the efforts of these people are entirely praiseworthy, and yet the significance and importance of loyalty in the industrial life of the nation can by no means be said to be included in the teachings of either politician or patriot. On American railroads in particular the question of the loyalty of employees to the corporations and to the interests of the public is vastly more important than a superficial glance at the subject would lead one to suppose. Understanding as we do the ever-increasing influence of the employee, the problem which we have now to consider relates to what at the present day he is doing with his power, and to what, with his ever-increasing importance, he intends to do with it in the time to come. The future holds in it the answer to these questions in terms of selfishness and abuse of power, or in terms of loyalty to himself, the corporations, and the public.

To attempt to give a definition of loyalty to apply to and to cover this railroad business would simply be time and effort thrown away. It is one thing to impress upon learned and critical readers that individualism is in error and that loyalty is " willing and practical devotion to a cause that is outside of the individual and larger than he is." It is quite another affair and altogether more important to reproduce our philosophy in terms of actual conduct and behavior. Not one railroad man in a thousand has either the time or the mental training to study theories, and from the teachings of professors to work out rules for his daily guidance; yet it is manifest that the most useful and whole-

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some ideas can be put to little practical utility in this railroad business until the employee is aroused, and some practical interpretation of them brought home to him with unmistakable sincerity and emphasis. While, therefore, it is unnecessary to supply railroad men with a definition of loyalty, it will be just as well to call attention to some of its most important features.

Loyalty then, as applied to the railroad service, means the safety of the traveling public in so far as human safeguards can be depended upon. Again, comparing the service as it actually is with what it might be, loyalty means the elimination of numerous petty delays, and at times serious blockades, which, at the present day, on many railroads, are so annoying to the traveling public. This matter of delays to passenger trains is quite an important feature, and it is surprising how much the personality of the men and their interpretation of loyalty to the public interest figure in the problem. Furthermore, a stricter interpretation of loyalty by employees on any given railroad can easily be shown to mean a positive reduction in operating expenses to the tune of thousands upon thousands of dollars. These additional resources placed at the disposal of the management would mean, of course, funds wherewith to satisfy the never-ceasing demands of employees for better conditions and increase of pay. Finally, loyalty means fidelity, and with fidelity comes sympathy, and with sympathy comes practical and earnest coöperation between management and men, without which safe and efficient service is liable to be a mere delusion and will-o'-the-wisp.

Now, while it is a pleasure to bear witness to the steadfast loyalty, frequently under trying conditions, of numerous individual employees, it is nevertheless the duty of the unprejudiced investigator to call attention to the fact that the tendency of the forces that are at work in this railroad business at the present day, on the part both of the men and of the management, is simply and positively to eliminate loyalty as a useful and essential factor in the administration of affairs. While the public, the management, and the men are mixed up in the responsibility for this unsatisfactory condition, the blame for the lack of sympathetic coöperation, which is only another term for loyalty, that exists among us, must, to begin with, be laid at the door of the employee himself. This is by no means the hasty opinion of an individual thinker. Professor Royce, an eminent authority on the subject, in a lecture recently delivered at the Lowell Institute in Boston, describes the situation very emphatically in the following language: —

"The trades-unions demand and cultivate the loyalty of their members, but they emphasize the thesis that to be loyal to his union the laborer must disregard certain duties to the community at large and to the nation, duties which loyalty to loyalty seems obviously to require."

By loyalty to loyalty, Professor Royce means "the maximum of loyalty to the world." But professors and students of industrial conditions are by no means unsupported in their conclusions. That labor leaders themselves are aware of the inherent weakness of our position may be inferred from the following extract from an editorial in *The International Railroad Employee* for November, 1907.

"I may not lay claim to either the age or wisdom to advise my brother workers what to do, but if you will consider some of my suggestions relative to your actions and surroundings, and talk them over among yourselves, I am sure you will be able to find the world brighter for you. You seldom, if ever, give any serious thought to bettering your condition except by hoping for better wages. *Your ideals begin and end with wages*, and so long as that be true there is no possibility of your condition being bettered."

Surely this is a most uncomfortable and damaging confession. Interpreted in terms of railroad service it should have the effect of causing the public to sit up

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and think it all over. With all our education and enlightenment, is it really a fact that the ideals and humanity of the American railroad man can be crammed into a nutshell in this way by honest and practical investigators, and labeled "wages"? At the present day the assertion that corporations are soulless has almost the nature and force of an axiom. It would now appear, according to the authorities just quoted, that the policy and ideals of labor, as represented by the American railroad man, are not only soulless but brainless as well.

So far in this discussion we have been dealing with theories and opinions. It now remains to be seen by actual example and illustration upon what ground or basis these theories have been advanced. In plain English, what is the actual and manifest cost, in character and dollars, of this lack of loyalty to the world at large which is a distinguishing feature of railroad life at the present day? It is hardly fair to call it a lack of individual loyalty, for at heart the American railroad man is thoroughly loyal; but, unfortunately, the systems of labor organization and management under whose direction he works practically call upon him to renounce his personal principles in the interest of schedules and agreements which constitute the machinery of the operating department.

It may, of course, be taken for granted that managers of railroads are well aware of the importance and value of practical loyalty in all branches of the service; and yet when one examines the evidence with a view to ascertaining what they actually do for its encouragement one is driven to conclude that there must be some kind of a hitch somewhere. As an illustration let us take the following incident, which is almost an everyday occurrence: —

Freight train No. 1 pulls into a yard a few miles outside the terminal. The train and engine crew are on overtime; that is to say, every hour they remain out on the road means a great many dollars in wages over and above their regular pay. Before long, another freight train, No. 2, overtakes train No. 1. Instead of pulling into the yard and doing its work in turn, this second train runs up the main line and backs in ahead of train No. 1, thus putting it in a pocket. In this way train No. 1 is delayed three or four hours, thus causing the engine to be late for the return service, and altogether entails upon the railroad an extra and entirely unnecessary expense of perhaps fifty dollars.

A few days later, the writer, happening to meet the engineman of train No. 2, spoke to him in regard to the affair. He appeared to be very much surprised that his conduct should be questioned or criticised in any way. He had supposed it was every man's duty to shift for himself; to *jump* another train whenever an opportunity presented itself, and to get to his destination as quickly as possible. The question of the interest of the company was a side issue to which he paid little attention. If loyalty of this kind was a matter of importance to the company, why, he contended, was the attention of the men not called to such matters in some emphatic way? So far as he was aware, the management had little to say on any subject except as its views were set forth in the rules and regulations. In his opinion it was every man for himself on the one hand, and every official for himself on the other, and whenever their interests or opinions clashed it became the duty of the management and the grievance committee to settle the differences. This engineman was not far wrong so far as concerned the actual conditions of his daily work, and yet the management of a railroad takes a good deal more interest in such matters than this man had any idea of.

Some time ago a vice-president of one of our railroad systems addressed a gathering of some five hundred railroad station-agents and clerks. He had a good deal to say to the men about loyalty. He tried to impress upon his hearers that railroad men should think less about their wages and their material prosperity and

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more about character and the duties they owed to their employers and to the public. The prosperity of the men was in every way dependent upon the prosperity of the road; consequently, every act of loyalty, every little economy, was a genuine factor in obtaining satisfactory results and returns for the road. In the matter of supplies, for example, employees could do splendid work for the road if they would only put their minds to it. But it was not such an easy matter nowadays to put a stop to waste in some departments, even when its practice was shameful and persistent. Of course, it was an easy matter to find fault with a station-agent if he used a pint of ink over and above his allowance; but when the operating department consumed thousands of gallons of oil per year more than was absolutely necessary, the problem became much more complicated. However, seeing that reporters were excluded from the hall, he would venture to say that in the single case of oil it was possible for engine crews, by the exercise of the simplest loyalty and regard for the prosperity of the road, to reduce the expenditure in that one item to the extent of many thousands of dollars per year. But, of course, in the interest of harmony it would never do to tell enginemen and firemen that they are deliberately wasteful or lacking in loyalty to their employers.

To say the least, one gets the impression from these remarks that railroad officials are called upon to pursue their labors with something in the nature of a "sword of Damocles" suspended over their heads. However, it must not be supposed that instances of loyalty on a railroad are few and far between. On the contrary, from time to time the attention of the management is directed to instances of conspicuous and profitable loyalty.

Some time ago one of the largest freight yards in the western part of the state enjoyed a very unenviable reputation for breakages of draw-bars, derailments of cars, and all sorts of unnecessary delays to passenger trains. Finally a change was made in the yard-master. The new man began operations with heart-to-heart conversations with the yard-men. If they had grievances he was ready to straighten them out. The men had his sympathy and backing, and in return he requested their coöperation in order to convert the record of the yard from the worst to the best on the system.

Working in this sympathetic yet practical way, in a year's time he had succeeded even beyond his expectation. While handling a much larger volume of business, the operating expenses and the bills for breakages were reduced many thousands of dollars.

Illustrations of a similar nature can be multiplied indefinitely, but one will serve as well as a hundred to demonstrate the fact that railroad men as a rule give little thought to the matter; and that railroad managers, while quite aware of its significance and value, seldom go out of the beaten routine of their regular duties to impress upon their employees the importance of the issues at stake. The following somewhat remarkable illustration will throw additional light on the subject: —

On one of the busiest sections of a New England railroad a certain foreman has charge of a gang of men. This foreman is a good average man, something of a "hustler," and thoroughly capable and experienced. When carefully examined, however, his record revealed the fact that he had been unable to keep a man on his gang more than a month or two at a time. During ten or twelve years' service he had to break in and teach the business, practically in vain, to upwards of two hundred green men. Now there is a right and a wrong way of driving spikes and tamping ties, and poor and inexperienced work means broken rails, jumping of track by cars, and a variety of accidents. The foreman in question is a thoroughly conscientious man. In driving his men in unreasonable fashion he fancies he is working in the interests of the railroad

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company. He considers himself loyal to the backbone, and yet he is probably the most expensive section foreman on the division.

At another point on the same railroad a different kind of a section foreman is stationed. This man has been on one and the same section for fifteen years, and of his original gang of seven men he still retains five. Of the two who are missing, one is dead, the other accumulated a little competency and retired from the service. This foreman is, comparatively speaking, a very quiet man. He is methodical and exact in everything he does. He always addresses his men in a low tone, but with considerable emphasis. His men like him, and they work behind his back in exactly the same manner as when he is standing over them. His conduct is not so much a matter of temperament as of downright calculation and of thought upon the real value and meaning of loyalty to the interests of his employers.

Drawing up the facts in the cases of these two foremen, the writer sent them to an experienced roadmaster with the request that he would kindly give him an idea as to what, in his opinion, would be the difference in actual cash value of the services to the railroad of these two foremen. He replied that he was much interested in the question, and had looked up the records of the sections with considerable minuteness, and was of the opinion that the conduct and loyalty of the foreman in the second illustration represented a saving to the company of at least a thousand dollars a year. But in answer to a further inquiry as to what notice or encouragement the loyalty of the men received in his department, he replied that no particular attention was paid to it by the management, that such matters were allowed to drift, for the simple reason that the men were organized and that the agreements between the company and the unions call for promotion in turn, or what practically amounts to the same thing, and that, in short, there was certainly no organized method or means by which loyalty could be recognized or rewarded.

For the purpose of demonstrating the value of a thoughtful consideration of the interests of a railroad corporation no illustration can be considered too insignificant. At a certain junction point a man has charge of fifty lamps. At another station another man secures equally good results from the same number of lamps while burning a fraction of a cent's worth less oil per lamp per night. By actual investigation and test, it was discovered that the second man handled the business with a saving to the company of practically one dollar per year per lamp. This was very interesting when one considers the thousands of switch and other lamps that burn nightly all the year round on a railroad system. Carrying the inquiry a little farther, the writer was able to ascertain that, so far as known, only two or three railroads in the United States take any notice of such information when they happen to possess it; they do not commend the employees for faithful service and thus stimulate others to like meritorious efforts.

The Santa Fé Railroad is a notable exception to the general rule. In December last this road published a list of employees who had been heartily thanked by the management and given merit marks for loyalty to the road and the public, not only in cases of emergency, but in the simplest cases of thoughtfulness and economical workmanship. The following is taken from a list of forty: —

"E. H. Vaden, Engineer, and W. L. Sims, Fireman, ten merit marks each for discovering switch in bad condition and without a light, making it safe and afterwards providing a light."

At the risk of making a slight digression from the main line of my argument I am tempted to add a few lines regarding methods of management on the Santa Fé. They are taken from a report of one of the officials, and probably represent the most up-to-date and sanest railroad management in the country to-day: —

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"To make an effort to reduce injuries and accidents to the lowest possible minimum, the company has felt justified in creating an office to handle in a systematic manner the question of preventing accidents and injuries. Great and astonishing results can be obtained along these lines by constant attention and earnest work on the part of the person in charge of this office, and by securing the coöperation of all employees and the assistance of the heads of the different departments. It is, therefore, very necessary that the '*safety officer*' be as thoroughly acquainted as possible with all the men over the entire system and personally call their attention to the importance of lending their assistance to this cause."

In contrast to the personal attention that is paid to the human element on the Santa Fé, let us glance at the methods pursued on railroads in the East. You will find in our railroad offices an exact record and working history of every piece of equipment, from a spike to a locomotive. Every draw-bar, every coupler, every passenger coach, and practically every engine-tire has to give an account of itself. The performances of these "parts" are carefully scrutinized and watched. You will be shown all sorts of diagrams, charts, and volumes of statistics going to show the care and expense devoted to equipment and machinery. But if you happen to ask for a few human statistics you are likely to be disappointed. For instance, if a certain train crew runs a freight train two hundred times in a year, breaking seventy draw-bars and upon different occasions delaying thirty-seven passenger trains, and another crew under very similar conditions pulls out only thirteen draw-bars and delays only nine passenger trains, you may consider the records quite important, but in the railroad offices you will find no statistics of this nature, no comparative statements and diagrams illustrative of the workmanship and character of different men and of the value and significance of the human element in the running of a railroad. In a word, you will infer from your investigation that if it is n't a machine or a piece of machinery it is n't worth bothering about.

Finally, let us take a very significant illustration, in which the traveling public should be somewhat interested. The other day a through passenger train arrived at a junction in the western part of Massachusetts. It was on its way east and was practically on time. But at this point it became necessary for the engineman to renew the water-supply. Consequently he cut off his engine and ran down some little distance to the water-stand. After an interval of twenty minutes, as the engine had not returned to the train, the station master went down to investigate the delay. He found the engineman and fireman sitting quietly in the cab waiting for a brakeman to come and turn on the water. It was some brakeman's duty to do this work at this point, and as he failed to appear, business came to a standstill. The engineman knew his rights and stuck to them. The idea of loyalty to the interests of the corporation and the public could not be permitted to enter into the question, for the reason that to do another man's work, even in a case of emergency, would be to surrender rights and privileges which had been fought for and secured after months of agitation and diplomacy. The train was thirty minutes late at its destination. In such cases the management is helpless.

It matters little that my illustrations may be criticised as uncommon occurrences. The principle that tolerates the situation is surely out of place on a railroad. By way of contrast, the following item taken from the merit list on the Santa Fé Railroad is both interesting and significant: —

"J. E. Helms, Engineer, and M. C. Collins, Fireman, ten merit marks for coaling up engine 1029 when the coal chute was out of service."

Strange as the statement may seem at first sight, we railroad people at the present day are suffering from a very pecul-

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iar form of mental blindness. Perhaps the point will be more comprehensible if we call it "department paralysis." Our vision seems to be strictly limited to our own departments or spheres of action. In this way every department on a railroad is loyal to itself and more or less forgetful of the other departments. For example, the operating department is responsible for the care and prompt movement of trains. In a general way it is taken for granted that these movements must be made with safety as well as dispatch. And yet, looking into the matter closely, we are able to discover that dispatch and not safety is the main feature and business. Unfortunately there is no safety department on a railroad, or rather safety takes pot-luck in all the departments. Altogether, safety finds it no easy matter to secure recognition, and city governments, railroad commissioners, and railroad officials all seem to suffer from department paralysis upon occasions when loyalty to the interests of the traveling public would seem to demand a much clearer and wider vision. To all appearances it is impossible for these departments to see beyond the precincts of their own particular hobby or vocation. Let us take a very pertinent illustration: —

The other day in the vicinity of Boston several teams were smashed and two persons were killed at a well-known and very dangerous crossing. It being Christmas time, there had been an almost continuous procession of vehicles all day long over the crossing. At a moment when perhaps the crush was greatest, the gong in the gate-house gave warning that an express train was approaching. Immediately there ensued a wild scramble to hustle the stream of humanity over the crossing and out of the way of the train. It was no easy task for the gateman. Regardless of the descending gates, a number of teams, unable to turn aside, made a final dash to get to the other side. To drop the gates on the backs of the horses was out of the question, and as a last resort, frantic yet useless attempts were made to flag the approaching train. In the midst of the excitement the flyer dashed upon the scene with disastrous results.

The following day the accident was thoroughly and fearlessly discussed in the newspapers. There was no difference of opinion on the subject. Practically speaking, everyone representing the state, the city, the railroad, and the newspapers, agreed to concentrate their minds on the grade-crossing problem. It should be abolished. This is the universal "hobby" and a good one, no doubt, but apparently no one can see an inch farther. The questions *why* and *how* people are killed almost every day at these crossings received no attention whatever. Public opinion, not unreasonably perhaps, is satisfied with the assurance that everything humanly and reasonably possible under the circumstances was done by the railroad men concerned in it to *get the teams out of the way of the trains.* But it did not occur to any one that the whole system of keeping teams out of the way of trains is inherently and inexcusably wrong. The list of victims who are sacrifices to this popular mistake is being added to daily. If the public has any right at all on these crossings it goes without question that, while they are making use of their rights and in the act of crossing, their safety should depend, not upon their efforts to scramble out of the way of the trains, but upon the moral and legal obligation of the railroads *to keep the trains out of the way of the vehicles.*

This view, of course, is based on the supposition that the safety of the public is of more importance than the speed of the trains over these crossings. In the case we are now considering, if an empty coal car had been on the crossing it would have been amply protected from the passenger train. Not only is this true, but the tracks of another railroad cross this highway diagonally at this point, and while trains are crossing they are doubly protected by semaphore targets and derailing switches. Teams, however, and passengers on foot have to depend on emergency arrange-

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ments which, as we all know, are practically useless. If railroads can afford to protect their rolling-stock in the way described, the interests and property of the public might reasonably be expected to receive equal consideration. In plain language, the pressing of a button in crossing-houses, in connection with proper signals, would give the public the protection so urgently called for. Altogether the foregoing may be taken as a very good object lesson on the safety problem on our railroads.

For the rest, the interest and significance of this article will be sadly misunderstood if the impression is in any way derived from it that the railroad employee is singled out and must stand alone as an object of adverse criticism. As a matter of fact, a volume can be written in our defense. Only too many of us can remember the time when a deserving employee could be, and frequently was, discharged on the flimsiest pretext. His breakfast disagreed with a yard-master or he happened to have domestic troubles on his mind: for less reason than this good men were sent packing. Not ten years ago the service on New England railroads swarmed with favorites and brothers-in-law. Faithful old employees were sent adrift without a moment's warning or sympathy, to make room for youngsters with a "pull." Many an honest old servitor, not so very long ago either, with justice and reason might have flung the retort of old Adam, in *As You Like It*, at his superior. "Is 'old dog' my reward? Most true, I have lost my teeth in your service." But we have changed all that. Nevertheless, these things rankle. They say history repeats itself. Justice certainly does, and as for injustice it reacts and rebounds, and perhaps, after many days, it returns and demands a settlement at compound interest. The situation to-day between labor and capital is but a chapter in the natural history of the instinct of self-defense.

Finally, in regard to the lack of loyalty to the world at large, the railroad employee is far from being the only offender. While it may be said to be strictly unintentional, this lack of loyalty covers our railroads as with a blanket. The illustrations given above have been chosen with strict impartiality, and regardless of the personality of the offenders. With the panorama of railroad life before us, as I have endeavored to sketch it, we railroad men should be able to contemplate the conditions and our conduct in relation to them, as in a looking-glass. While the writer's sincere desire from beginning to end has been to avoid giving unnecessary offense to any one, yet it should not be forgotten that to take away life, either needlessly or heedlessly, on a railroad is an offense against society that calls for the utmost rigor of treatment.

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"STARS IN THEIR COURSES"

(A Pilgrim by the Sea)

BY ROBERT BRIDGES

Oh, how the stars glow there in the offing —
  Steadfast, serene on the highways of God!
Oh, how my heart aches here in its scoffing —
  Weary, I challenge the path I have trod.

Somewhere I missed it — the joy and the sadness —
  The fingerboard pointing the way of the heart;
Lured by the song of a bird in its gladness —
  The gleam of a wing that led me apart.

Or maybe the wild roses blinded my seeing —
  I stooped to their perfume but found not the trail;
The highway was broad, the daylight was fleeing,
  And singing youth's lyrics I passed down the vale.

But I lost it! And now there is no more returning;
  Lighthearted and joyful I went to my fate;
I followed the lure while the false lights were burning.
  Then woke from my day-dream, — but outside the gate.

Oh, how the stars in their courses are swinging —
  Steadfast, serene in the grip of the law!
And I, foolish pilgrim, grope on but keep singing —
  Yea, baffled, I live by the vision I saw.

Lo, there from the zenith a bright star is falling! —
  A pathway of glory that ends in the dark;
I see, though I 've lost — and the vision's enthralling
  One law for the planet, or star-dust, or lark!

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IF THE UNITED STATES HAD BRANCH BANKS

BY H. M. P. ECKARDT

It is of course manifest that no system of banking or currency that was ever devised can afford a sure protection against financial crises and panics. Bank runs happen everywhere. If it suddenly came out, in England, France, Germany, Canada, that an important bank was in trouble, the news accompanied by a crashing of prices in the stock markets, and followed in two or three days by the unexpected stoppage of a large deposit-holding institution, believed to be sound and solid, it is pretty certain that runs on banks would develop, and that panicky conditions would prevail.

It is said of some of the ablest stock-market operators that they like at times, when conducting important campaigns, to go away a little distance from Wall Street, where they can shake themselves free from the thousand and one rumors and factors which often serve to obscure and confuse the judgment of those on the spot.

In the same way, when it comes to the matter of determining the causes and development of the panic of 1907, there is something to be said in favor of a view-point a little removed from the turmoil and strife of the battleground. Such a view-point exists in the head offices, in Montreal and Toronto, of the big Canadian banks that have agencies in Wall Street. As these banks habitually employ a large part of their available reserves in New York call loans, as they take a respectable share of the dealings in foreign exchange in New York, and invest part of their surplus funds, when they have them, in American railroad bonds, the men in charge of them make it their business at all times to inform themselves pretty thoroughly about United States conditions. They have no axes to grind in the United States; they have no direct interest in American politics or finance, except that they wish the latter to be sound and stable. The opinions and conclusions they form are therefore apt to be based strictly on the merits of the questions considered. They have a further advantage. The Canadian people are not radically different from the people of the States. General conditions in the Dominion and in the northern half of the Republic are not at all dissimilar. It is an advantage, when studying American conditions, to have knowledge of what effects are produced when a different system of banking is applied to people and to conditions resembling the American people and American conditions.

Ask any Canadian general manager what is the real trouble in the States, and he will probably say, "the banking system." From his view-point he can see clearly that the fact of the banking business being in the hands of six thousand odd institutions, each one with its president, directors, and complete organization, and many of the officers having little real knowledge of the science of banking, is the prime financial disability under which the great Republic staggers. Compared with this defect the currency question is of minor importance. If the defect of the banking system were removed, the currency problem would be easy of solution. It is seen clearly enough in Canada that this doctrine gets but short shrift with United States bankers. The six thousand bank presidents, the six thousand boards of directors and their friends can see no good in the inauguration of branch banks because it would mean that they would be superseded by the branch manager. Therefore branch banks are "politically impossible." If the American people —

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the discounters and depositors, that is, not the bankers — ever got anything like a fair idea of the benefits that would be theirs if they possessed a system of strong branch banks owned and operated as such banks are in other highly civilized countries, they would never tolerate the present system. They would fare better not only in times of panic and in times of special stress, such as crop-moving, but every day in every year. It will be well worth while to sketch briefly the kind of banks from which the most benefit might be expected, and to explain the chief points in which they would be superior to the isolated banks.

This can best be done perhaps by supposing that instead of the thousands of independent banking offices there were one hundred and fifty or two hundred banks, each one having from fifty to five hundred branches. (The Report of the Comptroller of the Currency shows that on June 18, 1906, there were in the United States 6053 national banks, and 11,852 state banks of various kinds; in all 17,905. This total is now exceeded. Lloyd's Bank, one of the great English banks, has five hundred branches.)

These large banks, instead of having names of purely local significance, such as First National Bank of Albany, or Poughkeepsie National Bank, would be called after the great cities, states, and sections, or after important industries. Among them probably would be the Bank of New York, Bank of Philadelphia, of Chicago, of Boston, Bank of Massachusetts, of Pennsylvania, of Virginia, Northwestern Bank, Bank of the Pacific Coast, Merchants' Bank of America, and others. Though taking their names from certain cities and states, their operations would not be confined in narrow limits. Each one of the more important institutions would have its branch office in every big centre, with scores of other branch offices in the respective districts tributary thereto.

The first thing to strike an observer about such a system would be the enormous economy of administration that would result. The branch manager would replace the president, board, and organization in over twelve thousand banking offices. It may be assumed also that he would do the work better than they now do it. He would be a trained banker, having come up from the bottom, and having served in various districts and localities. Besides, he would be controlled and guided by the best banking talent in the whole country. Another inevitable result would be the pushing of branch offices into thousands of places not now possessing banking facilities (because of the greater economy of working). A banking office would pay on a much smaller volume of business. In Canada there is hardly a hamlet, in the east or west, with three hundred people, that does not possess its branch office of a strong chartered bank, which will accept deposits of from one dollar upwards, allowing interest thereon, and lend to every worthy borrower, small and big, who can furnish proper bankable security.

Constitution of the Banks

The constitution of these big branch banks would be an important matter. They would stand the better chance of gaining and keeping the confidence of the general public if they were constituted similarly to the Canadian banks. The stock of each bank in the Dominion is widely distributed all over the country, a large part of it in odd lots of less than ten shares. The presidents and directors would be chiefly merchants and business men following callings apart from promotions, stock speculations, and the like. The banks would be devoted to commercial banking, that is to say they would employ their resources mainly in discounting commercial paper. There would be also a few banks specializing in financial business. These, however, would not extend their branches into the small places; their offices would be found only in the large cities.

The active management of the com-

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mercial banks would be in the hands of highly-trained general managers acting under the close supervision of the directors.

A word first as to the staffs of clerks. In every bank there would be a large number of dignified and highly-paid positions, all of which would be open to be won by the junior clerks. The service would be attractive, too, by reason of the pleasing uncertainty as to the place and nature of the promotion next to come. This would draw a good class of men into the service. It comes about, too, that the men in the staff of a great branch bank are knit together like a clan. The establishment of mutual guarantee funds and pension funds aids materially in bringing this to pass. In Canada the bank clerks do not have to pay premiums to outside companies for fidelity insurance. Mutual funds are established. Each man pays in less than half what he would pay to a guarantee or fidelity company, and, if there are no defalcations, he gets back all his payments with compound interest. And as for pensions, he pays in so much a month. His bank pays in a bulk sum out of its profits for a series of years. Out of the fund thus created every contributor has a legal right to a pension graded according to his length of service.

Bank Frauds would be more difficult

Every once in a while, under the present system of independent banks, the public faith in banks is rudely shocked by disclosures of fraud and crookedness. One of the latest cases is furnished by a bank in Brooklyn. While it cannot be said that a system of branch banks would banish frauds of this kind, it can be said that it would make them vastly more difficult to accomplish. The great majority of bank frauds in the United States are committed by men firmly fixed in the control or management. They rarely or never occur in the greatest banks in the big centres, because the system of prevention is better there.

Under the branch system an elaborate set of rules is provided, to be observed at every office, the object of which is to prevent frauds. On top of the rules there is in vogue a method of moving and changing the men. No officer, be he junior or manager, knows whether or not he will hold his position unchanged a week later. Orders may come any day for his removal to another branch. And over all these is the system of inspection. The inspection practiced in the big branch banks is far more efficient and thorough than any system of government inspection can ever be. The men selected for the work are among the brightest and best on the staff. Their reputations and prospects depend on the way they do their work. If even a petty defalcation by a minor officer occurred at a branch shortly after it had been inspected, the inspector would have to explain why he found no trace of it.

These considerations have an important bearing on the matter of the confidence, respect, and good-will the branch banks are able to inspire in the public. If the rank and file of the staff is of good material, if it is actuated by *esprit de corps*, and if bank defalcations are of rare occurrence, popular confidence in the banks is bound to be greater.

How Bank Borrowers would benefit

One of the vexatious and troublesome features of the system of isolated small banks is the necessity under which it places large borrowers of having recourse to note-brokers in placing their paper. An American firm or company borrowing $100,000 or more may have to be beholden to a number of institutions in various parts of the country for its accommodation. This is said to have brought about the receivership of the Westinghouse concerns. Notes held by divers country banks coming due; the country banks wanting to get cash because of the panic, and insisting on payment; nobody, and no banks, lending money during the panic — hence the receivership. No doubt hundreds of other firms and

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companies have been in situations hardly less comfortable, from exactly the same cause. All the dislocation of business, the distress resulting from this phenomenon, is without doubt due to the defects of the banking system. Had the branch banks, which are being described, been in existence, the Westinghouse people would have had their account divided among two or three banks. These banks would arrange to give the company a line of credit sufficient to enable it to carry on its business. They would arrange among themselves and with the company what share was to be advanced by each bank. They would insist, as a condition of granting the credit, that the company confine its borrowings to them. In return they would be under obligation to carry it and lend it money so long as it was solvent and prosperous.

With regard to smaller borrowers, those requiring less than half or a quarter of a million, each one would be expected to borrow altogether from a single bank, which would support its customers through thick and thin. Under this system the relations between banker and customer are closer, more mutually helpful, and far pleasanter than they ever can be under the present American system. Commerce and industry of all kinds reap the benefit. All through the crisis of 1893, and all through the crisis of 1907, the Canadian banks stood by their customers. The customers saw scarcely any difference in their business because of the panics. They knew of them from the newspapers and from the large quantity of American goods offered in the Dominion at reduced prices — largely because of the liquidation forced by the country banks south of the line.

Small Borrowers benefit also

But it is not merely the large companies and firms that would benefit from a change to branch banks. The little fellow who wants to borrow only fifty or a hundred dollars would also gain. The great Canadian banks, without exception, reckon the farmers among their most valuable customers. In the tiniest towns and villages, the farmer, the workingman, the cattle-dealer, the storekeeper, the hotel man, have right at hand a banking office which is ready at all times of the year to lend them money if they can procure acceptable backers or provide other security that is suitable.

In one respect, however, these loans are closely restricted. They must be based on quick or liquid assets. Nothing in the nature of mortgages on real estate or fixed property is considered. The farmer borrows in anticipation of the sale of his crop or surplus livestock, the storekeeper discounts his customer's notes, the manufacturer borrows on his raw material in process, shortly to be sold. The business in real-estate mortgages is in the hands of loan and mortgage companies. These latter get their capital from issues of bonds or debentures payable so many years ahead. Thus they can quite properly put it out on mortgages running for five years or more. But the banks get their funds from depositors; they are repayable partly on demand and partly on fifteen days' notice. Sound principles therefore require that the funds should be put out on securities having a short currency. And those principles are adhered to.

How Local Industries would fare

Probably the very chiefest of the arguments used by American bankers to influence the people against branch banks is that referring to local industries. To the business men of every locality they say, "If you had branch banks the capital of this locality would be gathered up and taken to New York or Chicago. Your local industries would suffer. Now you have a local independent bank, the directors are local men. They will see to it that the deposit fund of the locality goes to develop local industries." It only needs a knowledge of Canadian, English, or Scotch conditions, to see that this argument has no force whatever. As a

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matter of fact it can be demonstrated that in a great many localities local industries would fare much better if they had branch banks. Sometimes the local independent bankers read the term " to support local industries " to mean " to support the local industries in which we ourselves are personally interested." The branch manager has no personal interest in local industries. He judges all applications strictly on their merits. If the head office found out that he was personally interested in a large borrower's business he would perhaps be moved to another branch. The experience in Canada is that at all the branch offices the banks do all the good business they possibly can — both discounting and deposit-getting. The amount of discounts carried at a branch bank will nearly always be the amount of good safe business the manager can lay his hands on. The consequence is that the amount which the branch can place at the disposal of the worthy local industries is not limited by the amount of deposits the locality can furnish. Practically all localities in Western Canada, and all manufacturing towns in the East benefit especially from this feature. And it is reasonable to assume that all localities in the Western States and all manufacturing centres in the Eastern, would benefit especially from the institution of branch banks in the Republic.

In a quiet little village of Eastern Canada, after the manager has done his utmost to find borrowers, his branch balance sheet may show deposits $120,000, discounts $20,000. On the contrary the great majority of Western branches will show discounts heavily overbalancing deposits. In the West it is not at all uncommon for a country branch to show discounts $200,000, deposits $50,000. Under the system of independent banks these Western offices could have advanced to local industries only something less than they had in deposits.

A word as to deposit facilities. With branch banks established in every little place, paying interest on small deposits, the United States would not be, so much, the paradise of the get-rich-quick swindler. The people would have depositories, in which they could trust, to put their money. There would be less cash used in daily transactions, less in bureau drawers and other hoarding-places. The check habit would become more universal. The country's fund of cash would be, more largely, in the banks, where it would be useful, instead of being in people's pockets and homes.

So from the gains in deposits there ought to be a larger fund than now available for financial purposes in the great centres, even although the commercial banks put only their temporary surpluses out on Wall Street.

There might be a great central bank or there might not. If there were one, it should be fiscal agent for the United States Treasury and hold all its funds. If not, the Treasury funds could be apportioned fairly among the branch banks. The currency problem would be simplified because strong branch banks could safely be given powers of note issue to which small isolated banks are not at all entitled. In Canada the associated banks guarantee the issues of the individual institutions. The Bankers' Association has the right of supervision over the circulation books of the banks. The notes are a first charge on the assets of the issuing banks. Also in the event of failure they bear interest at five per cent from the date of suspension till the receiver advertises his readiness to redeem them. As a result the notes pass readily at par even after the issuing bank may have failed.

How Branch Banks would have handled the Panic

It is a terrible impeachment of a banking system to say that it causes perfectly solvent firms to fail, that it unnecessarily throws thousands of workmen out of employment in every extraordinary crisis, that twice in the last fifteen years it has deeply humiliated the nation in the eyes

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of the whole world through the partial suspension of banking payments — something which has not in late years occurred in any great country outside the United States. The handling of the panic would have been vastly easier if a system of branch banks had been in operation, because the experienced bankers in the cities would have had control over the country offices. There would not have been seen that senseless hoarding of cash at interior offices when it was not needed. The equally senseless pressing for payment of all discounted bills also would have been less. The branch managers would have been instructed to discount as usual, thereby helping to disarm the fears of their depositors. There would not have been the enormous sum of fifteen hundred millions of bank and trust company balances held by the national banks. (The last abstract issued by the Comptroller shows the following: —

Due to other national banks	$823,680,087
Due to state banks and bankers	395,745,494
Due to trust companies and savings banks	337,927,872
	$1,557,353,453)

Under the branch system the panic-stricken interior bankers would not have had this dangerous control over the resources in the big centres. That control had probably more to do than any other factor in bringing about the suspension of payments and in delaying resumption.

THE PRESENT DIFFICULTIES OF THE CHURCH IN FRANCE

BY FELIX KLEIN

I DO not here propose to treat of the Law of Separation: the readers of the *Atlantic Monthly* were made fully acquainted with it by Mr. Stoddard Dewey's article in the number for August, 1907; and I may say in passing that I have seen nowhere a more exact and more impartial treatment of this question, at once so delicate and so complex. The aim of the present essay is simply to study the situation as it reveals itself after a year of separation, to consider both from the *material* and from the *moral* point of view the difficulties with which the Church in France is in conflict to-day, and the means by which she is trying to surmount them. The subject surely does not lack interest; rather it possesses too great interest. Even the crisis provoked by the French Revolution was less significant, being too violent to endure. The change which is now going on is not an accident, but the beginning of a new era which will probably last for centuries.

I

The material side of the crisis can be explained in a very few words: the Church in France has lost all her possessions, and furthermore, it is now impossible for her to acquire any legal property. The government has actually taken over the houses of bishops and priests and everything belonging to diocese and parish throughout all France; it has taken over the seminaries with their endowments, including even the scholarships for poor students; in fact, the only point on which it is now hesitating, after an eloquent appeal by the Deputy Abbé Lemire, which stirred the Chamber to a sense of shame, is whether or not it will restore the funds accumulated from the

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contributions of priests themselves for old-age pensions. All the buildings for worship, cathedrals and churches alike, with all their ornaments and sacred vessels, have been declared the property of the state or of the communes. Parliament believes itself very generous in allowing priests to use for religious ceremonies what was once their own, even with the understanding that they have no more title or administrative right than has the passer-by to the public park or museum.[1]

In order to give a more exact idea of this confiscation, or, to use the official word, *devolution* (transfer), it will be well to give a specific instance. The diocese of Paris alone has lost 85,000 fr. of income for the maintenance of seminaries, 60,000 fr. of income for the general expenses of the diocese, and 415,000 fr. of income belonging to the different parishes. It has also been deprived of two million francs received from the state or from various civil organizations under the Concordat. The total loss which the Church has sustained in the diocese of Paris must be estimated at more than three million francs per year; three millions must now be demanded each year from the faithful in addition to what they formerly contributed for religious purposes, for works of charity, and for education. What is true of Paris is true, proportionally, of all France, with the difference that many dioceses will have far greater difficulty in securing necessary resources.

To question whether the Catholics in France, who have alone done more than the Catholics in any other nation for foreign missions and for the propagation of the faith, will succeed in maintaining the Church in their own country by private contributions, will perhaps arouse astonishment. Nevertheless it may be questioned. We do not doubt the generosity of our people, but that which does give us concern is the impossibility of organizing any revenue which can be permanent. Let us suppose that there is needed approximately one hundred million francs per year; this sum, which is by no means too much for a church of eighty-six dioceses and thirty-eight million parishioners, might perhaps easily be collected for one year or two years, or even for three years; but it is almost inevitable for generosity to relax, especially in less prosperous times. The Church would be able to surmount the difficulty if she had endowments, revenues, or property, as in other countries. But that of course demands some regular organization, some corporation or some body recognized by the laws of the country and capable of acquiring, possessing, and exercising ordinary property rights. We cannot state too emphatically that such an organization for the Church is not possible to-day in France. On one side the only body authorized by the law to look after the material side of the religious interests is the *association cultuelle*, or local committee of public worship, as defined and regulated by the Law of Separation. On the other side, this *association cultuelle* has been declared by the Pope incompatible with the hierarchical constitution of the Church of Rome, and the bishops, the priests, and the Catholic laity, in obedience to their Supreme Head, have abstained and will continue to abstain from forming any such organization. Not only, then, have there been no Catholic *associations cultuelles* to receive from the state the portion of the former religious property (the half perhaps) which we might have kept; but there will be none in the future to receive a gift of any kind. In the eyes of the law there is no diocese, no parish, no corporation representing diocese or parish. The bishop and the pastor are only individual citizens, Messrs. So-and-So. They cannot hold property except as individuals, and what

[1] The illogical character of this situation is amusingly shown by the following story. An artist was proudly exhibiting to a friend a fine statue of the thirteenth century. The friend asked: "Where did you get it?" — "I bought it in a church." — "From the curé?" — "No." — "From the mayor?" — "No. From a workman who was making repairs in the church."

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they might receive for religious purposes cannot be handed down to their successors, — it must revert only to their legal heirs. In brief, no permanent body whatever can provide for the maintenance of public worship.

This is the situation with its almost insurmountable difficulties. In all probability it will be a long time before we escape from it. The only reasonable solution which one can dimly see in a more or less remote future is that our French Code should admit the existence of private foundations, such as now exist in America, England, Germany, and almost everywhere else, differing from associations properly so called, having judicial rights by themselves, — possessing property of their own, and administered by managers and trustees. Such establishments can exist in France to-day only on the condition that they be recognized by the state as public utilities. It would be highly desirable could this recognition be dispensed with. The objection which the Catholic Church makes to the *associations cultuelles* would not apply to such establishments, and the claims of the hierarchy would be respected, since the bishops would themselves make the by-laws, which the trustees could not change. Moreover, it would be advantageous for everybody in France. But parliament, which so recently as 1901 passed the law giving the right of association, does not yet seem ready to give the right of foundation: people are afraid of the mere word *main-morte*.

On the other hand, there is a large number of prejudiced citizens who would prefer to be themselves deprived of an advantage rather than to see their adversaries enjoy the same. The liberty of establishing foundations would be an advantage to everybody, therefore they say, "Let us vote for it;" but on discovering that it would be an advantage to the Church, they say, "Let us vote against it."

It would seem, perhaps, after all this, that the Catholic religion must disappear completely in France.[1] To admit this conclusion would fail to take account of the laws of life. A great social force which has since early ages penetrated to the depths of the morals and of the soul of a nation may be checked in its manifestations by mischievous law or decree of public power, — it cannot be destroyed by such means. The spring in the earth which seeks a chance to escape may perhaps be stopped here and there; but, cut off from its outlet, it will succeed nevertheless in liberating itself. We see this illustrated to-day in the case of religious activity in France. Checked by the State from the Concordat, checked by the Pope from the *association cultuelle*, it has sought other issues; it still seeks them, and it will continue to seek until it has found some adequate to its real strength. This pursuit has by no means fully succeeded as yet; and the discomfort continues, together with the suffering which always accompanies a need not satisfied. Still, results have already been obtained, and, while awaiting its final form, the life of which we speak, the religious life, has found a temporary means of expression which is interesting to note. The periods of transition are often the most painful and obscure of history, but they are also the most dramatic and the most instructive.

We may regard as the most important and valuable material resource the fact that the churches, with their furniture, are still gratuitously open to the clergy for the celebration of divine service. The priests cannot, it is true, exercise any right of property or administration, since the churches belong to the commune or to the state, which are not even obliged to make necessary repairs (a law passed on December 21, 1907, *authorizes* them, how-

[1] We speak in this article only of the Catholic religion, because it is the church of the great majority. The Protestants number about 600,000 and the Jews do not exceed 100,000. Moreover, both have organized *associations cultuelles* according to the Separation Law, and have thereby escaped a large part of the difficulties which confront Catholicism.

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ever, to make such repairs if they like). The clergy, it is true, can be excluded from the churches on many pretexts, so that all these privileges constitute a rather imperfect and precarious enjoyment. But it is also a fact that the exercise of religion has been singularly facilitated; otherwise we should have been obliged to rent or build new churches in each parish, and religious services would therefore necessarily have been interrupted or suppressed in many places. The actual closing of the churches was, however, the only thing to which our people would not have submitted. The most violent enemies of religion knew very well that in closing all the churches simultaneously they would have aroused the liveliest discontent in the mass of the electors.

But it was not enough merely to retain possession of the churches. It was necessary to continue the exercise of our religion, to provide the necessary means, and to maintain the clergy deprived of their state salary, of their church houses, of "parsonages," and of all the income which formerly had been derived from bequests and legacies accumulated by the piety of the faithful. To that end the ecclesiastical authorities established everywhere what they called the "*œuvre du denier du culte*," which for lack of any more precise translation we may call worship-pence or church sustentation. According to this plan, the priests or their representatives receive and collect from the faithful, in addition to the usual offerings, annual individual subscriptions to replace the lost state revenues. The details of this arrangement are not the same in the different dioceses. Each bishop tries the plan he thinks most efficacious. In Paris, for example, the priests themselves collect and account for whatever is thus paid in; at the end of each quarter that sum is divided into two parts, one of which is retained for the support of the clergy and the maintenance of religion in the parish, and the other goes to the archbishop to be by him applied to the general needs of the diocese and of the poorer parishes. At Lyons, the whole of this fund is devoted to the support of the clergy, and each parish is bound to contribute annually a fixed sum. In other dioceses other plans are being tried. It is expected that out of all these experiments will come ultimately, by means of concerted Episcopal action, a uniform system of legislation.

The Archbishop of Bordeaux has gone further. He has organized a "Diocesan Association" to which all his parishes belong and contribute. In 1906 it had a membership of 61,082, and the sum total of the receipts amounted to 316,550 fr. This was more than was necessary, because in 1906 the Separation Law had not gone into effect. For the future they will need in that diocese about a million francs, and it will no doubt be forthcoming. This diocesan association at Bordeaux has given occasion to considerable criticism and discussion. Ultra-Catholics have affected to see in it the *association cultuelle* prohibited by Rome, but the Holy See has not condemned it. The government, on the other hand, has not objected; it was even disposed to transfer to it a part of the confiscated funds of the diocese in order to give itself an appearance of liberality. The Archbishop of Bordeaux, however, would accept nothing, fearing to complicate matters with Rome and also to subject himself to the inspection and regulation which the secular power might assume as a consequence of the pretended donation.

It seems to me that this association might well be imitated in other dioceses. But beyond that they cannot go. Mgr. Lacroix, Bishop of Tarentaise in Savoie, having tried to create an association which, without being *cultuelle*, might be regarded "of public utility," and thus take over the property of the former diocese which amounts to 1,500,000 fr., encountered the disapproval of the Holy See, and the disheartened bishop, finding himself unable to maintain the Church and the clergy in that poor country, sent in his resignation.

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In several dioceses, in fact, the worship-pence fund is inadequate for the absolute necessities of the church. Some bishops, in order to oblige the faithful somehow to pay the tax, proposed that a fixed minimum sum be paid by each, and that those who were unwilling to be so taxed should be charged higher fees when they had recourse to the service of the priest, as at weddings, funerals, and christenings. Furthermore, those parishioners who did not pay the sum imposed were to be deprived of the services of priests. But by order of the Holy See these vigorous measures have been suppressed as unapostolic. The contribution will thus retain its character of an entirely voluntary payment.

It would seem that a better way to encourage the faithful to support the expenses of the diocese would be to give them some control of the fund. That is not to say that it would be well to introduce into the Church a parliamentary régime, and that the delegates of the people should vote on the budget. That would not, at least at present, square with our notion of the power of the hierarchy. The clergy, and even the people as a whole, might very well be kept informed as to receipts and expenditures by accounts rendered each year; and again, a certain number of priests and eminent laymen appointed by the clergy or the councils of the parish, or even, if preferred, chosen by the bishop himself, might well be associated together in the administration of the funds of the diocese. He who pays always likes to know, and has some right to know, what is done with his money. But in point of fact it is not unheard of, — this sort of thing. Some of the bishops have already created such a council of administration and oversight, but they are not numerous. On the contrary, almost everywhere there have been established "parochial councils," or committees of laymen named by the bishop at the suggestion of the local priest, whose function it is to assist the priest by their advice and good offices in the administration of the temporal affairs of the parish. They play the part, in some respects, of trustees, or of the vestry in an English or American church, or of our former *conseillers de fabrique*, but with this radical difference, that their vote is merely advisory and they have no real administrative power, no responsibility, and no legal status. If they had, they would become an *association cultuelle*, which would create a double difficulty: on the one hand they would be condemned by the Pope, and on the other they would be subject to all the governmental regulation and control which is provided for by the Separation Law of 1905. From a legal point of view one might, with only a very little exaggeration, say that they have taken the best method of escaping all these difficulties, namely, by abstaining from existing.

Nevertheless their rôle is something more than nothing, and if it is no part of their function to inform the faithful how their money is spent, they can be very useful to the bishops in assuring the due and regular administration of the temporalities of the parishes. Pursuant to a regulation of the Bishop of Clermont, which took effect January 1, 1908, the priest must enter the receipts and expenditures of all sorts in books or registers regularly kept, and make up an account at the end of each month, and of each year, in order to estimate in advance the budget for the following year. And, what is of prime importance, these accounts and these budgets must be sent to the bishop before the end of January, countersigned by the members of the parochial council, with such comments as they choose to make. There is wanting in all this only the rule in force in the Catholic Church in the United States, that these accounts are to be read from the pulpit at least once a year.

It is to be hoped that the parochial council will not content itself with merely checking the accounts for the benefit of the bishop, but that it will exert itself to

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stimulate the zeal and generosity of the faithful. However, they do not count on the parochial council so much as on another institution called the parochial *committee.* This latter scarcely exists yet, and it is therefore difficult to judge of it otherwise than from the hopes of those who have suggested it. The parochial committee was created, or at least projected and decided upon, at the diocesan congress of Paris in June, 1907. Several zealous pastors of this great city had already established, even before the separation, parochial associations conforming to the provisions of the general law of associations of 1901, for the purpose of increasing the interest of the greatest possible number of laymen in the religious and civil work of the parish. These very large associations have been disapproved by the authorities at Rome, who wished to replace them by committees less numerous and without any legal existence, but which might pursue the same propaganda. The future alone can tell what these committees may be worth, and whether they will exercise a profound and durable influence while remaining outside of the law. It is not likely that they will. It seems to many rational minds that the fear of *associations cultuelles* is involving the Catholic Church at this moment in an exaggerated dread of every sort of legal association.

It has, however, submitted to them when it has been impossible to do otherwise, as was the case in the reorganization of the suppressed theological seminaries and in the creation of the new parishes.

I have already said that the buildings and endowments of the seminaries were confiscated. The Separation Law considered these establishments as institutions of religious worship, and for that reason *associations cultuelles* alone were authorized to continue them. No *associations cultuelles*, no seminaries; in fact all these establishments were closed at the end of 1906 and their pupils sent back to their families or thrown into the street. But as it was necessary to continue the education of priests, the bishops gathered the students together in other houses, which they have called sometimes "Superior Schools of Catholic Theology," sometimes "Institutions for Secondary Instruction," according as the instruction is classical or theological. The bishops thus escape the Separation Law of 1905, but they come under the law of 1875 on the liberty of superior instruction, and that of 1850 on the liberty of secondary instruction.[1] Equally obliged to be subject to some legal formality with respect to property, they had recourse to what are called "civil societies," the French equivalent of an American business corporation, and they have thus entrusted the possession of the seminaries to a little group of citizens who are regarded in law as exploiting the property for commercial ends.

It was necessary also to have recourse to these civil societies in organizing new parishes. The crisis resulting from the separation has not entirely checked the growth of the Church in France, it has in some ways given it greater expansive force, especially in view of the suppression of the control of the state. The bishops have found it best, especially in the great cities, to increase the number of parishes and to divide those that were too populous. Some parishes counted more than one hundred thousand of the faithful, and it is enough to say that it was impossible for the pastors to look after the spiritual needs of such a multitude. One of the first cares of the Archbishop of Paris, once free from the régime of the Concordat which required a parliamentary act to create a parish and a decree of the Council of State to open a chapel,

[1] The unfortunate feature of this is that this last law, called also the Law Falloux, is just being amended by parliament, some restrictions being proposed which may go so far as to forbid any clergyman to be at the head of any sort of educational institution, so that our young priests (if the law is passed) have to be educated by laymen.

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was to establish in his diocese, especially in the poorer quarters, several new parishes. But how was he to buy or erect new churches, and by what title was the property to be held? In the name of the diocese of Paris? There is nothing and nobody in the eye of the present law that stands for the diocese of Paris. In the name of the Cardinal or his coadjutor? That would be to expose the property to the possible claims of their heirs or personal representatives at some future time. It was necessary once more to create "civil societies," seemingly commercial organizations, having for their object profit on the capital invested. These societies have bought some of the confiscated chapels and have built new ones which they have leased to so-and-so or so-and-so, to M. Richard or Gardey, archbishop or pastor.[1] It will perhaps be objected that if the *associations cultuelles* did not offer sufficient guarantees to the Catholic hierarchy, and if its members could always withdraw from the control of the bishop both themselves and their property, that danger, if there is any, would be the same as regards the members of these civil societies. It may be so, but there is no other means of safeguarding the title to the property.

II

Such are the principal material difficulties in which the Church in France is now involved, and against which she struggles; and such are the various plans she is now adopting to extricate herself. Although I call them material difficulties, I do not mean to say that they are not in a very real sense also moral difficulties. They not only increase the hardships of life for the clergy, and render more difficult the maintenance of religious worship, but they create an anomalous and dangerous situation. It is equally a dream in France, whether one hopes to exist outside of the law, for we are in a too highly centralized country for that, or to find in the law a permanent shelter and defense, for the power of parliament is unlimited by either a constitution or supreme court. But this insecurity, great in any case, is greater and almost disheartening for those who are obliged to organize under a law not adapted to their affairs, and thus to strain in a way the provisions of the statute, furnishing to their adversaries quite a ready pretext for attacking and injuring them.

It cannot be denied that the Church in France is beset by many adversaries, — as indeed the Church is in other countries of Europe, especially in Italy. That is hard for Americans to comprehend, respecting as they do the liberty of conscience, and being convinced moreover, even when themselves not personally religious, that religion is a good thing, and an essential element of public morality. Prejudices intellectual, social, and political almost totally unknown, especially the last two, in the United States, confront the Church in France.

A crowd of half-educated would-be scientists and politicians of the baser sort eagerly represent the Church as the enemy of enlightenment and progress. A few really eminent scholars and scientists, like the chemist Berthelot, deceived by a false philosophy, share these prejudices and give them credit. By means of many magazines and any quantity of newspapers, they get at the working classes and the peasants, and fill them with the notion that humanity cannot progress except upon the ruins of religion; that, to use a phrase of Monsieur Viviani, a member of the present cabinet, we shall see clearly on earth only when we put out the lights of heaven.

Catholics, as a matter of course, do not lack arguments to refute that sort of thing. They can insist upon the difference, the essential difference between the

[1] In order to help these tenants to pay their rent and to provide for the other expenses of the church, they have erected a sort of aid society for poor parishes, which will supplement the revenue of the new parish if that is found insufficient.

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domain of science and that of religion, and show that a conflict between things so essentially different is impossible. And for those who cannot grasp an argument logically conceived, they can cite the names of men preëminent in science who were and are devout and loyal Christians, and who have kept the faith. To contrast two men but recently dead, the faith of Pasteur is as good an argument as the irreligion of Berthelot. They can also point with some pardonable pride to the names of many great living men of science and letters who profess and demonstrate their sincerely religious convictions. Active Catholics who are members of the French and other academies are more numerous today than ever. For example, M. de Lapparent, a professor in the Catholic Institute of Paris, has been recently elected Perpetual Secretary of the Academy of Sciences, by the members of that distinguished body, the most preëminent society for scientific attainments in our country and perhaps in the world. But the anti-religious press takes very good care not to publish facts like that. It rather prefers to insist upon, to distort, and to aggravate certain facts in the ancient history of the Church, or certain facts of our more recent history, in order to make simple people believe that religion is all very well for the ignorant, that science strips things of mystery, and that to worship God one must cease to use his reason.

These prejudices are not only preached by a press distinctly anti-religious, but are taught more or less openly in a great number of our public schools where many of the teachers who have derived their irreligion from the normal schools, and bring into these matters all the audacity of their half-education, do not hesitate to ridicule before their pupils the most sacred things. In doing so they go without doubt beyond the neutrality prescribed by the law in matters of religion, but they know that it is a good way to win favor from the politicians, and from the Minister of Public Instruction, from whom they get and hold their places. During the present year, some Catholic parents have undertaken to form an association to prosecute before the courts those teachers who openly violate the neutrality prescribed by law in speaking against God and ridiculing patriotism; thereby they have obtained some decisions which very much annoy the anti-clerical press. But the best means of combating such anti-religious instruction is to create and maintain private and religious schools. The Catholics have done and are doing just that with a commendable generosity. In spite of the new burdens imposed upon them by the Separation Law, they have preserved this year almost all their schools and have even established some new ones.[1]

It is also very important for the Catholics to do whatever they can to develop the highest culture in the clergy, at least in as numerous an *élite* as possible. After all, people judge of an institution by those who represent it, and it would be difficult to make them believe that the Church sincerely favors learning if they should find themselves confronted by an ignorant clergy. We are therefore fortunate in being able to say that the bishops understand this essential need and are doing all they can to meet it. In spite of all their other heavy burdens they are making it a point of honor to support the Catholic institutes either by continuing their subscriptions or by sending to us their most intelligent young priests. Upon the opening of our Catholic Institute in Paris, last autumn, the ecclesiastical students were more numerous than ever before, and the recent gift from the Pope, of 100,000 fr., has served to stimulate the generosity of Catholics, too prone up to this time to forget us.

Some of the bishops, we may add, are taking steps to unite several of the smaller

[1] These schools are more expensive than formerly, as a new law forbids them to employ religious teachers, and laymen demand higher pay.

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and less numerously attended seminaries, and to strengthen them by the consequent concentration of their funds and increase in numbers of professors and pupils. This has been accomplished only in the dioceses of Sens and Troyes.

Another and more important project of the same nature is well advanced and has been in practice for several months. A community house has been secured in Paris by a large number of bishops acting in concert, to be used to prepare professors in the great theological schools for their supremely important task, first, in scholastic instruction, by having them attend the proper courses of the Catholic Institute; and second, in the priesthood more particularly, by putting them under the direction of eminent priests who are distinguished as professors and presidents of the great theological schools. Although at present very humble, the creation of this normal school of an entirely new type is big with promise for the advancement of the French clergy.

The social prejudice against the Church is, perhaps, a little less widespread than the intellectual prejudice of which we have just spoken, and it is assuredly less widespread than the political prejudice of which we shall speak presently. It exists, nevertheless, and helps to trammel the actions of the priests. They are often accused of being partisans of the rich: the peasant accuses them of being the vassals of the châteaux, the workman of being favorable to his employers. I am not one of those who fail to recognize defects in the servants of the Church; but, verily, nothing is more unjust than this reproach. With very few exceptions, the French clergy have been recruited from the laboring classes, and they retain their democratic sympathies; the very few priests who come from the ranks of the wealthy, or from the nobility, display a conspicuously generous devotion toward the lowly. This year, moreover, in the difficult reorganization of the resources necessary for carrying on the interests of the Church, the bishops, cognizant of the danger, took every precaution that the contributions be not made exclusively by the rich, but that all the faithful, however humble, be in some small way associated with the new life of the parish. On the other hand, to consider the question from a higher point of view, it is certain that the Church, since the encyclical of Leo XIII, *Rerum novarum*, has shown a devoted interest in the working people.

What, then, must the priests in France do to appear — what they really are — the friends of the people? They must continue the movement begun some years ago, which is not yet sufficiently general; they must take a practical interest in the daily life of the working people, and of the peasants; favor the formation of social centres and of every organization which would give them more information, more security for their future, and more physical comfort; and, above all, they must avoid everything which would give ground for belief that in preaching charity they would be willing to substitute it for justice, and that in preaching the bliss of heaven, they think it useless to reduce the sufferings of the present life. It is in this path of wise democracy that the most prominent representatives of Catholic activities and Catholic thought have moved since the time of Leo XIII; and the working people of the cities, even the socialists, have begun to recognize this fact. In spite of some extravagant words coming from those who did not at all times possess a technical grasp of the situation, the young Catholic democrats, priests and laymen, members of the *Sillon*[1] especially, have rendered valuable service to the cause of religion in separating it from the party of social reaction. For some time they have been attacked with bitterness in certain papers and reviews

[1] A very numerous and important association of young men having for its object to educate the democracy and to show the absolute need it has of religion.

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by those whom we call the "extreme Catholic Right." If they should be condemned by the Church, this would be exploited by its enemies with great success among the masses; a condemnation of our Catholic democrats, even if it should happen that they had merited it by their mistakes, would persuade the people for a long time that Catholicism is not compatible with the aspirations of democracy, just as they have already been persuaded that Catholicism is not compatible with a republican form of government.

And this question leads us to the cause of the most irritating, the most serious, the most far-reaching, and, we will dare to say, the most absurd of our political and religious difficulties. "The Church against the Republic!" this has been the basic prejudice of the anti-religious party in France for more than thirty years; this is the pretext which has given a motive for all the laws of exception and of spoliation, for putting the Catholics outside the law — or little short of this — and for making them, as has been said, disfranchised citizens.

Unfortunately there is truth in this prejudice, and, if it were the subject of the present article, we could tell the mistake which many leaders of Catholicism and the greatest number of our religious newspapers have too long persisted in, namely, that of attributing to the republican form of government the wrongdoings of the men in power, of attributing to the republican constitution the anti-religious laws made by the majority in Parliament.[1] Assuredly the Church herself is not responsible for this lack of intelligence. Her task is to teach us the principles of religion and moral life; she has no mission to educate us in political matters. Moreover, the only time that she has intervened in French affairs was when her official head, Pope Leo XIII, reminded the Catholics of their duty as good citizens, and in a solemn letter advised them to accept the constitution of their country. But the small number of monarchists who survive in France, and who are for the most part practical Catholics, turned a deaf ear to the wise counsel of the Sovereign Pontiff. Without being strong enough or active enough to imperil the existence of the Republic in the smallest way, they have continued to make just enough stir in their discourses and in their newspapers to give a pretext to the enemies of religion, who have made their simple-minded voters believe that if they cast their ballots for the Catholic candidates, or even for the liberal candidates, the monarchy will return with all the so-called horrors of the old régime.

The Law of Separation, the unjust and illiberal character of several of its articles, and the enormous spoliation which it carried with it, furnished new arguments to the reactionaries, and they cried out with more vehemence than ever that now Catholics were to be enlightened as to the mischievous doings of the republican régime. Forgetful of their own powerlessness, they attribute to the policy of Leo XIII and its followers all the misfortunes under which the Church suffers; they pretend to believe that the present Pope — although he confines himself scrupulously to the religious side of questions — is entirely favorable to them; they cover him with eulogies, and contrast him, in spite of himself, with his predecessor; they combat relentlessly all the newspapers, all the groups, and even all the individuals who do not share in their vision of a monarchy; they charge with heresy whosoever calls himself republican or democrat; in short, they assume the mission of saviours of the Church herself, and they write, speak, and act as if, outside the monarchical party, there were neither salvation nor orthodoxy.

[1] The author of this article developed this idea at some length in the conferences which he gave at the Lowell Institute in October, 1907, on "The Politico-Religious Crisis in France," and which are to be published by the Catholic Church Extension Society (Chicago).

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Although it is only too true that these blind reactionaries have found some allies in the Church, Pope Pius X himself has always held aloof from their intrigues; and in the very encyclical in which he denounced the Law of Separation, he expressly stated that he was not inveighing against the Republic. Furthermore, the bishops of France individually, as well as in assembly, have carefully avoided everything which could in any way lend favor to so lamentable a confusion of ideas.

Finally, if one wishes to know how the young secular clergy feel, a little incident of recent occurrence, not known to the public, will throw some light on the matter. At the Catholic Institute of Paris there exists an association composed partly of lay students, partly of seminarists and young priests; last November, at the time of the marriage of the Princess Louise, sister of the Duc d'Orléans, some of the lay students proposed to the association to send an appropriate address to the Royal Pretender. The suggestion met the prompt opposition of the ecclesiastical students, who succeeded in defeating it. This incident gives the key-note of the state of mind of French Catholics on the subject of politics since the Law of Separation; some years ago no one would have dared to make such a proposition in the Catholic Institute; to-day some may dare to make it, but they would be only of the lay body, and would have the bitter opposition of the ecclesiastics.

I should not have insisted at such length on the purely political side of the question; but it explains in part, without in any way justifying it, the hostility which the Church encounters among the masses, a hostility which is carefully encouraged by her adversaries. They very well know that the existence of the Republic is in no way imperiled, yet the scarecrow of danger from the clericals has rendered far too valuable service in elections to be willingly renounced. If there were no monarchists in France, they could drag some in from outside at the time of elections!

The existence of a monarchical party, small though it may be, and its noisy chatter, are the chief reasons why French Catholics, to the great astonishment of their coreligionists in other countries, and especially in America, do not succeed in putting an end to the vexations, the injustice, and the spoliations of which they are victims. In order to defend successfully their rights they must be united in the electoral campaigns; and for this they need to be of one mind on the one essential point: they must either indorse or oppose the Republican Constitution. United they are not, nor can they be so long as an appreciable number of them pursue the chimera of a return of the monarchy. The moment a candidate favorable to religion calls himself republican, he has ranged against him both the radical party and the monarchical party, and defeat is certain. If he calls himself monarchist he receives only a ridiculous handful of votes. And he cannot be silent on this fundamental question; in public meetings and in the daily papers his adversaries will oblige him to state his convictions; if he prefers to be silent on the subject, he inspires no one with confidence. This explains the failure of all the so-called unions of conservatives, and, also, quite recently, of *l'Action libérale*, directed by M. Piou. This association, well organized and having great resources at its disposal, did not dare to mention the Republic in any of its campaign literature. It failed of its end; its failure was inevitable.

Is the way, then, blocked, and are the Catholics of France doomed to be always divided? I do not believe it. Time is often more persuasive than men. The Republic is to-day thirty-seven years old, and already the number of its adversaries is small; when it shall have reached the age of fifty, of sixty, of one hundred years, there will remain only enough of the monarchical party in France to make a bodyguard for their pretender! Then

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it will be difficult for a blindly infatuated clerical to put his hope in a king, difficult for the most relentless anti-clerical to make the people believe that the existence of the Republic is in great danger. France will then rejoice, as will all civilized peoples, in religious peace.

But the question may be asked: Will there then be any religious spirit left in France? I have finished writing these lines on the day after Christmas. The great Christian fête was celebrated everywhere with unprecedented fervor. The poetic Midnight Mass, which the bishops suppressed last year in the alarm of the first days of the new régime, was celebrated anew in city and in country, before crowds greater in number and more devout than ever; not the slightest disturbance of any kind was noted either in Paris or in the provinces. The people hardly knew whether the church in which they were assembled belonged to the state, to the municipality, to an *association cultuelle*, or simply to their pastor; but they did know that it was the house of God; they knew that there they had been baptized, there they had taken their first communion; that there their marriage vows had been pledged, there the funeral rites of their dear dead celebrated. And they came to sing before the Infant Jesus the Christmas hymns which their fathers sang. It would take more than a mischievous law to destroy at a simple stroke centuries of Christian tradition. The Church of Christ in France has vitality enough to triumph to the end of time over her adversaries, and over her defenders.

THREE FISHERS

BY MARY GLASCOCK

A CLEAN dusk brooded over the mountains. Aldebaran glimmered atop the blurred blue of the McCloud notch, and the Señor leaned over the cattle-bars of the South Field to look it in the face, his fish-basket sagging heavily from gray-corduroyed shoulders.

There was something of reverence in his attitude, and I did not go to meet him as I had intended, but turned to the short trail direct from the river, up which I knew Don Danuelo would pompously puff before many stars could cluster.

Just a glance at the uplifted sharp gray eyes under shaggy white brows, the crossed, resting hands, and I sighed. It is to the Latins that we of the new world must bow for unconscious, unashamed reverence. We hug the quality in secret — if we possess it at all; they wear it upon the sleeve proudly. The wind, striking through lean needles of the sugar pines, lifted the matted, gray hair from his forehead, — of course his head was bared to the Maker of the star, — and before the shrine of Shasta rising white-altared to the sky, he stood silently erect. Something fine was in his gaunt figure; he was as much a part of the evening as the gray dove winging across the grain stubble to the other side of the river.

With a catch in my throat I hastened to the clump of silver firs where, stamping through the red dirt, Don Danuelo — *de facto*, plain Daniel — forged up the road. The softening of the name was mine; a quarter of a century's mastery of a Mexican rancho earned him that distinction. In Don Danuelo the acquired graciousness of the hidalgo, dashed with upright, American grit, made pleasant blending. Don Danuelo was well rounded, of generous girth, ruddy of face and courtly of manner, if a bit testy of temper. He

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walked slowly up the steep hill, puffing between breaths and mouthing to himself soft Mexican oaths. Upon reaching the shelter of the silver firs he opened his basket. Huge trout, dripping from the river, ranged between layers of sweet fern. He smiled unctuously, displaying them.

"A good day's sport, madam, very good," he reiterated. "These" — he held the largest, the very fattest, by the gills for inspection — "are fine fish, madam, a good catch. I 'll wager there 's been no finer catch on the river to-day." His assertion was challenging. I thought of the sagging basket on the gray-corduroyed shoulders. "Have you seen the Judge?" he inquired tentatively.

"He started out with gray hackle," I answered.

Don Danuelo sniffed and slapped his big hand to his basket.

"Fish is what a fisherman wants — and if he wants fish he must catch them — and bait is what they are taking on the Sacramento this season — I 'm giving evidence." And he thumped his basket convincingly.

"I saw caddis flies swarming over the Evening pool," I mildly ventured.

Don Danuelo's knotted veins swelled. For a time we plodded silent through the fragrant fir to where the orchard stretched. Then he waxed grandiloquent over the much-threshed subject of bait versus flies. I knew he was girded for battle-royal that night across the supper-table. He was merely practicing phrases on me, and I was a willing target, for I knew the kindness of the heart that sped the shaft.

As we came to the garden gate the reverent figure at the bars had melted into the dusk. The gray Señor had a way of slipping off into lonely corners, and muffling himself in the mantle of silence. His evenings were spent on the upper porch brushed by tips of overshadowing fir, — I confess to stealing up the stairs and peeping, — with a book on his knees, — the old philosophy that he loved, — his slender, wrinkled fingers touching the binding caressingly in the dark. He knew the contents by heart — could quote from cover to cover — but he liked the substance under his hand. Those gray eyes saw more than words, searching the broad Milky Way. Lonely watches at sea when he was a lad had made him a recluse, he apologized to me when I urged him to come down to the fire. "I am not good company; my tongue stumbles over your fine English," he excused. "I am more used to the stars and trees and mountains — they understand — we are so near." And he begged pardon lest in some way he should have hurt. "You others know so much, have read many books. I know only one." He patted the book on his knees. "I am not fit company, madam. I cannot talk — I can only think; that makes dull company!"

There was something musical in the quaint precision of his un-English exactness that made pleasant hearing. I remembered the very words he had used; they were fixed in my memory with his deprecating, winning smile.

These things were running through my head as I listened to Don Danuelo. It pleased him better to do the talking, and he did not mind my not answering.

I felt a pang of disappointment at not finding the Señor at the bars, though I had hardly dared hope. Somehow a few kindly words from him were my benediction to the day.

Bidding Don Danuelo go on, I lingered in the orchard where the smell of rotting apples perfumed the air with the tinge of refined musk that no other odor holds, that no one knows the sweetness of unless breathed in the pine-locked mountains where the fruit is nourished on dew, crystal air, generous sunshine, and fragrance of balsamic things. Then, too, the man of the house, after his daily chores, was burning brush and dead leaves at the top of the hill. The pungent smoke floated invitingly to my nostrils, and I wondered if to the Señor it did not waft thoughts of heavenly incense.

A crisp of frost was in the air, a colder

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glitter in the stars. The day before, I had noticed a trace of flame creeping up the maples on the ridge, and in the dogwood, azaleas, and wide-leaved saxifrage down by the river the fire of change was slowly kindling. I almost expected to see Pan stealing from a leafy covert to warm his hands at the glow of the leaves.

Don Danuelo had passed on to dry comfort while I snatched the few delicious moments to myself — soft dusk-moments when smell of earth is strong and sweet, and, if you crouch under a pine on the rim of the orchard as I did, you may hear the rustle of tiny, padding feet, and sense the presence of shy wood-creatures barely brushing the wide mullein leaves as they pass. White butterflies drifted, homing through the half-light; and down in the far field, that drops to the river, a thrush called a belated good-night. Your soul is lifted; you almost lose the weight of the human in you, and reach to the divine. On the heights you breathe spiritual air, and know what great pines stretching strong arms to the sky know. The wide earth holds — but the wider heavens call. If the exultant moment could last! But earth-born must cling fast to earth until the appointed time to rise shall come. And, somehow, with all our yearning and uplifting we never care to hasten that time.

The homely gathering-room of the rambling house turned an inviting face of light to me. Pine cones blazed on the hearth, mellowing the cool of evening; huge back-logs exuded aromatic rosin, and cheerfully sizzled an old wood-song to the fire-dogs as I crossed the porch to be with my kind.

The Judge, his long, lank frame conjuring up whimsical reminiscences of Don Quixote, was bending over a tin wash-basin set on a long bench, and much splashing of water deadened my footsteps. I joined Don Danuelo in the comfortable light and warmth, and huddled to the blaze, palms out, — these mountain evenings are cold and drive the warming blood from the finger-tips, — while the Don fussed about the desk addressing express tags. He was most generous to his friends — and in advertising his prowess. I have observed, in many years' wanderings and close observation of habits and quirks of men, that there is no pride like unto a fisherman's pride, the pride of pounds. A man would rather be considered a good sportsman than a hero. Mayhap the qualities are synonymous, only of different mixing. Don Danuelo swelled with more importance over his catch than he did, I warrant, when single-handed he quelled that desperate rising of lawless peons on his Mexican rancho. And that was a gallant deed, I have heard; he could never be cajoled into telling of it.

The Judge strode in, his curly hair flat and shining from much water. Don Danuelo, bristling with importance, thrust the basket under the judicial nose.

"Bait?" the Judge queried, lifting his eyebrows.

"Salmon roe, sir."

The Judge's interest faded to indifference, and he passed to the dining-room while the Don grumbled to himself. I tagged after the party in pretense of helping the overworked mistress of the house to serve the overlate supper; partly — I must confess cleanly — to pick up the crumbs of talk scattered about the fishermen's table.

The Señor, well brushed, was already in his place; something of the dignity of the night and the great trees was in his manner as he thanked me for the condiments I set before him. Frugally and silently he ate the supper of bacon and eggs, boylike showing me the cheek of a red apple tucked in the gray corduroy pocket, a *bonne bouche* for the night.

The Judge was belligerent; he liked to tilt. Don Danuelo was defensive between cups of strong black coffee and hearty replenishings of his plate.

"Flies are a snare," Don Danuelo declared, "not honest, a deception, a lure. You entice the fish — you have the fish — he, poor beggar, has nothing." His

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positive crash of fist made the thick crockery rattle nervously.

"You — ," the Judge began, the set of his mouth foretelling the trim of his sentiments.

Don Danuelo snatched the words from the Judge's mouth. "I, sir, give the poor beggar a delicious nibble, a compensation before I take him."

The Judge mumbled his reply; he always talked reflectively, but it was generally worth while straining to listen. "You give your victim his bribe, but he pays for it with his life — mighty like the grafter and his immunity promise. He gets the money, but moral death. I don't see that it 's much compensation. I catch my fish cleanly."

The Don fired up fiercely, and spluttered about feathers and tinsel until his face grew ruddier than the lamplight. Then he turned the tables.

"How many fish to-day, Judge?"

There was certainly malice in the well-directed question most suavely put.

A quick flush reddened the cavernous cheeks of the Judge's stern face.

"Three, sir, honestly caught in fair fight," he thundered.

The Judge was prone to study mountain flora, scurrying chipmunks, water ousels at their bobbing devotions under the white spray, swirl of water, drift of clouds, the many changing scenes born of earth and tree and sky; he too often forgot that when numbers and weight are in the balance, fishing is a very serious business. Bordering willows were draped thick with his snared leaders, and flies innumerable clung to the branches, and his basket oftenest came home empty; but his heart and head were always brimming with joy of river and wood. The question hit the sensitive point; a man does n't care to be tripped on his delinquencies.

"We come to fish," observed the Don, with a shrug; and drummed on the tablecloth to a hummed Spanish air — certainly a martial one.

The Señor sat mildly listening, taking no part in the joust. The Señor weighed his words before he spoke, perhaps because he did not know the twist of our tongue so well, perhaps because — if you balance your words some remain unspoken, and the measure remains unspilled. No matter, he was devoting himself to his supper, but I knew by the flash in his eyes that he was following the strife of opinions.

I fidgeted about the table, straightening the cloth, for I was not a little alarmed; the Judge's keen eyes snapped, his mouth set sharp like the coyote trap in the meadow; words waxed hot.

Then the Señor, quietly, when the Don paused for spluttering breath, told of the fish, the beautiful trout of many pounds, three or maybe four, he reckoned on his fingers in his charming foreign way, that he had hooked — and lost, alas! in the Evening pool.

"Ah!" He shook his gray head and breathed deeply. "Ah! that was a wonderful catch — that was not caught, gentlemen!"

"Mine must have weighed more," the Don, diverted, eagerly bragged. "Lordy! he felt like a whale. My line snapped, gentlemen, clean as a whistle, and he was gone."

"And mine," the Judge reminiscently softened, "I lifted to the surface — he was a monster. I saw his length as well as felt his weight. I suspected it was a dace until I caught the glisten of his sides."

Those lost fish that were hooked and never caught! What an air of serenity they brought to the company. Every fisherman's heart thrilled in common at the memory. No catch is ever as the lost catch; and how it grows as memory generously blurs as to weight and size! It 's the blessedness of life — believing more than the evidence of your eyes; the delusion is worth a sop to conscience. No matter if your pounds were only ounces, you have the satisfaction, the quality that makes joy of the little in life, the only true trail to happiness, where

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fancy glosses the real, and in childlike faith you hold to it.

Those lost fish, the fisherman's hall-mark! The mysterious bond that brings together all that go down to the rivers. They never tire of telling, they never tire of listening, for all who cast, know; it is the world-wide sympathy that mellows and binds the craft, the genialest craft under the sun.

With their knees under the table they sat and listened to the time-mossed stories, interest ever new and keen in their hearts. Don Danuelo brought from his pocket a flask of rare old Scotch, and standing raised his glass.

"Gentlemen, to the lost fish! May their memory never grow old, nor their pounds less."

Before we had quite cleared the table, the Don apologetically wagged his head, and conceded there *was* skill in casting a line and dropping a fly — and, if he were younger — there was no telling —

The Judge generously hastened to admit that in some cases roe might be used and the man remain a fisherman. He courteously offered to eat his fiery words and soften his adamantine rule, bluntly laid down, with an occasional extenuating exception. The Judge was didactic, but just and great-hearted as to wounding feelings.

The Señor rose from his coffee.

"Gentlemen," he said, "it has been a God-given day. I wish you a good-night."

That sweep of his bow included us all; and he was gone, and more than the man went with him; we all felt the loss.

The Judge and the Don moved to the chimney corner, and talked over reaches and pools, disputing as to shadow and sun, the superiority of this over that side of the river, and minutely analyzed the habits of trout.

When the last dish was shelved, and the tired little woman was setting bread, I heard the tramp, tramp of the Señor's feet on the upper porch. I knew he was searching the stars and casting into deeper pools of thought than those of earth.

How cleanly, how frugally he lived, one with the stars, the trees, the birds, the restless river, an angling rod, and a book of philosophy for companions. Alone in the world, he peopled it for himself; and in closeness to nature he had crept very close to his God. It was our privilege to have been of his company.

What sordid husks our bodies are for beautiful souls! Don Danuelo to me was all tenderness and consideration. I fancy in memory of that near one, who sleeps long in the old Mexican home, his heart was softened to all women. And the Judge! His chivalry was most prized when he brought me puffs of delicate milkweed, glistening cascara-sagrada berries, and sprays of coral-beaded honeysuckle. The Señor laid at my feet remembrances of his old far-away home and honey of sweetness and wisdom from his beloved book, which shortened the days.

And I, only an ugly, withered, lone woman, who had wandered to the mountains, praying for health, of no comfort, beauty, nor sweetness to any one, received the largesse of their graciousness.

"A God-given day!" Good-night, Señor, Don Danuelo, Judge. May it be a God-given night for all three of you! May your baskets of the morrow be heaped and shining, each to his heart's desire.

And I close my eyes and sleep safe, knowing that there are yet hearts beating in the world for the old and friendless.

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PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF WHISTLER

BY SIDNEY STARR

WHEN one speaks of Whistler now, it is with the consciousness that he is accepted as among the masters of painting. "*C'est un grand seigneur de la peinture qui s'en est allé*," says Arsène Alexandre.

To have known Whistler and the attitude of the art world and the picture-gallery-going public from 1873 to 1892, is, strange as it may sound, to wonder how this has come about; to wonder why people speak reverently of pictures so recently thought ridiculous, and to speculate as to how many would think them so now, had they but the courage. As indeed one man has, who paid what he thought a "steep price" to get "a Whistler," and confesses he can see nothing in it, wonders what artists do see, and could sell it for three or four times the sum he gave for it, yet keeps it in his possession.

I speak of Whistler as a painter only. As an etcher, I remember, London thought him "very clever," although Sir Seymour Haden had said that of his two collections he would part with his Rembrandts rather than his Whistlers. Critics nearly all spoke of his etchings with respect, until his finest period, when they pointed out how greatly he had deteriorated. For Whistler's painting, too, by the way, "clever" was the word. Sir John Millais's dictum, given in his *Life and Letters* by his son, is: "Clever a fellow as he [Whistler] is — a man who has never learnt the grammar of his art, whose drawing is as faulty as it can be, he thinks nothing of drawing a woman all out of proportion, with impossible legs and arms proceeding from no one knows where. Any affectation of superiority in style has its effect on certain minds, and attracts a certain number of followers." And Mr. Archibald Stuart-Wortley says: "Once he [Millais] seized me by the arm and made me go round the Grosvenor Gallery with him. He stopped longer than usual before a shadowy graceful portrait of a lady, by one of the most famous painters of our day — an arrangement in pink and gray, or rose and silver, shall I call it? At last, 'It's damned clever, it's a damned sight too clever,' and he dragged me on." This was about 1884, and the famous painter was, of course, Whistler; the portrait one of Lady Meux. But it seems Whistler somehow learned enough of the grammar of art to change the adjective; "clever" is not the word now at all.

Thinking of these things, it is interesting to go back to those years and recall what Whistler himself told me of his attitude toward the world of painting, toward the world that accepts or rejects painting, and to recall situations in which I saw him and noted what he said and did. No artist of our time, leaving us, has been the subject of so much writing, so many recollections. Never has unliterary painting caused so much literature. Not since Ruskin wrote has there been such word-painting about pictures. Before 1892 little of this appeared. In the above quotations Sir John Millais voices fairly well the whole tone of the leading journals. In France M. Duret, in England George Moore, Walter Sickert, and Joseph Pennell seem the only writers imbued with a spirit of appreciation. Whistler himself had, it is true, devoted the *Ten O'clock* and *The Gentle Art of Making Enemies* to painting in words his art and his attitude. And perhaps his own writing inspired much that has followed. In this he was not only literary himself, but the cause of literature in others. And how characteristic that when Mr. Spielmann,

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an art critic, spoke of his "quaintly acquired" copy of the lecture as "smart but misleading," Whistler should pause to note, "that if the lecture had not seemed misleading to him it would surely not have been worth uttering at all."

England in the seventies and eighties accepted as her picture-makers, roughly speaking, the Royal Academy for oil pictures and the "Old Society" for water-colors. The Grosvenor Gallery was more or less an annex to the Academy, with the exception of one or two men and Whistler; the former painting the serious pictures, the latter a *poseur* whose painting, as Tom Taylor wrote at the time, "belongs to the region of chaff." With Whistler the position was the same — himself and the others; but the definition was reversed: Whistler most seriously occupied with his personal vision, his sense of beauty; while the others were painting pictures with which he had little or no sympathy. To him they were "the commercial-travellers of Art, whose works are their wares and whose exchange is the Academy."

Whistler told me an incident which states the situation in two sentences. It seems that about 1874 there was talk of his portrait of Carlyle being bought for the nation. Sir George Scharf, then curator of the National Portrait Gallery, came to Mr. Graves's gallery in Pall Mall to see "the Carlyle" in this connection. Voicing precisely his public, all he said was, as he looked at it, —

"Well, and has painting come to this!"

"I told Mr. Graves," said Whistler, "that he should have said, 'No, it has n't.'"

It was some seventeen or eighteen years later that "the Carlyle" was bought for Glasgow, and it is these years that are interesting — the years of Whistler's fighting, during which I saw him continually, and when he was often in need of money. For it was not until 1892 that he sold his pictures to any great extent, or for anything like the prices achieved by "the commercial-travellers of Art."

Whistler's jaunty carriage before the world of London is well known. He was courage personified during this time of fluctuating finances, pawning his large gold medal from Paris one day, lending £500 to the Society of British Artists the next. He often found "a long face and a short account at the bank," as he said one day. Once he spoke in the manner of an injured child of the sums So-and-So, R. A., made, while he had little or nothing. I told him he could not expect to live like a prince and paint like a prince; that the R. A.'s painted to please the public and reaped their reward.

"I don't think they do," he demurred, "I think they paint as well as they can."

"People like, as they say, 'to look into a picture.' They adore Tadema's pictures because they can 'look into' the marble," I told him.

"Well," said Whistler, "they can look into mine, they're simple enough. Yes, I suppose they do love to see what they call 'earnest work,' but they ought not to see it. My only objection to Tadema's pictures is that they are unfinished."

I spoke of one R. A. as being a better painter than another, pointing out the difference.

"Well," he said indifferently, "it's a nasty difference."

I spoke of the young men then exhibiting, some of whom are now R. A.'s or A. R. A.'s.

"They are all tarred," said he, "with the same brush; they are of the schools."

Of one, who was held to be England's most brilliant young artist, "Yes," he said thoughtfully, "he 's clever, but there 's something common in everything he does, so what 's the use of it?"

All of which would show that Whistler had but little time for any but his own work, as indeed few great men have, much as we like to think to the contrary. He told me a story demonstrating this most clearly. His Nocturne in Blue and Gold, Valparaiso, was in the Hill Collec-

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tion in Brighton. Mr. Hill had two galleries and a well-known collection, eventually sold at Christie's. Whistler went down to see Mr. Hill, and said he, —

"I was shown into the galleries, and of course took a chair and sat looking at my beautiful Nocturne; then, as there was nothing else to do, I went to sleep."

Mr. Hill came in later to find him — dreaming of it probably. And I remember when Walter Sickert, a pupil of Whistler, in an article on the Manchester "Art Treasures" Exhibition, spoke of Lord Leighton's Harvest Moon in terms of praise, a telegram came from Whistler, Chelsea, to Sickert, Hampstead, in these words, —

"The Harvest Moon rises over Hampstead and the cocks of Chelsea crow."

But with those of his circle with whom Whistler was *not* quarreling, never was a kinder, a more delightful friend. And it was in those days that he said, "Yes, we are always forgiving Walter."

Alas! for another pupil, soon in disgrace, never forgiven, who, when scenting the end of Whistler's presidency of the Royal Society of British Artists, and foreseeing a sinking ship, handed in his resignation some months ahead of time. Whistler said with a grim smile, "The early rat."

He was disposed of in the *Gentle Art of Making Enemies*, in Whistler's best manner, without mentioning his name, and a final, "You will blow out your brains, of course."

Mr. Singer, in his monograph on Whistler, describes in some detail the continuous quarrels, and the long line of friends passing down and out. But with some few at least he never quarreled, — G. H. Boughton, R. A., Albert Moore, and others I could name. That Moore and Boughton were men loved by their friends and held in high esteem by their brother artists, would seem little to the point, if Whistler found occasion for quarrel. Boughton, an Academician, whose work "was prettier than most of 'em," and Moore, whose work he said was beautiful, were his friends to the end. Of the work of others I have heard him speak in praise on occasion, — of that of C. E. Holloway whom he helped as he did many another; of that of Charles Keene and A. B. Houghton, over whose drawings of American subjects, and illustrations to Don Quixote, he grew quite enthusiastic one evening, talking to Mrs. Whistler and myself, in the blue dining-room of his house in Chelsea.

But in Bond Street, his battle-ground, he was usually the Whistler of the "gentle answer that sometimes turneth not away wrath." Going into the Fine Art Society's Galleries with him one day, we met at the door a once popular R. A., now knighted I believe, whom I knew only by sight and so went on into the galleries, leaving the two talking. On Whistler's coming to me I said, — on mischief intent, —

"Who on earth was that to whom you spoke?"

"Really, now," he answered, "I forget, but whoever it *was*, it's some one of no importance, you know, no importance whatever."

It was in Bond Street too that Whistler went into the gallery, then full of Doré's pictures, and asked the man who solicited subscriptions for engravings of the works on view, if a certain Academician's large religious picture was not on exhibition there.

"No; that," said the man, "is much lower down."

"Impossible," said the delighted Whistler.

Yes, Whistler could be hard on his "commercial-travellers of Art." When President of the Royal Society of British Artists, he was oblivious to every interest but the quality of the work shown. When asked to hang the pictures one year in the Walker Art Gallery of Liverpool, he was occupied in making the butterfly's sting felt in very truth on the walls; on one wall at least, which to the people and to one artist, was the most important, Whistler placed Sir Luke Fildes's Doc-

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tor in the centre. The picture showed a doctor watching a sick child. Around this he grouped all the pictures he could find of dying people, convalescents, and the like, with a still-life of medicine bottles which he was delighted to discover. Of course the hanging of this wall caused comment. "But," as Whistler said, when with ill-concealed glee he related the story, "I told them" — and he shook his forefinger impressively — "I told them I wished to emphasize that particular school."

"And what did you put on the opposite wall?" I asked.

"Oh, Leighton's — I really forget what it was."

"But that is different, you know," said I.

"No," he said with a somewhat bewildered look at my ignorance, "it's really the same thing."

In his Tite Street studio Whistler had shown me some canvases, one of them a Venus in low tones of ivory and gray-blue, bathed in the warm evening afterglow, a note of red on the ivory drapery, and spoke of painting a larger canvas of it soon. He never did. The study hung some years later between the windows of his dining-room in Cheyne Walk. Later we rode on our way to dine at the Café Royal. Whistler leaned forward in the hansom and looked at the Green Park in the dusk, sweet and fresh after the rain; at the long line of lights reflected shimmering in the wet Piccadilly pavement, and said, —

"Starr, I have not dined, as you know, so you need not think I say this in any but a cold and careful spirit; it is better to live on bread and cheese and paint beautiful things, than to live like Dives and paint pot-boilers. But a painter really should not have to worry about — 'various,' you know. Poverty may induce industry, but it does not produce the fine flower of painting. The test is not poverty, it's money. Give a painter money and see what he 'll do; if he does not paint, his work is well lost to the world. If I had had — say, £3000 a year, what beautiful things I could have done!"

Then he laughed and told me that Carlyle said he liked Whistler's portrait of him because Whistler had given him clean linen. Watts, Carlyle said, had painted a portrait of him and given him a green collar.

I first met Whistler one night at a party in Richmond Terrace, Whitehall. He was standing near a bank of flowers, an amused quizzical look on his face; the woman to whom he was talking was laughing. The daughter of the house introduced me to him. He said he had seen a picture of mine in Liverpool — "a picture amongst the paint," he said, and told me always to paint things exactly as I saw them. He always did. "Young men think they should paint like this or that painter. Be quite simple, no fussy foolishness, you know; and don't try to be what they call 'strong.' When a picture 'smells of paint,'" he said slowly, "it 's what they call 'strong.'"

Whistler painted things exactly as he saw them. How absurd that seemed to people when I in my youthful enthusiasm told them that he did, that he had told me he did. And indeed I am puzzled now, as I said in the beginning, to think that people covet his pictures. For what should they care about an art so elusive, painting so dependent on its exquisite quality for its appeal; a painter so absorbed in the painter's poetry, so full of the "amazing invention" that puts "form and color into such perfect harmony that exquisiteness is the result."

Perhaps it is not the beauty of the work but the personality of the painter that wrought this miracle. For it is not like that of Burne-Jones, who conjured with the glamour of old stories, visions of "faerie lands forlorn" (the poor construction of his sexless figures is unseen by his admirers, allured by the obvious sense of beauty); nor that of Rossetti, who "painted poems and wrote pictures;" nor that of Millais, who in his youth was in the position of Whistler, in that it was

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Millais and the others. For Millais, in his earlier years an artist, said, "People had better buy my pictures now, when I am working for fame, than a few years later, when I shall be married and working for a wife and children," — giving them stories in his marvelous canvases, and later again stories or "catchy" titles with his obvious pot-boilers, of which he had forewarned his world. Whistler cared for none of this. It was the miraculous birth of the picture, the appearance of effortless completion that he desired more and more. To this end he adopted, from the first, a method — "a scientific proceeding," he said, — probably the simplest ever used by any painter and for his purpose the most unerring. He never changed it, save to paint more thinly as time went on, as did Velasquez.

The first words Whistler said to me on my first visit to his studio were, "It don't smell of paint, does it?" He was painting a portrait of Sir Henry Cole, then director of the South Kensington Museum, — a tall dark portrait of a man in a long cloak of dark blue, turned back over the right shoulder, a man with a ruddy face and a white stubby beard. Before he spoke he put a slow decisive stroke on the right cheek-bone and then stood back. The sitting was over, and that was the last stroke he put on that canvas. The portrait was never finished, for Sir Henry Cole died soon after, and I never knew Whistler to touch a canvas without the sitter.

When a student in 1874, I had seen Whistler's first exhibition in Pall Mall, and wrote to a friend, "You can paint a dress-suit black, if you like, — and Whistler can make a canvas look like the water and sky of the Thames at night, and not like paint."

Of the portrait of Miss Alexander, George Moore wrote in 1892 as "surely the loveliest in the world." Mr. Christian Brinton, understanding it so charmingly, writes in a recent article, "The greatest galleries of the world can show nothing more lovely, more appealing, or more sensitive." But in 1883 at the Private View of the Grosvenor Gallery, what an absurd, "ugly" thing every one thought it, even the artists, with few exceptions. The critics had nothing but abuse for it, as witness: —

"A large etching in oil, a 'rhapsody in raw child and cobwebs,' by Mr. Whistler," from *The Artist;* and "Mr. Whistler's single contribution is a child's portrait . . . uncompromisingly vulgar," from *The Magazine of Art.*

But perhaps "this is the only tribute possible from the Mob to the Master," though the names of the journals, since dead, would seem misleading. Joseph Pennell points out in his preface to *The Works of Charles Keene*, that the English critics did not speak of Charles Keene as a great artist until he was dead, and then they misunderstood his work. W. E. Henley says that R. A. M. Stevenson created art criticism in England. That before his criticisms, culminating in the book on Velasquez, art criticism did not exist. Both Pennell and Henley seem severe, but a study of the subject inclines one to agree with them.

When the Miss Alexander hung in the Goupil Gallery in the Whistler exhibition of 1892, it had gained in beauty. Whether the original coat of varnish had been rubbed off, I do not know, but a coat of varnish had recently been put on it. The picture was more delicate in quality, the whites having gained translucence in the ten years or so of its life. Certainly just before the exhibition, Whistler had told me of the man in Berners Street, Oxford Street, "the finest picture-restorer in the world," whose broad thumb was then taking the original coat of varnish from one of his larger canvases, he did not say which. George Moore and I were looking at this portrait, hung at one end of the large room in the old galleries in Bond Street, but we were not long allowed to forget that our idea of the beautiful was not popular. A large pompous person, with a party of ladies in his wake, stopped before it and said with

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a sweep of the arm, "If I could endorse these things. I would, but I can't."

Those were his very words. I said to Moore, "He has no need to say that, all he has to do is to stand there."

When the Miss Alexander was in the studio before it went to the Grosvenor, Whistler told me that Tom Taylor, art critic of *The Times*, came to see it. There were other visitors. Taylor said, "Ah, yes, um;" then remarked that the upright line in the paneling of the wall was wrong and the picture would be better without it, adding, "Of course it 's a matter of taste." To which Whistler replied, "I thought that perhaps for once you were going to get away without having said anything foolish; but remember, so that you may not make the mistake again, it 's not a matter of taste at all, it is a matter of knowledge. Good-by."

It was curious to note the effect of Whistler's pictures in a general exhibition, the intrusion of his art among the hitherto little-disturbed ideals of the British public. A work by Whistler made all others on that wall appear as if done by one man, of the same colors, key, and facture, whatever the subject. It was startling, and one felt the truth of his statement that "They were all tarred with the same brush." And once The Fur-Jacket hung in the Goupil Galleries and on the opposite wall a large Fortuny. One would imagine that the Fortuny would sparkle and the Whistler would look sombre. No, the beautiful tone of the whole canvas, the delicate flush on the face of the figure by Whistler made the Fortuny look "black," in spite of its emerald greens, pinks, and yellows.

Of Whistler's presidency of the Royal Society of British Artists and his endeavor to make it an "art-centre," I shall speak only of such things as are not well known, or not known at all — a difficult thing to do in this connection. He exhibited in the society some of his best work. His first contribution, I think, was the portrait of Mrs. Louis Huth. This beautiful canvas is but little known; the first reproduction I have seen of it since his death is in *The Work of James McNeill Whistler*, by Elizabeth Luther Cary. It was painted some years before its exhibition in the Royal Society. In earlier years Whistler painted many portraits showing the face in profile. Later, one may observe he nearly always chose the full face. Walter Sickert asked him why he no longer painted profiles. "Oh, the blue Alsatian Mountains," said he.

As I was a member of the society and on the hanging-committee twice during his active career, I naturally saw the effect which Whistler's personality and the enforcing of his principles had on the "British" that afterwards "remained," as well as on the "artists" who "came out." Whistler gained from Queen Victoria permission to prefix the title "Royal," much coveted by art societies in London, and invited the present King and Queen, then the Prince and Princess of Wales, to visit the exhibition. The Prince, on coming up the staircase, asked the President what the society was, saying that he had "never heard of it." The society is the oldest in London with the exception of the Royal Academy, but the appropriate answer was with Whistler, and he said, "Sir, it dates from to-day."

The Prince laughed good-naturedly, and then learned of the society's antiquity and of the charter it alone possessed. Whistler told me that the Princess particularly liked my picture, and on my showing gratification, said with a diabolical twinkle in his eye, "But she also liked that," and pointed to one by a "British" artist artfully hidden in a corner.

There came a press-day when Whistler's picture was not there, only the frame on the wall. It was the custom of the society, instituted before Whistler's time and not discontinued by him, to provide for the press a well-spread table and such comfort as a good cellar contains, to cheer them as they appraised the pictures. Telegrams were sent imploring the placing of the President's canvas. But

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the only answer that came was, "The Press have ye always with you. Feed my lambs."

A smoking-concert followed during the exhibition. At this one critic said to the master, "Your picture is not up to your mark, it is not good this time."

"You should not say it is n't good, you should say you don't like it, and then, you know, you 're perfectly safe; now come and have something you do like, have some whiskey," said Whistler.

But on the adverse vote being cast which ended his leadership of and connection with the society, he said to a group of the men he was leaving, "Now I understand the feelings of all those who, since the world began, have tried to save their fellow-men."

Albert Moore's comment to Whistler on this episode was, "If I had a flying-machine, do you think I 'd hitch it to an old omnibus?"

But Whistler's example in the society was the most artistic blow ever aimed at the Royal Academy. "Royal Commissions" had glanced off, attacks from outsiders had missed their aim, but Whistler's eventually resulted in the International Society of Sculptors, Painters, and Gravers, and landed squarely on the closed jaw. Only once, I think, did Whistler revisit his old society's rooms. It was when a picture of Lord Leighton's had been secured and hung in a centre. The members led their visitor up to it and pointed with pride to their acquisition. Putting his monocle in his eye and surveying the canvas, "Yes," said he, "it 's quite beautiful, like a diamond in the sty."

In the Tite Street studio Whistler closed the large door and used a narrow one, three steps leading up to it. Leaving this door open, he would go down the steps and stand in the passage to look at his work. Through the door, the light coming from the large window on the left, one saw the tall canvas. The portrait finished, one forgot the canvas and became conscious only of M. Duret, Sarasate, or Rosa Corder in the late afternoon light. I remember one afternoon he met me at the front door and led me by the arm to the foot of the steps, saying, "There he is, eh? Is n't that it, eh? All balanced by the bow, you know. See how he stands!" It was Sarasate. And when the portrait was exhibited Whistler said, "They talk about my painting Sarasate standing in a coal-cellar, and stupidities like that. I only know that he looked just as he does in my picture when I saw him play in St. James's Hall."

Once I found him looking thoughtfully at the portrait of a lady whose husband had just left the studio, having come to see it, now that it was finished.

"That," said he, indicating the portrait, "is a crime. I have been so long over it and the man has been so nice about it, that I feel ashamed of myself. He seemed to like that very much," pointing to a life-sized figure of a little Chelsea girl, standing legs apart, arms akimbo, with a white pinafore and rosy cheeks. "Do you know, I think I 'll pack that in the case with the portrait and send it to him as a gift." And he did.

We walked from the studio to his house in The Vale, and on the way he told me he had given up smoking. "The ease with which I did it," said he, "is delightful to me. I just let it go, that 's all;" and he waved it away with his wand in a yellow-gloved hand. Later he again made tiny cigarettes, in the intervals of work or in the evening after dinner.

There was a young American painter then in England, Aubrey Hunt, and a good painter he was. After the private view of a collection of his pictures, a party of four, one of whom was Whistler and another the art critic of a London paper, were seated around a table conversing and commenting. All at once Whistler said, —

"What are you going to say about Aubrey Hunt's pictures in your paper, Willie?"

"Oh. I shall say just what I think, you know."

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"No, you won't, Willie, you 'll say they 're damned good, that 's all."

"Oh, but I could n't do that, you know."

"Why not, Willie? Albert Wolff saw a play, and his criticism in his paper consisted of two lines, the title of the play, and his opinion, thus: —

"'*Le Roi s'Amuse.*

"'*Il était seul.*'

"You just put,

"'Aubrey Hunt's Pictures.

"'They are damned good.'"

Upon further protests Whistler said, "I 'd do it if I were you, and hand in my resignation at the same time, and — what a perfect exit, you know!"

All London came to Prince's Hall to hear Whistler deliver his *Ten O'clock*. The following comments which I heard are illuminating: —

E. A. Abbey said he thought he had heard it all before.

Lady —— said, "Yes, he is a very clever man."

On the platform behind the curtain his old fellow student, now Sir Edward Poynter, P. R. A.. shook hands with the lecturer, saying, "I congratulate you, Whistler; you said a great many things that, er — ought to be said," and rapidly vanished.

M. Duret remarked to me, "He was describing himself, he and Hokusai are the two great artists."

After this, Whistler turned to me and said, "Did you see 'em [the critics]? They were all sittin' in a row close up, on my left; did you see me shake my finger at 'em?"

The *Ten O'clock* was given at Oxford in April. I went down with Whistler and his brother, "Doctor Willie," to put up at the historic Mitre. The lecture-hall was small, with primitive benches, and the audience was small in comparison with that of London. The lecture was delivered impressively, but lacking the original emphasis and sparkle. Whistler hated to do anything twice over, and this was the third time; but it was on record. When asked to make a drawing of one of his pictures for some publication or other, he had said, "You cannot lay your egg twice."

So on our return to the hotel there was no word of the lecture. Mr. Manners, the original sentry in Gilbert and Sullivan's opera of "Iolanthe," who was staying at the Mitre, was asked to come into our room, and he sang for us "The Contemplative Sentry," the second verse slightly altered to our ears, as thus: —

When in that house R. A.'s divide,
If they 've a brain and cerebellum too,
They 've got to leave that brain outside,
And vote just as their leaders tell 'em to.
But then the prospect of a lot
Of Artists all in close proximity,
A-thinking for themselves is what
No man can face with equanimity.

Next day the master firmly refused to spend time in Oxford: "In the spring landscape was loveliest in London."

On Cheyne Walk, not many doors from the house in which Rossetti secluded himself, was in the latter years of his life that of Whistler, with its old-world garden, where beyond the lawn and the mulberry-tree were the flower-beds and the summer-house; on Sunday afternoons in summer here stood the tea-table, and the master and his wife were at home. Sometimes Whistler would make a lithograph of his guests sitting about the table, not talking as he worked, dressed in a blue serge suit, the "pilot-coat" buttoned, the ends of his black ribbon tie floating over the lapels, his narrow-brimmed straw hat, with black ribbon band, a-tilt over his nose. Or if he were writing a letter to the paper, he would read it to them. With the *Gentle Art of Making Enemies* fresh in the field and Albert Moore in his audience, he read one Sunday the trial scene with dramatic significance. Often it was my good fortune to stay for dinner and spend the evening *en famille*. Many interesting things happened in the blue and white dining-room; here evolved the construction of annotations to the destruction of the annotated in the *Gentle Art;* while the lovely little gold and

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green frog, Mrs. Whistler's model for decorations in a book of fairy-tales, would jump, turning a back somersault from her finger, three feet to the Nankin centrepiece. Sometimes Whistler would play the devil's tattoo on the table and look the part so well that I would say, —

"Would you do all that to them?"

Then Mrs. Whistler would say, "Oh, Jimmy, you 'll be rich, I 'm sure, soon; look at his eyebrows, Mr. Starr; people with eyebrows like that always get rich."

Once I was speaking of B. R. Haydon's vivid autobiography, and Whistler looked up from the copper-plate of The Tragetto, which he was retouching with dry-point, saying, "Yes, Haydon, it seems, went into his studio, locked the door, and before beginning to work, prayed God to enable him to paint for the glory of England. Then seizing a large brush, full of bitumen, he attacked his huge canvas, and of course — God fled."

Only once, that I remember, did Whistler speak to me of the early days in Lindsey Row. One summer night after dinner and the mild game of whist, which Whistler, Mrs. Whistler, her sister, and I used to play, the master had taken me to the door to look at the river. The night lured us down the path to the gate and then on by Don Saltero's walk and Lindsey Row, and Whistler told me of The Balcony, at which we had been looking in his studio before dinner, and other things he had painted there, in the room with windows facing south, — and how beautiful the things observed, how difficult to execute in that south light! Then, indicating Battersea Reach lying bathed in the mysterious bloom of a summer night, he said, "Starr, now please point out the detail which Burne-Jones said my nocturnes lack; of course you can see it, now, please."

We walked back, and "New" Battersea Bridge was before us; his "old" bridge was gone. But that was not troubling him, he had ensured its life well enough. I asked him if the southern exposure of the room in which he was then working troubled him.

"Yes," he said, "it did; but Ruskin lives in the North, you know, and a southern exposure troubled him, rather, eh?"

The Falling Rocket was on the market in those years, and could have been bought for much less than its price in 1892. Messrs. Dowdeswell had it for some time. I spoke of its beauty, quality, and so forth, one day to Mr. Walter Dowdeswell, who said that apparently few people thought as I did, for no one seemed to wish to buy it. The Falling Rocket is now in the Metropolitan Museum, lent by its owner, Mr. Samuel Untermyer. When it came to America, Whistler wrote a postscript to one of his letters as follows: —

"Give us all details as to its safe arrival, and as to how my lovely little 'Rocket' is liked. You must tell them all about 'its place in history.' And let Mr. Untermyer know that he possesses the famous Nocturne that was the destruction of Ruskin. . . ." (With the Butterfly signmanual.)

And in another: "You know that I am greatly pleased, although the picture will now be so far away. Still I certainly do not wish my works in London. Already since the exhibition in Bond Street several pictures have gone to America, and the Ruskin lot will be furious about 'The Fallen Rocket.' Of course you must write and tell me all about the picture — how it looks and how it is liked. In short, I look forward to your next with the greatest possible interest."

One more extract from a later letter gives the atmosphere of 1892: —

"Our address is as you see, Paris, — and I must say I am delighted with the place. The dreariness and dullness of London was at last too depressing for anything — and after the exhibition there was really nothing to stay for. Indeed the exhibition itself summed up the situation most beautifully. It was, as you remember, a complete triumph — crowning all my past victories. No farther

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fighting necessary — I could at last come away to this land of light and joy where honors are heaped upon me, and Peace threatens to take up her abode in the garden of our pretty pavilion. However, I do not promise that I shall not, from time to time, run over to London, in order that too great a sense of security may not come upon the people!"

And now he was in Paris, and he had his triumph. Fortune came to him, and sorrow. Still his goddess remained with him "loving and fruitful." She who had "never turned aside in moments of hope deferred — of insult — and of ribald misunderstanding."

"But his face was sadder with a shadow of gravity like the twilight of his Nocturnes, intangible, but very real. In point of fact even at the moment of success life pressed hard on Whistler. He laughed it to scorn in his lordly fashion. But Life can always take revenge if only by wearing out the man who contemns it just as effectually as the man who gives in." [1]

[1] Arsène Alexandre, in *Les Arts*, October, 1903.

Was Whistler lonely? Perhaps so. Not in the sense of companionship while his wife lived, and he always had friends who loved him; but the companionship of those he seldom or never saw, the sense of being in tune with "some few of his blood," — he felt this loss. When Swinburne wrote his ill-considered article, he felt that. He was writing the answer one evening when I went in. He read it to me. "Why, O brother?" and, "Do we not speak the same language? Are we strangers, then, or, in our Father's house are there so many mansions that you lose your way, my brother, and cannot recognize your kin?"

And he meant it as it is written. So he did the reproof, "Who are you, deserting your Muse, that you should insult my Goddess with familiarity?"

It was in his voice, as was the contempt in "Poet and Peabody." He spoke of this afterwards and said he was lonely, "but one expected it." Mallarmé, too, had told him that he wrote beautiful things, but no one understood them, and he was lonely, lonely, "*comme le cerf — le cerf de Fontainebleau.*"

TO A GREEK BOOTBLACK

BY O. W. FIRKINS

In a dusk and scant retreat,
Fronting on the noisy street,
Six lads, quick of hands and feet,
Ply a trade for song unmeet,
  In the passer's careless view:
I, from Saxon loins that rose —
Churl or swain or serf — who knows? —
High-reared, propping heels and toes,
Brood in meditant repose
  O'er the Greek who blacks my shoe.

Round black head that fronts my knees,
Cheeks whose tint might tempt the bees,

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Profile scarcely formed to please
Myron or Praxiteles,
  Yet of dainty mould and coy;
Eyes whose owner ne'er may guess
What appealing tenderness,
Dream-like in their veiled recess,
Deep and dark their spheres express —
  Longings alien to the boy.

Reascends the ancient æon:
Winds that o'er the broad Ægæan
Skyward lift the joyous pæan,
Chanted as with pipes Pandæan
  O'er the Persian's broken line;
Trail of purple-hemmed himations,
Foam and fragrance of libations,
Viols, harp and flute vibrations,
  Olives, and the Chian vine.

Not for him the dream is spun;
From his lips, unheeding one,
In a hasting torrent run
Accents strange to Xenophon,
  Tones Cithæron never knew:
What to him the ages' sickle?
What the thought that time is fickle?
Brisk, he takes the proffered nickel;
  Eager, seeks the waiting shoe.

Meagre, in this narrowed sluice,
Flows the rich-hued Attic juice;
Shrunken ward of fallen Zeus,
I thy sandal should unloose —
  Sandals — they are vanished too!
Sad eclipse of antique splendor!
Poor blue shirt and crossed suspender!
Tribute gladly would I render;
Tears, or smiles than tears more tender —
  Little Greek that blacks my shoe.

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EXILE

BY HENRY DWIGHT SEDGWICK

SOUTHERN California has a wonderful climate. Day after day the sun rises, makes his diurnal course, and sets in the same cloudless serenity; day after day a royal blue covers the sky from mountain rim to the ocean's horizon; night after night the stars shine with the joy and freshness of new created things. This immobility of splendor, this monotony of glory, begins at last to chafe one's spirit. Northern inconstancy cannot endure this sameness. The law of the North is eternal flux, — sequence of seasons, sunshine and showers, June and December, clouds and transparency. We of the North are but aliens here, temporary sojourners; we cannot become liegemen to the South. To this sensation of estrangement upon our part California exhibits absolute indifference. The royal shapes of this kingdom: the proud modulation of the earth from the flat borders of the placid ocean to the steep sides of the gray-green Sierras, the rising slopes, the swelling mounds, the languorous curves and hollows of the foothills, proclaim haughtily, "California farà da se," — "California is sufficient unto herself; stay or go as you please." In her hospitality, which seemed to the newcomer so prodigal, she opened her lovely arms but not her heart. We are admitted to her gardens, to her outer courts, welcomed to her fruits and flowers, the glistening oak leaf and silvery shining olive, to the music of the palm branches and the silken fringe of the eucalyptus acorns, with all the stately Spanish courtesy of this teeming land; but the central intimacy — the inner content, the complete appreciation — is reserved for the native-born. California's privacy is her own, and the stranger cannot enter. It might be guessed, with what justice I cannot tell, that this last barrier is mere illusion, or that we ourselves erect it. Perhaps the reserve that we impute to California is after all merely our own deficiency; for, in spite of this royal reception, this queenly hospitality, the sojourner from the North becomes homesick.

California was created by nature in the full flood of a High Renaissance; Genii of the earth — a Bonifazio, a Paul Veronese — have been at work, with their gaudy beauty, their extravagance of color, their prodigal portion of gorgeousness. There is too much; the thinner northern nature shrinks into itself, it cannot rest easy before this superb abundance, and hangs back like a shy child when fetched to a banquet. The inward eye turns to other scenes, to a lower scale of color, a meaner standard of beauty, a narrower range of sensation. This very richness keeps reminding us that we are exiles.

There is something wantonly capricious in humanity. At home we are impatient with tameness and familiarity; ennui — subtlest of creeping things — crawls up on its belly: "Why not eat of the rich fruit of the South?" We eat; and exile is our punishment. The stern officer of retribution, Homesickness, holds up a picture of what we have left. Not Veronese in all his splendor can paint as Homesickness paints. The old familiar scenes, refined, etherealized, transfused with light, quiver in an "intenser day:" — the little library, its time-stained, finger-spotted books, the broad windows, the narrow sward, the great elm, the slope down to the brook, the hill beyond, where the winter sun sets as if on the edge of Paradise. We hear the wind whistling through the hemlocks, the dogs jumping and barking, Tom's

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boots creaking as he bears logs into the hall, all sweet as Christmas carols. Household figures come like bringers of a gospel. Neighbors pass, — the parson, the schoolmaster, the doctor, the grocer's man, the tinsmith's boy, the schoolgirl with her red muffler, the old lady across the way, the elderly cousin twice removed, — all Shakespearean characters; what life, what humanity, what diversity, what subtlety, what range and compass of affection and interest! How could we be blind to all this? What hung a curtain before our eyes? What put poison into familiarity? Why can we not perceive the worth of all our common things without its being necessary that the genius of life should take pain or sin "to stab our spirits broad awake?" Is this numbness, this blank stupidity, the work of the heart or of the head? is it egotism, fed on idleness and vulgarity, or is it the darkness of unimagination? Sometimes we do not open our eyes to the beauty of home until death has cut into it and marred it forever; no man can be too grateful to the genius of life that she wakes him up by the gentler stab of exile. Yet exile though beneficent is stern; it makes its lessons effective. The vision of beauty left behind brings inseparably with it the conscious pain of absence. The exile cannot forget his maim.

But all exiles are not to blame. Some are banished by the tyrant, ill health; some by that other tyrant, poverty; and in old days some were banished by a tyrant king or demagogue. It is an ill wind that blows nobody good; and readers have got much good from that institution of exile. Some of the most touching pages of poetry are due to it. At times one grasps at the idea of banishing all our poets to see what would come of it. What is more loaded with feeling than Dante's lines: —

> Thou shalt leave everything loved most dearly;
> Thou shalt prove how salt the taste
> Of another man's bread, how hard a path it is
> To go up and down another man's stairs.

In those days exile was a serious matter. The exile lost his means of livelihood, and must earn his salt bread as best he might; and the very narrowness of his country, a few acres within encircling walls and a few square miles round about, gave love of it an intensity that such men as we, whose country is a continent, cannot understand. His fellow citizens were all individuals; he knew all the members of his guild, all the prosperous merchants, all the great families, the Uberti, the Donati, the Cavalcanti, the Guidi, the Lamberti, their fortresses, their men-at-arms, their varlets, their link-bearers, the iron-work on their gates, the machicolations on their turrets, their incomes, their spendings, their animosities, and affections. One thinks with a chill of that winter day on which Dante was banished from Florence, when he left wife and children, the familiar walls, the oft-trodden streets, the well-known fields, the olive orchards, the color-loving waters of the Arno, when he looked for the last time on the sweep of hills that half girdle Florence from San Miniato to Fiesole. From his grief and anger, better than from all the historians, we learn what Florence was, with her well-beloved baptistery, her churches, her towers, her pride in herself, and her children's pride in her.

> Ungrateful Florence, Dante sleeps afar.

He would not go back unless he should receive the poet's crown in all honor from his self-humbling fellow citizens; and the Florentines displayed no tendency toward self-humiliation.

Loneliness is the most poignant of sorrows, and the exile in California longs for sympathy and the company of other exiles as lonely as he. I betook myself to my one source of comfort, my landlord's library, and looked over the shelves to find some companion for my mood; but except for Dante and a few lines in Shakespeare I found little. There was Edward Everett Hale's story of *The Man without a Country*, but that did not square with my humor. At last I found,

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tucked away on a lower shelf with sundry Latin school-books, an Ovid. The words "Allen & Greenough" were a talisman to evoke long-slumbering memories. At Harvard College, in a time midway between nearness and real remoteness, there used to be a course in Latin, known as Latin II; twice a week a lot of boys struggled with the colloquies between Davos and Geta, as those two slaves for their part struggled to unravel the snarl in which their gay young masters, Romanized Greeks swaggering in Athens, had tangled their sweethearts, their fathers, and themselves. Terence's cribbed plots and borrowed characters, the old jokes and simulations of merriment, were a very lugubrious business between lectures; but when the boys had trooped in and ranged themselves noisily on the benches, had rotated like little dogs preparing to lie down, had kicked their nearest neighbors, had gazed about to see who was *cutting* and who had his trot beneath his desk; when the preliminary five minutes for adjustment of mind and body were up, a pleasant voice from the professor's desk asked Mr. X if he would render in English such and such a scene. Mr. X mumbled a few words, fumbled for his trot, tried to catch a whisper from behind, and flunked. At this the professor, in his pleasant voice, as if it were his turn to take up a thread most satisfactorily left by Mr. X, began to read in capital vernacular the old Roman dialogue, blending slang and colloquial phrases very much as certain notable *dramatis personæ* of Harvard at that time used to do, — Connors the dog-fancier, Horace the Expressman, Billy the Postman, — and threw a glow of humor from his genial face over all the scene, until the poor old Latin mummies rose up, limbered out, and walked. It was indeed a miracle; and in this care-dispelling, kindly way Professor Greenough went through life.

The reminiscences suggested by the words "Allen & Greenough" seemed to bring Ovid nearer, and yet what had I to do with the old Roman rhymester, with his hexameters and pentameters, his *Metamorphoses* and *Ars Amatoria?* However, as I met no other exile, I picked him up, Publius Ovidius Naso. He told his own story. He was a fashionable poet in Rome "under the good Augustus." His father, a gentleman of birth, brought his two sons to Rome to be educated. Both were intended for political careers, and both studied accordingly; but Publius dawdled over verses. The paternal warning was in vain. "Studium quid inutile temptas? Why waste your time over that stuff? Even Homer did not leave a penny.' But Publius "lisped in numbers for the numbers came," and when his brother died he could afford *temptare inutile studium*. He frequented the older poets. He had the honor to read Macer's verses in manuscript. Propertius and he belonged to the same club; Ponticus, famous for his epic, and Bassus, for his iambics, were his chums. There is great autumnal pathos in this casual reference to forgotten names, like that when looking at urns discovered in a catacomb; the pleasure of affection, the pride of intimacy, the joy of youth and poetry, all obliterated two thousand years ago, and none but a few students (*studiosi comati*) to read even their names. Ovid saw the great Virgil — *Vergilium vidi tantum* — and listened to Horace recite his odes. Tibullus, to his regret, had died before his day. And as Ovid grew in distinction the younger poets frequented him in their turn.

It was a careless time. The riches of the world flowed into Rome, — taxes, tribute, slaves, merchants, officials, proselytizing priests, appellants, country gentlemen, provincial aristocrats, foreign princes, remote ambassadors; in this hothouse of peace and conquest, palaces, temples, forums, arches, sprang up like mushrooms. The flash and flare of newly acquired riches, the push of social life, the fever of Cæsarian fortune, the dashing naughtiness of the Princess Julia,

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made fashion very gay. Many a time the young poets watched the rising sun gild the roof of the Capitol. Ovid was in the thick of amusement. He wrote his *Amores*, besides other amatory verse which in soberer moments he concluded to burn; he made songs in honor of Corinna (was she the Princess Julia?) that were sung throughout the town. His heart, he says, was very susceptible. To induce him to settle down, his parents got him a "worthless, useless wife." That union was brief; his second wife, though blameless, was also transitory; but the third was a true and loyal companion. At fifty he was a prosperous gentleman, a grandfather; his house was near the Capitol; his poems were famous throughout the Roman world, familiar to all the city; he himself was the centre of literary society; suddenly the god, Cæsar Augustus, hurled his thunderbolt, and Ovid was banished for life to the borders of the Black Sea.

The cause of his banishment — "folly, error, not willful wrong-doing" — was, he says, known to everybody, but discretion keeps him from mentioning it. It could not have been political, for no one profited by political stability more than Ovid; it could hardly have been making love to Princess Julia, for she was now forty-six years old, had been married successively to the three heirs to the throne, Marcellus, Agrippa, and Tiberius, had grown-up children, and had herself been banished eleven years before. Perhaps he knew too much about Princess Julia the younger, and her reckless doings. The blow was wholly unexpected. "When the memory of that most wretched night, my last in the City, comes to me, even now tears drop from my eyes. The day was close at hand on which Cæsar commanded me to leave the furthest bounds of Italy; my mind was not ready, nor had I time, to prepare what was needed. I was not able to think of choosing servants or an attendant; I had no clothes nor belongings fit for exile. I was paralyzed, like a man struck by lightning. When at last grief cleared my mind and I had fully come to my senses, I bade a last good-by to my sorrowing friends, of whom (the many a little while ago) were left but two. My wife clung to me and wept more bitterly than I; tears rained down her cheeks. My daughter was far away in Africa, and did not know my fate. All over the house was wailing and sobbing; it was like a death scene, every corner of the house was wet with tears. The sounds of men and dogs (voices of the day) died away; the moon drove her chariot on high; by her light I saw the Capitol close by my house (bootless proximity) and said, 'Ye Gods whose house is next to mine, ye Temples that I shall never see again, ye Gods of Great Rome, whom I must leave, farewell forever.' I prayed a prayer to the Gods; my wife prayed many, interrupting them with sobs. Stretched by our hearth, her hair all down, she kissed the dead embers with tremulous lips and prayed the household gods futile prayers for her lost husband. Then precipitate night cut short my dallying. . . . How often did I say when they bade me hurry, 'Why urge me, think whither I go, think what I go from.' . . . Three times I reached the door, three times turned back. . . . I, living, must leave forever my living wife, my home, my kind and loyal household, my friends whom I have loved like a brother, hearts linked to mine by a heroic faith. One more embrace while it is possible. . . . I went as if I left my body; she, weighed down by grief, fell fainting in the house."

Poor fellow; luxury, flattery, good cheer, a house in town, a villa in the country, trained servants, jolly companions, fellow poets, amatory verses, had not stored up any two-o'clock-in-the-morning courage. The voyage through the Ægean Sea and the Hellespont, and along the coast of the Black Sea, was terrifying in itself; and Tomi, a little town on the edge of the world, was peopled by Barbarian fishermen, Greek traders, Thracian peasants, Sarmatian

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boors. The Danube froze in winter, and Ovid constantly expected hostile tribes to make forays across the ice. In fact, Tomi was somewhat like Detroit in Pontiac's time. "Here, although my neighbors' weapons ring in my ears, I lighten my hard lot as much as I can by poetry. For though there is no one to hear it, yet even so I cheat and pass the time. That I am alive and can bear these hardships I must thank you, Goddess of Poetry; you comfort me; you are my ease from care; you are medicine to my blood; you are my guide and friend; you snatch me from the Danube and give me a place in the middle of Helicon."

One can imagine the luckless Roman, shivering in rough, bearskin coat, only his face out, his breath frozen on his beard, as he shuffled through the mud and snow, with images of Rome engraven on his heart, — the gold-topped Capitol on its high eminence, the Forum Romanum, the Temple of Julius, the triumphal arch of Augustus, the Shrine of Vesta, the Sacra Via still echoing to Horace's feet, the stately palace of the Emperor on the Palatine. Every day and night he thought of his faithful wife; and he composed an epitaph for her to put on his tomb, if his ashes should have the fortune to be taken home: —

> Here lies the poet of Love and Coquetry,
> Ovid, who died from fault of his own wit.
> Forbear not, Passer-by, if thou hast loved,
> To say, 'Soft rest his bones.'

Ovid was no hero. Cato or Marcus Brutus would not have found the Black Sea border so barren. "The mind is its own place;" their Lares and Penates would have gone with them. But his exile is a mere allegory to teach us patience.

Exile is the course of life, — so wills the Omnipotent, — only for most of us it is a gradual process. Life is one long series of bans. First we are banished from babyhood, that wonderful time in which every minute brings its miracle, in which a ministering angel, with those slender, delicate, flowerlike implements of love, that men call hands, is our constant slave; in the morning she begins, undoes the robes in which it has been our pleasure to while away the night, and plunges us into a glorious pond, placidly transparent on its milk-white bed, in which is the most marvelous playfellow, soft, clear, and friendly; this playfellow waits till we give the signal for the game, then splashes, dashes, giggles, rollicks, and, when we pound it and slap it, throws back into our faces little glittering, rainbow-hued diamonds, soft and fresh as kisses. To all this we bid farewell forever. Next we are banished from our youth, from the nimbleness, the merriment, the infinity, the nobleness of boyhood. That was the great *Patria*, a very Rome, filled with heroic figures. Who does not remember when he first went to school, standing on the edge of the football field and watching the godlike heroes play? There Hector, head down, all splashed with mud, his cheeks scarlet, his nose scratched, his jersey torn, dashed towards the Grecian goal; there mighty Achilles tackled and threw him; there Diomede, Ajax, and Menelaus charged the Trojan squad, while crafty Ulysses punted from behind, and Agamemnon yelled his angry orders. Never again will the world be so full of demigods. From these heroic scenes the luckless boy was banished. His next exile was from the glorious kingdom of romance; there on the edge of the sacred grove, his breath held in, his heart beating hard, he saw — miracle of miracles — creatures, seemingly human and yet not boys, surely divine, Diana and her nymphs. He built an altar on the spot and offered up his soul. Then came the stern decree; and so life makes its stages. We bid farewell to the sunkissed top of Jupiter Capitolinus, shining triumphantly over a world of gayety and joy, shining indifferent to our departure; we kiss the dying embers of our sacred hearths; we eat the salt bread and climb the steep, steep stairs of exile. Is there no help? Has Cæsar Augustus power over all

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things? Can he banish us from "everything most dearly loved"?

At the very time that poor Ovid was eating out his heart on the shore of the Black Sea, there was a little boy teaching in the Temple at Jerusalem; and the fruit of his teaching was the abolition of exile, for he conceived the idea that the Kingdom of God is within us. It is an idea born of love; and for the children of the spirit of God, it is truth. But we, children of the dust of the earth, have no such kingdom within us. Within is emptiness; and so, without, we are slaves to inconstancy. We proceed from change to change seeking peace; but place brings no comfort, time brings no consolation. We have lost and flung away our beliefs, but we cannot pluck from our hearts the seeds that consciousness of mortality has planted there; we are haunted by a voice, — *Omnia Vanitas præter amare Deum et illi solo servire.* (Is Christ or Death the God whom we ignorantly worship?) For those who hear that voice there is no ease in restlessness, no calm in change. Wherever they go, they feel that they are strangers and pilgrims.

The pagans enjoyed a cheerful, careless, animal content; they did not kneel, they stood on their feet erect, they were playmates of the gods and shared the Olympian disregard of morbid perplexities, sympathies, and aspirations. Ovid had no sickly perturbations, no uncertain hopes; his one desire was as clear and definite as Cæsar's head on a freshly-minted coin. Rome was his heaven.

California is pagan, too. When the sun sets and the dying day shakes its departing glories from sea to beach, from beach to field, from field to mountain, the Franciscan monks (poor exiles from the past) creep out of their Missions and sing *Ave Maria;* but California laughs. The Sierras, the foothills, the flowering slopes, the blossoming orchards, the budding gardens laugh to the blue waters, and the sparkling waves laugh back. The oranges laugh in their orchards, the lemons in their dark green leaves, the olives in their silvery gray, the guava and the plum tree, the passion-flower, the honeysuckle, the white rose, the violet, and the lily. They have no compassion, no longings for the impossible, no fears of the unknown; they live in the full glow of the radiant present, and laugh. They do not worship the Virgin; they claim no kinship with Christ. Their mother is the foam-born goddess of passion: —

Not as thine, not as thine was our mother — a blossom of flowering seas,
. . . . . .
For thine came pale and a maiden, and sister to sorrow; but ours,
Her deep hair heavily laden with odor and color of flowers,
White rose of the rose-white water, a silver splendor, a flame,
Bent down unto us that besought her, and earth grew sweet with her name.
For thine came weeping, a slave among slaves, and rejected; but she
Came flushed from the full-flushed wave, and imperial, her foot on the sea.
And the wonderful waters knew her, the winds and the viewless ways,
And the roses grew rosier, and bluer the sea-blue stream of the bays.

But the thin-blooded exile from the North, as he hears this exultant cry of passionate life, shrinks within himself, bows his head, and murmurs with his lips, *Ave Maria!* Blessed art thou among women, for thy Son had compassion on the exile and gave him the promise, the hope — the illusion? — of a home.

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THE PUBLIC SERVICE COMMISSIONS LAW OF NEW YORK

BY THOMAS MOTT OSBORNE

I

THE events which led to the passage of the Public Service Commissions Law in the state of New York are of such recent occurrence that it might not be unnatural to assume that they are still fresh in the minds of every one interested in public affairs; but in our country political memories are so very short that it is never safe to assume a clear recollection of the most elementary facts in the situation of even two years ago. Four years is a political generation — the life of a national administration — and our whole political thought and action is thereby chopped into very short units.

In New York State with its governor's term of two years, our political memories tend to be even shorter than in national affairs; and certainly it seems as if recent events had moved with almost enough rapidity to justify our vagueness. It is but little more than three years since the struggle for control of a great life-insurance company brought about a sort of family quarrel among its directors; that quarrel uncovered a grave condition of affairs in which of necessity the public was seriously interested; that interest led to a legislative investigation; that investigation brought to the front an experienced, able, and fearless lawyer who had hitherto lived but little in the public eye; and that able lawyer probed the life-insurance scandals with such marked ability, high professional standards, and remorseless vigor that, when the Republican party of the state, crippled by savage quarrels among its leaders and much discredited by its recent record, looked about for a candidate who could win the election of 1906 it recognized that he was the one man who could defeat the political combination which had been formed against it.

It certainly is no secret that among the states of the Union, New York has endured its full share of that reckless disregard of the rules of sound finance which has characterized the rapid development of our public utilities in the last fifty years. In fact, we have had rather more than our share of the violation of monetary sanity and economic morals (to say nothing of economic decency) that has accompanied that development. The scandals attendant upon the earlier operations of the New York Central Railroad, the performances of Jim Fiske and his printing-press in the manipulations of the Erie, the story of Jacob Sharpe and his Broadway franchise, and last but not least the Interborough-Metropolitan merger, are only the more striking chapters in a long story of intrigue, corruption, and disgrace. The annals of almost every city in the state can show their own version of the combination of scheming promoters, selfish investors, uninterested citizens, and greedy politicians; their own record of valuable rights given away without foresight and often with the most revolting concomitants of bribery and corruption.

It would, of course, be grossly unfair to blame the condition of things which resulted entirely upon the corporations which were formed to develop the public utilities and to which the public grants or franchises were given. At the best they were developing services of vast importance to the communities; at the worst we can only say that it seems to be human nature with too many people in the business world to grasp at what seems to be

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for their greatest pecuniary advantage, without troubling themselves very much about general ethical considerations. On the other hand the "plain people" — the very ones who ought to be most interested in good government, — have seemed to be the very ones most unconcerned.

For a number of years, however, there has been developing a distinct change in the temper of the public mind toward such matters. There has arisen a renewed sense of the hatefulness of public dishonesty, a renewal of belief in the public trust involved in public office. If some of the manifestations of awakened conscience seem rather too overstrained and sensational to be quite sound or lasting, yet such states of mind often aid in producing important political results — as was the case in the autumn of 1906.

At that time there seemed to come about a political crisis as sudden as it was unexpected, although to the more far-sighted it had been in truth preparing for several years. A not unnatural sense of injury and grievance had grown up as the public had followed the testimony in different investigations which seemed to open up ever new vistas of corruption; as it had followed the proceedings in the Standard Oil cases; had perused the highly colored revelations of "high finance" — by "one of themselves;" and had watched the proceedings of various reckless promoters and financiers, seeing those favored individuals amassing vast fortunes the origin of which lay in the public franchises which had been procured upon such easy terms.

It is at periods like this, when the people has lost confidence in its servants, in its old leaders, in the very framework of the social structure, — apparently almost losing faith in democratic self-government itself, — and is calling for some political Moses to lead it out of bondage, that there comes the moment eagerly awaited by the demagogue. Trading upon the righteous anger of the just, upon the prejudices of the unreasoning, upon the cupidity of the mercenary, upon the timidity of the politician, the demagogue becomes suddenly a menace to society; a menace, not because he may not be entirely right in his analysis of the situation, but because from the nature of the case he is a destructive and not a constructive force; and because he is always seeking, not how to apply genuine remedies, not how to safeguard the interests of the mass, but only how to turn the situation to his own personal advantage; a menace, because, even if he is honest in his aims, he has faith in progress by revolution rather than progress by evolution, believing in miracles rather than in science.

It is distinctly to the credit of the people of New York State that in the midst of a genuine crisis of political feeling there should have been shown such careful weighing of all considerations before political action; that amid forceful appeals to passion and prejudice, based upon undoubted public grievances, there should have been upon both sides so much honest endeavor to think clearly and act justly. Probably at no election ever held in New York State was there so complete a breakdown of the ordinary political barriers. Republicans by thousands voted the Democratic ticket in whole or in part; Democrats by thousands voted the Republican ticket in whole or in part. While outwardly old party forms were maintained, in reality party ties in a large measure ceased to exist.

As the campaign developed it became a genuine choice between one who preached the gospel of disorder,[1] under cover of a righteous outbreak against existing conditions on the one side, and on the other an exponent of calm, sane, and orderly progress. And it is a humorous illustration of the irony of history that the Republican party, which of the

[1] "As between Rottenness and Riot," said Mr. Bourke Cochran, when defending his candidate at the Buffalo Convention, "I prefer Riot." A unique way, certainly, of recommending a nominee for governor.

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two political parties may fairly be held far the more responsible for the evils of the situation, should have been the one to place in nomination the genuine reformer; while the Democratic party should have thrown away the chance of a generation by allowing its opponents to play once more the old game so aptly described by Disraeli at the time of the repeal of the Corn Laws, when he averred that Peel had caught the Whigs in bathing and had run off with their clothes.

The result of the election was to seat in the governor's chair an able and successful lawyer, a Republican who aims always to place state interests before partisan advantage, a man of the sincerest and most confirmed honesty, of a high ideal of public service, of determined convictions yet open mind; moreover, a man who realized fully that his election was simply an expression of public confidence in him personally in the midst of his party's defeat. Governor Hughes realized to the full the political difficulties of the situation, and the dangerous temper of the public mind, along with the genuine grievances which lay behind and were the cause of it; so he at once set himself to grapple with the problem in the calm temper of a true statesman. The Public Service Commissions Bill was the outcome.

II

The law as it was passed contains five articles, the main points of which may be briefly touched upon.

1. By Article One the state is divided into two districts, with a separate and independent commission for each. The first district includes what is known as Greater New York, — the four counties of New York, Kings, Queens, and Richmond (or New York City, Brooklyn, Long Island City, and Staten Island), — and the second includes all other counties in the state. This division, suggested by the great difference in character of the problems in the two districts, has been already justified by experience.

The ten Commissioners, five for each district, are appointed by the Governor subject to the approval of the Senate, but removable by the Governor alone. They must have no official relation to any corporation subject to the provisions of the act, nor own stocks or bonds therein. Neither shall they ask the appointment of any person to office by such corporations or receive from them any pass or reduction in fare.

Each Commission appoints its own counsel, secretary, and minor employees, and each single commissioner has full power to hold investigations and hearings, although an order must be approved by the Commission before it becomes operative. The Commission is not bound by the technical rules of evidence, but is free to get at the facts in the quickest and simplest way possible. All witnesses are duly protected, and the Commission can force attendance and secure testimony, refusal constituting a misdemeanor.

2. Article Two prescribes the duties of common carriers, which term includes, according to the wording of the act, "all railroad corporations, street-railroad corporations, express companies, car companies, sleeping-car companies, freight companies, freight-line companies, and all persons and associations of persons, whether incorporated or not, operating such agencies for public use in the conveyance of persons or property."

Common carriers shall furnish to the public "such service and facilities as shall be safe and adequate and in all respects just and reasonable;" and "all charges made or demanded . . . shall be just and reasonable and not more than allowed by law or by order of the Commission." They shall provide proper switch and side-track connections; and shall file and keep open for "public inspection schedules showing the rates of fare and charges for the transportation of passengers and property."

There shall be no special rate, rebate, or unjust discrimination of any kind; no "free ticket, free pass or free transporta-

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tion of passengers or property," exception being made of officers of the railway and certain other specified individuals. But this provision is not to prevent the issuing of mileage or commutation tickets.

There must be sufficient and suitable cars for freight in carload lots; sufficient cars and motive power on railroads and street railroads to meet all requirements for the transportation of passengers and property; the Commission being expressly given power to make suitable regulations for the furnishing of freight cars and for demurrage charges.

3. Article Three continues the provisions relating to common carriers, dealing especially with the powers of the Commission for carrying the provisions of Article Two into effect.

Power is given to the Commission:—

(*a*) To examine into the general condition, capitalization, franchises, and management of all common carriers;

(*b*) To examine all books, contracts, records, documents, and papers, and to compel their production;

(*c*) To conduct hearings and take testimony on any proposed change of law when requested to do so by the Legislature, by the Senate or Assembly Committee on Railroads, or by the Governor;

(*d*) To prescribe the form of annual reports;

(*e*) To investigate accidents;

(*f*) To investigate as to any act done, or omitted to be done, in violation of law or of any order of the Commission;

(*g*) To fix rates and service;

(*h*) To order repairs, improvements, or changes in tracks, switches, terminals, motive power, or any other property or device, in order to secure adequate service;

(*i*) To order changes in time schedules by increasing the number of trains, cars, or motive power, or by changes in the time of starting its trains or cars;

(*j*) To establish a uniform system of accounts and prescribe the manner in which they shall be kept.

The approval of the Commission is necessary for various things. Without it

(*a*) No construction of a railroad or street railroad, or extension of existing lines, shall be begun;

(*b*) No franchise shall be assigned or transferred;

(*c*) No railroad or street railroad or other stock corporation shall purchase or hold any capital stock of any other road;

(*d*) No stocks, bonds, notes, or other evidences of indebtedness (except notes payable within twelve months) shall be issued;

(*e*) No merger or consolidation of existing companies shall be made; and in case such merger is approved, it is provided that the capital stock of the merger shall not exceed the sum at par of the capital stock of the corporations so consolidated, or any additional sum paid in cash.

The penalties for failure to comply with an order of the Commission are drastic. Each day's violation constitutes a separate offense, and for each offense the penalty is $5000 if by a common carrier, $1000 if by other than a common carrier. Every individual who aids or abets any violation of an order of the Commission, or who fails to obey, or aids or abets any corporation in its failure to obey, is guilty of a misdemeanor. In case the Commission believes that a common carrier is violating the law or an order of the Commission, it may commence an action to secure relief by way of mandamus or injunction, and the court shall require an answer within twenty days.

4. Article Four applies practically similar provisions to the gas and electric companies. It also provides for inspection of all gas and electric meters. The Commission has the right to fix rates upon proper complaints as to quality or price, not only of that supplied by private persons and corporations, but of that supplied by municipal lighting plants as well; it has power to examine the books and affairs of the producers, to approve of all incorporation and franchises, and of all stocks, bonds, and other in-

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debtedness; in short, this article is similar in aim to the preceding, although, having been drafted with less success, it is in places somewhat obscure. It is to be hoped that amendments to the law will soon remedy these defects.

5. In Article Five the act comes to an end with the abolition of the former Railroad, Gas and Electricity, and New York City Rapid Transit Commissions, and the state inspectors of gas meters; followed by the necessary provisions for the transfer of records, the continuance of pending actions and proceedings, and the necessary appropriations.

But there has not been mentioned the most vital and far-reaching clause of the bill. In Section 55 occurs the following: "*The Commission shall have no power to authorize the capitalization of any franchise or the right to own, operate or enjoy any franchise whatever in excess of the amount (exclusive of any tax or annual charge) actually paid to the State or to a political subdivision thereof as the consideration for the grant of such franchise or right.*" In other words, the law decrees that hereafter the grant given by state or municipality shall not be treated as a private asset of the corporation and its value represented in stock, but that the value of the franchise and the increment thereof shall remain forever the property of the state.

To call this law a piece of radical legislation is to speak mildly; it seems to mark an epoch in the history of New York State; for the corporations affected by the stringent provisions of the law are among those upon which the whole structure of our present business system rests. Without the railroads modern commerce would be impossible; without the street railroads our cities could not spread their vast populations out into their ever-growing suburbs, and social conditions would be completely altered; gas and electricity are not merely essential to our comfort, they are necessary to the existing order — all of these public utilities are vital elements in the lives of every one of us, and a law which compels such a complete readjustment of their relations to the state on the one side and the public on the other is not merely radical, it is revolutionary.

III

To many people the bare suggestion that state or municipality shall undertake to regulate any business hitherto in private hands is at once denounced as "socialism." I must confess to having only the vaguest notion of what "socialism" is, but judging from the current use of the term it means anything you want the state to do that I do not want it to do. It has been urged against the Public Service Commissions Law that it is "socialism." Perhaps it is; but people are not going to be frightened by a mere word. Before we begin to tremble suppose we look the facts squarely in the face and see what this law is intended to accomplish; and recall why it seemed necessary for such a law to be passed. And it might be well for us to disabuse our minds of preconceived notions and prejudices for things as they are, and think rather of things as they ought to be.

The English race, including ourselves as at least a political branch thereof, has certainly never shown any great liking for monopolies. When such were fostered by government and bestowed by royal prerogative they were the objects of popular hatred and the causes of rebellion; and the feeling against them to-day is less strong only because we have felt ourselves to so large an extent free of them. Some of us, to be sure, have seen in the iniquities of our tariff some of the worst features of monopolies; but we have never as yet succeeded in impressing these views very deeply upon the mass of our fellow citizens. The general public, feeling that it owned and could control the government, has been singularly careless and thoughtless in the matter until of late; for it felt that in any event the remedy

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was close at hand. The old cure for monopolies was a simple one — abolish government protection and let competition have its way. And in most cases where a monopoly seeks to control the output of some ordinary article of trade or manufacture, this remedy has been successful; and the belief that "competition is the life of trade" has been until lately one of the articles of commercial orthodoxy.

When our great modern public utilities first came into being, they were not recognized as infant monopolies. When a man wished to build a railroad he was regarded only as a daring adventurer who was about to start a new and superior line of coaches on a strange private highway, — merely a new element of competition. It was the same with a gas company, gas being at first only a newfangled light trying to prove its doubtful superiority over lamps and candles. Electricity was in its turn only a competitor of gas; a street-car line a competitor of the more expensive cab company; an interurban trolley a competitor of the railway. All these were merely new and comparative conveniences which science was putting within our reach, which we could trust private ownership to develop and which competition would regulate. The ordinary American merchant or manufacturer, intent upon his own business and satisfied if he was making it pay, was also satisfied if he was getting from railroad, express company, telegraph, or telephone the service that his own particular business required; and he was little inclined to question the right of investors, who were bringing to him the business advantage of a very useful public service, to do what he himself was doing — make as much money as possible on the investment. And while merchants and manufacturers were thus absorbed and the general public indifferent, what was originally a mere competitive public convenience was fast becoming a public utility; and then, before we realized it, it had become an absolute public necessity. We suddenly woke to find the business world struggling to readjust itself to new and strange conditions — to the pressure of brutal bigness: enormous railway systems, gigantic mergers, world-wide trusts, accumulators of fabulous millions; the vast scale of the operations seemed in itself terrifying.

The old theory was that railroad or gas company, trolley or power company, under a minimum of public supervision, should be managed like private business corporations, — primarily, if not exclusively, for the financial benefit of the investors. To be sure, under the fostering care of the older generation of railroad manipulators, that theory received some rather severe shocks, and we realized that the investors frequently failed to get their share of the profits; nevertheless, whatever the practice, the theory was still held to be sound. But under the new order, our ideas have changed, as we have seen these great railroad systems utilized by commercial monopolies to fasten their hold upon the public and crush out competition with remorseless vigor; as we have seen valuable franchises secured for favored individuals, all too frequently by methods utterly abhorrent both in law and morals; as we have come to realize the power which lies in the hands of an irresponsible board of directors to stimulate artificially one community while it may destroy another; as the knowledge has been slowly burned into our consciousness that public-service corporations were after all managed by men very human in their weaknesses, greedy for power and wealth, and no more successful in resisting temptation than the rest of mankind. Studying these corporations more closely, we have seen the newer companies — railroads, interurban electric roads, and lighting companies — being managed primarily if not exclusively for the benefit, not of the investors, but of those who could induce investors to invest. A new form of human pest has thus made its appearance — the pro-

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moter; and a new science of commerce and banking has made its appearance, which I think has not been named yet. "New" did I say? To some of us these new friends look most uncommonly like our old acquaintances Dick Turpin and Jack Sheppard in a fresh disguise; and the new commerce and banking have a most unseemly resemblance to an old amusement known as highway robbery. Wordsworth's Rob Roy was not the first to invent that

> Good old rule . . . the simple plan
> That they should take who have the power
> And they should keep who can.

Nor has he been the last.

In this latest variation of the old game the interests of the investor and the interests of the public alike have been overlooked; but it is all a very logical outcome of the original mistake — the theory that a public utility is a mere matter of private business. We should not therefore expend our rhetoric against the corporations, — they were often more sinned against than sinning, for had it not been for our own blindness they would never have been left to pursue their objects too frequently in what now seems to us a highly predatory manner.

If it has taken us a long time to realize that public-service corporations are in their nature monopolistic, it is also taking us a long time to get over the idea that the safeguard of the public is competition. Therefore, legislatures have chartered rival railroads, and common councils have granted franchises to rival trolley, gas, and electric companies; only to find that almost inevitably, after a brief period of cut-throat competition, with threatened failure to both companies, there was a consolidation, overcapitalization, and relatively, if not actually, higher charges; and thus for the poor consumer the last state was worse than the first.

In New York we seem at last to have waked up to the fact that in these public utilities there not only never has been any genuine competition, but from the nature of the case there never could be; we are also learning that if justice is to be done to the public as well as to the corporation, — to the buyer as well as to the seller, — something else must be substituted in place of competition, and that something we are now to try in the shape of state regulation.

The policy of state interference in any business is not one that we naturally take kindly to in this country; and we have certainly not been hasty in trying it in New York State. So long ago as 1879, the Hepburn Committee investigation pointed out some of the evils of rebates and other railway practices as clearly as has ever been done; yet it was 1906 before the legislature took any effective action in regard to the matter; and our municipalities as well as the state have been very slow to exert their powers. Of course, opinions will continue to differ as to the advisability of state interference; but in the judgment of those who read best the trend of the public mind, the time has gone by when there can be much dispute over the main contention; the only question is how far the state shall go. For the exact point where private action may best end, and the community itself should take hold, has certainly not been discovered yet; nor is it likely ever to be settled, for social conditions shift quite as rapidly as social experiments are made; and where can we draw the dividing line?

Some lawyers will tell us that there is no dividing line in this particular matter, that there is no essential difference between a public-service corporation and any other, and that it is simply a question of public policy as to what business the state shall undertake to regulate, and what it shall leave without interference. Others will say that however hard it is to draw a dividing line, yet there is certain territory which is quite obviously on one side of the line, wherever the line may be, and certain territory quite as obviously on the other.

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Also it seems to be true that a certain business may stand on one side of the line in one generation and occupy the other side in the next. For many centuries it was public policy to subject the innkeeper to stringent regulation in the public interest; but with the growth of modern conditions it has ceased to be necessary, and a modern hotel company can hardly be classed as a public-service corporation. On the other hand, when a virtual monopoly in the supply of some necessity of life has come into existence, that business certainly is drifting over the line into territory where some sort of public regulation seems inevitable.

All the businesses which are placed under the jurisdiction and supervision of the New York Public Service Commissions are, more or less, monopolies depending upon some form of public grant or franchise. Not only are our railways great state highways, but the companies that own them own also the means of traversing them and of transporting goods along them. Our street railways occupy the public thoroughfares under exclusive grants from municipalities. The gas companies must get permission from the city to dig up the public streets, and electric-light companies to erect their poles. Express, freight-line, and sleeping-car companies only supplement the work of the railway. Not one would be able to exist except for the public grant which is its foundation; it is therefore to the state that we must now turn for relief against the power of the monopolies which have been allowed to rise upon that foundation.

When we come to a consideration of these franchises the first thing we find is, that, although in most cases the corporation had paid nothing to the state or municipality for the franchise, yet no sooner has the franchise been secured than it has been capitalized, often at an enormously inflated valuation, and the resulting securities have been marketed in the same way as those for which good solid cash has been paid.

Now, as a matter of fact, the value of a franchise is very fluctuating — a thing impossible to fix. The franchise of a non-existent railroad is of no inherent value; on the other hand the value of the same franchise, after fifty years' development of the road and growth of the communities about it, may almost exceed imagination; but since the state has claimed the right to regulate rates, thus demolishing the theory that the railroad conducts a private business, the value of every railroad franchise in the state as a basis for an issue of securities is very materially diminished if not obliterated.

If the franchise is something of value, the state should certainly not give it away; if it is of no value, then the corporation should not capitalize it; but to secure it for nothing and then capitalize it, is "special privilege" with a vengeance. The worst of the matter however is this, that when the corporation proceeded to capitalize the franchise, upon the theory that it represented an asset upon which returns in the shape of dividends should be paid, — the same as if it were money invested in the enterprise, — the corporation was on the one hand receiving from the state a gift of more or less value, and on the other forcing the state to pay perpetual tribute upon the very thing it had given away — to the tune of many times its actual value when the promoters were clever enough to "discount the future" in their issues of stock. When you come to dissect the matter and look it over coolly it does seem as if this were on the whole the most skillful confidence game which has ever been worked on the public; for the experienced financier, after capitalizing his franchise, could unload the watered securities on the "widow and orphan," and place the resulting cash in "gilt-edged" investments far removed from inquisitive legislators and public-service commissions.

This is not saying — and let this point be made quite clear — that there have not been many noble and high-minded men connected with our public-service

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corporations; that the development of public utilities has not been of immense value to the community; nor that they have not often been conducted with the highest motives of philanthropic enterprise. But it is an assertion that the theory underlying the treatment of the franchise was wrong and the system built upon it was bad; and that the time has now come to open our eyes and look facts squarely in the face. When we do so, we find that the right of the legislature of state or city to give away a franchise in perpetuity cannot be successfully defended.

The legislature is the agent of the existing population, and its members, as our accredited representatives, may barter away present rights — yours or mine of to-day; but they may not dispose of rights which belong to our children and our children's children as much as to us, for the future is not ours to give. They may allow private development and management of public utilities for the sake of immediate public advantage, and any such investment should be protected from unjust and unreasonable competition, and should be held sacred for the investors; but the franchise itself is something which may not be given away because it is not within the province of the legislature to give away that which does not belong to the *existing* community. A franchise granted by the legislature of fifty years ago, for instance, belonged then to us of to-day quite as much if not more than to our grandfathers who handed it over to some railroad in perpetuity; it belongs to us now as it will belong to our grandchildren in their turn. The action of the legislature of two generations ago in giving away our birthright is not morally a binding contract upon us to-day, when it comes in conflict with present or future public interest; and the vested rights of the private inheritors of that franchise will not finally stand when they come in conflict with the vested rights of the state.

Some people will tell you that the state is nothing more than the sum of its inhabitants; and that when you speak of the state as more than that, you are using the term of a sentimental abstraction which does not exist. Yet any man who can feel the thrill of patriotism knows that this is not so. *The state is the future;* it is the sum of its inhabitants not only of to-day, but of to-morrow, the day after, and so on to the end of time. And it is exactly the rights of the state of the future that have been forgotten in our dealing with the public-service corporations.

There are therefore three parties in interest; the Public, the community of to-day, demanding fair treatment for every individual, large manufacturer or small, rich and poor alike; the Public-Service Corporation, demanding just and liberal treatment for those who are willing to invest their capital in developing a public utility; and the State, standing for the whole community in its continuing capacity from generation to generation, — from now into the far distant future, — and demanding that these great questions shall not be considered as of to-day, but that the decision in all matters of public policy shall take the road which leads often away from immediate results toward the best results for the time to come. And of these interests the last is by no means the least important. "Conscience and the present constitution of things are not corresponding terms. It is conscience and the issue of things which go together."[1] It is because of its endeavor to restore a proper balance to these three interests that the Public Service Commissions Law marks so great a step in advance.

IV

A few words in closing as to the practical operation of the law in New York. The Commissions have been in existence only nine months — and that is a short time for a revolution to be consum-

[1] Davison: quoted by Matthew Arnold in *Literature and Dogma.*

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mated; but already experience has shown the immense value of the law. Merchants and manufacturers have a powerful tribunal before which they can plead for justice and efficiency; any individual with a well-grounded complaint against a corporation can have it brought to its attention by the Commission far more forcibly than he himself can bring it; the issues of stocks and bonds by these corporations are for the first time subjected to rigid scrutiny, and it is safe to say that very little water will leak into such securities in the future; — in every way the rights and interests of the public are being safeguarded as never before, and the public is becoming aware of the fact. For the first time in their history these great corporations realize fully that there is a higher power above them — a power to which the public can now appeal; they have been shorn of their ability to dispense life or death to businesses, to tyrannize over individuals, or to ignore the interests of the public — for above them is the state, demanding justice and fair treatment for every one of its citizens and enabled to enforce its demands.

It is only fair to add that on their part the corporations have shown both good sense and good temper in accepting the law graciously, and doing all in their power thus far in carrying out its provisions and the orders and requests of the Commission. Many a complaint never reaches the Commission; the complaint is remedied by the corporation as soon as it is made known. In truth, the wiser among the corporation managers see plainly that the law will be their best defense against dangerous legislation; that the Commission will stand as a barrier against injustice to the corporations on the one hand, while it affords relief to the public against injustice on the other.

It will lead to a safer and better condition of things all around — the public will see that its rights are safeguarded, and demagogic appeals will lose their force and effectiveness; the corporations will be protected against destructive competition and blackmail, and assured of a fair return on honest investment; hence should result a return of public confidence in the securities of the corporations — which ought in turn to be as good and conservative investments as any municipal bonds. There will be two classes of people, but I think only two, who will suffer from the law, — those among the capitalists and promoters who are too greedy to be content with their fair share, who wish to reap where they have not sown; and the demagogues and agitators who will feel themselves cheated out of their best weapons of attack. But if both these classes could be put permanently out of business the world would be duly grateful.

That all these desirable things will come at once no one will expect; that they are coming, and that the Public Service Commissions Law will justify the expectations of its promoter, many of us fervently hope and believe. That act is upon the statute book not merely because a governor of New York wished to alter the law, but because public opinion justly demanded a change in existing conditions. The old footing of the public-service corporations was intolerable; something new had to be substituted for the false and outworn theory of competition, in order to protect the public and the state. Governor Hughes recognized the voice of the people demanding reform, and the result was an effective piece of legislation which fairly entitles its author to be considered as that rather rare personality in American politics — a constructive statesman.

For my own part and speaking as a Democrat, I welcome a law which seems to me not only essentially Democratic in principle, but in line with frequent declarations of the party policy — an effort to root out one of the most insidious forms of special privilege and to regulate in the name of the people these great monopolies which have been for many years disturbing factors in our social and political development.

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HIMALAYAN SKETCHES

BY LOUISE PARKE ATHERTON

I

THE SINGING OF THE EPIC

We were at the Dak bungalow, half way up a steep mountain-side, two days out from Mussoorie. A thousand feet below us curled the Jumna, foaming through its narrow, deep ravine on its way to the broad plains. About us rose the great hills, shutting out from our sight the snow-covered peaks that we knew were against the northern horizon. We could trace our day's march; the path wound like a thread over the hills, wound down to the river and up again to the bungalow.

A mile beyond lay the little village of Lakhwar. We had walked through it at sunset, following the villagers as they made their way home from the rice-fields in the ravines. The houses were clustered together, built on high, unsteady foundations, with their thatched roofs pulled down over their eyes. In the centre of the village were the temple and the rest-house for pilgrims who might pause here in their search for the source of the holy river, or the pure, eternal heaven of the snows. The rest-house roof was built in several stories, like a pagoda; its gargoyles were rudely carved elephant and tiger heads. The temple was in the domed style of the plains, and did not show the Buddhistic-Tibetan lines of the rest-house; its doors were covered with heavy gold plates carved and inwrought with the mountain animals and trees. The village men were chatting over their hookahs in jovial, friendly groups around the court in front of the temple; while the women were drawing water from the well in one corner. One of them, in a short green skirt, and a soft chaddar that framed her face like a madonna's, lifted her hand to her forehead and gave us a graceful salaam. There was a tinkling of jewelry as she passed, and we caught the flash of gold necklaces beneath her chaddar. Her clear-cut, fair face was lifted proudly to balance the earthen "ghara" on her head. We watched her slender, bare feet go lightly but surely from stone to stone, as she turned up a "pag-dandi" that led to a hut high above the village. We watched her winding up and up until the spirit of the hills was upon us and we had to follow the turning road and go on and up and deeper into the heart of the highlands.

All the sky overhead was the rich yellow gold of Hindustan; the clouds and the mountain-tops were warm and shining with it, but the crevice-like glen was covered with a cool green shadow. The rice-fields studded the hillsides with their emerald colors. Sometimes a barefooted pahari, driving a flock of broad-tailed sheep, would pass us with a wondering salaam. Why, indeed, should hatless sahibs, evidently not soldiers, be wandering near their village at sunset? There was no sound but the beating flight of startled pheasants and the rush of mountain brooks. The streams were so cold and sweet that we drank at every one, sometimes bending over the quieter pools, sometimes catching the water in our hands as it fell over the rocks, and drinking it Hindustani fashion.

The twilight was long in the glen, but suddenly the clouds faded to a cold, blue white, and a chill came into the air. We hurried back through the village, dark and mysterious then, with glimpses here and there into the houses where the handful of fire was mirrored in the brass and

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red-copper vessels of the evening meal.

That night, when black darkness seemed to cover the face of the earth, we drew our chairs to the edge of the terrace in front of the bungalow. We were watching the stars march across the sky, as they will when there are mountain peaks as landmarks to limit the heavens. All about us loomed their vast, gloomy shapes. There was no moon, so we could not see the camp of our coolies, which we knew was in a hollow below us. Suddenly a fire blazed up and showed them seated in a great circle around it. As the blaze grew higher and stronger they began to sing a strange, minor melody with a monotonous rhythm. As they sang, two lines of four men, with their arms entwined, and keeping step to the music, came out of the darkness into the yellow firelight. The chorus grew stronger, the dancers circled around and around the fire, keeping opposite each other, and taking their graceful dancing steps in unison. The light flickered on their bare brown legs, and their lithe arms and bending backs. The louder and the more accented grew the singing, the more abandon and rhythm were put into the nautch; then gradually the fire began to wane, the singers and the dancers grew tired, and just as the fire died and the music ceased, the dancers faded again into the darkness.

I caught my breath to ask the coolies to build up the fire and go on, when the Professor said sternly, "They might not do anything if they knew we were watching. Keep still and listen."

We listened breathlessly — the only sounds were the rushing of the Jumna, a thousand feet below us, and a dulled beating of a dholak in the village, a mile away.

Suddenly, out of the dark hollow where the nautch had been came a mellow voice, a rich baritone, singing. It was a searching melody, appealing in strange minor intervals, and thrilled with feeling in the tender lower notes. The verse ended with a break in the voice, half a yodel, half a sob. There was a pause of black silence — then from a bank high above the hollow came a clear, pure tenor in a dramatic recitative. The key corresponded with the baritone's verse, but the melody was different, more major, and more martial in its swing. The verse ended with the same break in the voice — and after another moment's pause, the baritone answered again. Verse after verse the voices replied to each other, now eager and swift with passion, now low and wailing in despair.

"It is their great epic — the Mahabharata," said the Professor. "They have sung the struggle between the Lunar and Solar dynasties and some of the philosophic dialogues about God and the soul."

Just at that moment came a glorious burst of passionate poetry from the baritone, that seemed to express the mysterious inspiration of the stars, the mountains, the deep khads and the far streams that had been haunting us. The Professor quoted solemnly from the Bhagavad Gita [1] — Arjuna's adoration — as the voice sang: —

I see thee, mighty Lord of all, revealed
In forms of infinite diversity.
I see thee like a mass of purest light,
Flashing thy lustre everywhere around.
I see thee crowned with splendor, like the sun,
Pervading earth and sky immeasurable,
Boundless, without beginning, middle, end,
Preserver of imperishable law,
The everlasting man: the triple world
Is awe-struck at this vision of thy form,
Stupendous, indescribable in glory.

The voice broke, and there was no answer from the tenor. A low murmur from the coolies as they lay down to sleep was the only sound.

"How and where did they learn such poetry?" I asked of the Professor the next morning, as we watched our luggage being rolled up and strapped to the coolies' backs.

"Ask Durga," he answered; "he sang the baritone."

"Can you read, Durga?" I inquired

[1] Sir Monier Williams's translation.

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of the tall coolie who was shouldering my "boj."

"No, Miss Sahib," he replied without embarrassment.

"Then how did you learn the long verses of the Mahabharata that you sang last night?" I went on.

"It is plain, Miss Sahib," he said. "When one is a boy, until one is a man, the pandit-people sing it in the villages. We all know it — not all can sing — but we all know the sacred words. If one could read, one would read many things and forget them — but when one remembers merely, the sacred words are written on his heart."

II

DURGA, THE HILL-MAN

As I came out to the veranda the coolies who were sitting on their heels around my rickshaw jumped to their places. One of the front pair was tall and awkward, and too large for his blue-jean uniform. His scarlet turban was on one side of his head, and his sash was trailing at one end instead of being neatly wound into a "kamar-band."

"Who is the new coolie?" I asked of my bearer, as he arranged the cushions of the rickshaw. "A hill-man, Miss Sahib," he replied. "Gunga has gone off as a bearer to some foolish people, and this Durga has come from his hill-village but yesterday. I engaged him for his strong legs. Does it seem good to the Miss Sahib?"

It seemed very good to the Miss Sahib, and even better when the man turned and looked at her. His eyes were clear and honest, besides being handsome and well set. His nose and chin reminded me of a Greek portrait head; a slight mustache brought out the curve of his thin lips, and his skin was a smooth bronze.

"Nam kya hai?" I asked him.

"Durga," he answered, very simply, and without the usual protestations that I was his mother and father — the protector of the poor, and that it was by my kindness his name was Durga. The other men showed a slight scorn of his manners. He saw it and made me a slow salaam. He was slightly awkward about handling the rickshaw, but his "strong legs" did more than their share of the pulling, and we flew back from the bazaar more swiftly than ever before. Durga could hardly be restrained to a safe pace. He cantered and pranced and laughed aloud until he showed his even, white teeth when the rickshaw reached an open down grade. "We are not running a race, we are out to eat the air!" shouted the bearer from behind. But the joy of living, and of "eating" the crisp, pine-laden air, seemed to have awakened all his animal spirits, and the game of pulling the rubber-tired easy-running "gari" over the smooth roads seemed what his strength was meant to do, and he could not do it solemnly as though it were a labor.

Fortunately the game did not seem to lose its novelty, for he always was eager for it, and he would always prance like a child playing horse when he took hold of the tongue. His hill manners, however, improved continually. He soon took from the bearer the duty of bringing and arranging the cushions, he waited at the shop doors to carry my purchases to the "gari," and when I tarried long at the tea-house, and the other coolies disappeared for a friendly smoke of their hookah, he would always sit on his heels where he could watch the "gari" and the door where I would appear.

I valued him, indeed, as a friend, after he had gone with me back into his native hills, where I discovered his rich baritone voice, and the poetry "written on his heart."

I was boasting of him one day when the colonel's wife and her small boy were taking tea with me. I had just refilled her cup when the bearer said to me that Durga was without, in great trouble. I found him crouching on the veranda in the rough, village clothes he had worn

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when he came; great trouble was in his eyes, but he did not whine as Hindustani men do when they try to rouse pity.

"It is the sickness, Miss Sahib — that and the small-pox goddess have come to my village — I heard in the bazaar from men who had brought in fruit. My father has gone with the goddess, and there is none to help my house [they speak so of their wives] if the goddess small-pox comes for my little sons. I must go — Miss Sahib."

"Certainly you must," I said. "But wait until I give you medicines and cures for them."

The colonel's wife hurried home for her plague specific, while I arranged a basket of medicines and told Durga how to use them. He took the basket from us with a salaam and a look of great gratitude. Then he strode off toward his village — a two days' march into the mountains.

A month passed, and although I inquired daily I heard no news of Durga. The week that the rains broke, however, he appeared again on the veranda. I hardly knew him. His face was drawn, his fine eyes were sunken, his bare arms and legs were pitifully thin, and he was shivering with the chill of the soaking rain. "Go to the house, Durga," I said. "Get warm, and take something to eat, and then come to tell me your story."

"No, Miss Sahib," he answered, "I will tell you now, for the story is short. Great trouble has come to me. My father and my brother had died when I reached the village, and my wife was crazy with grief, for the goddess was on the two boys. The eldest died — the youngest grew better, but, Miss Sahib, he is blind." The man's voice broke and he hid his face for a moment. Then he looked up and went on calmly. "I took him to the Padri-doctor [the missionary] where the lepers live, and he told me that in a hospital in a big city the doctors might cut his eyes and make him see again. But it would take many months and many rupees and I am a poor man. It cannot be — this is his fate."

I promised Durga that I would try to get him work in the big city when the summer was over, and that he must begin to save his wages. I knew it would be a long and sad struggle to save the child's eyes, and I doubted whether the feeble little life could wait for the operation.

Durga donned again his livery of blue and scarlet and went back to his work "on" the rickshaw. He pulled his share and more, but the joy of it had gone out of him. He no longer laughed as he ran, or whispered merry things to the other men to make them shout. The prancing colt was gone from my "gari." At night I heard the usual music from the servants' quarters, but Durga's rhythmic mountain songs had ceased. He seemed happy only when he was doing extra work and earning a few more pennies.

One day I had sent him to the hotel in Mussoorie, to take a note to the colonel's wife. I was impatient for the answer, but attributed his delay to a beating shower that had broken over the mountain tops. The rain stopped, and when he did not come after an hour of full sunshine, I sent the bearer to the bazaar to find the delinquent Durga and reprimand him sharply. I was standing on the veranda after giving the bearer his message, when a throng of coolies appeared at the top of the hill and wound down the narrow path towards the house. They were carrying Durga on a stretcher, and a young mission-doctor was walking beside it. He began to speak, but at a whispered request from a coolie, said to me, "Your coolie is hurt, and this man saw the accident, so he will explain it."

So the coolie began in the vernacular — "The Miss Sahib knows the steep hill in the bazaar, just beyond the drug-store, and the steep precipice at the edge of the curve — protected only by a slender fence?" I knew the dangerous place. He went on in confusing haste. It seemed that the colonel's mem-sahib was in a shop and had left her small son in her

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rickshaw at the top of the hill. The child had been restless, and had urged a little Hindustani boy near by to pick up the tongue of his "gari" and give him a ride. As the boy lifted the tongue, the rickshaw started irresistibly down the hill. Both the children screamed for help, but the few people on the mall seemed dazed with terror. The Hindustani boy tried to keep it in the road, but he was powerless, and with gathered speed and force, the rickshaw dashed toward the precipice. Suddenly Durga, who had just appeared from a foot-path leading into the mall at that point, hurled himself against the flying thing, swerved it away from the death and destruction of the precipice, and sent it reeling forward on the road.

The colonel's child and the Hindustani boy fell in a heap together, and were picked up and sobbed over by the multitude. For a moment nobody thought of Durga. It was the colonel himself who stooped over the prostrate figure and sent for the doctor. When Durga opened his eyes and looked the colonel full in the face, the colonel could not find the words to speak. "I know the worth of a child's life," said the coolie simply. Then the colonel found words and told Durga that he too knew the value of a son's life and of his sight, and that Durga's son should have all the help and care that money could give him at once — a home in the city, an operation, and later an education; and after that a place in the service of the Sirkar, — that mysterious but honorable master, the government. Then I knew why the old light had come back into Durga's drawn face.

The doctor directed the coolies to move the stretcher to Durga's house, and said to me in English that he feared the man would not live. Durga must have caught the meaning in his voice, for he looked up and said weakly, "My salaams to the Miss Sahib. Tell her that if I live to be her servant, it is well, and if I die in my boy's stead, it is well also, for my son is saved."

CHATEAUBRIAND IN AMERICA

BY W. B. BLAKE

HOWEVER valuable to the student of social and economic history, the literature of American travel has an uncommon tartness. The early English travelers, like Dickens in the fifties and Kipling more recently still, were sometimes lacking in a sense of delicacy as guests, a sense of proportion as critics, a sense of humor as men and women.

A more courteous traveler and a writer of greater picturesqueness than, let us say, Mrs. Trollope, was François Auguste René de Chateaubriand. Travels always seem to find their publisher, whether as dull as the *Voyage of the Sunbeam* or as vacuous as the latest volume illustrated by the three-color process; but the wanderings of this famous Frenchman through the Eastern States, down the Mississippi and through Louisiana and the Floridas, have been neglected by American readers and writers. With Chateaubriand, indeed, travels assumed a place in general literature; and the first, as well as the most significant, of the great traveler's journeys was that to the United States. The American forest may be said to dominate this writer's works, and to have determined his temperament. And it would be difficult to exaggerate the importance of Chateaubriand in travel-literature, however good one's intentions.

The Chateaubriand who sailed from Saint-Malo in the spring of 1791 was a

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youth of twenty-three, and had not yet written *Le Génie de Christianisme*, or served as the French ambassador to England. He was an obscure younger son, his family having but lately reëstablished itself in the ancestral château and dignities. Chateaubriand's literary ambitions remained vague, and had as yet been encouraged by no one unless by Lucile, his favorite and his least fortunate sister. His service in the army had been brought to an early close, and the Revolution had clouded France for the young aristocrat as it must have clouded it for the idealogue that he was. Here were reasons enough for sailing out into a new world; and if a useful end was needed — for already Chateaubriand had disappointed his brother and his parents by his lack of energy and of practicalness — it was found in his project for discovering a northwest passage, — a small undertaking for an irregularly trained young man, who had hardly emerged from the mediæval twilight of the Château de Combourg! But M. de Malesherbes, his brother-in-law, had joined him in reading the journals of the great geographers and explorers, and the Marquis de la Rouërie provided him with a letter introducing him to George Washington. Thus was a pretext furnished; for, as Chateaubriand confesses, "this project was not independent of my poetic nature." To paraphrase Sainte-Beuve, the voyage of discovery was an imaginary end, a chimera easily forgotten. What led Chateaubriand to take ship for Baltimore was his instinct for migration — partly an inheritance from Malouin ancestors, the corsairs of the city-republic that gave birth to Duguay-Trouin and Jacques Cartier; partly a phase of the romantic temperament. Above all he longed to enjoy to the full the sensations, images, and dreams that had ravished his imagination as he patrolled the rough shores of Brittany, or wandered aimlessly through its forests. Brittany has ever been the land of mystery, and Chateaubriand underwent all of its enchantments. He looked to America as to a promised land, a country rich in sylphine images, in solitudes, in the unknown.

Much of what makes Chateaubriand a typically romantic figure declared itself in his interview with the American President. In the first place, self-contradictoriness — for in his *Voyages* he tells us that he had to wait in Philadelphia a fortnight before seeing Washington, while in the *Mémoires* the delay is only seven days. However that may be, — and hostile critics have expressed their suspicion that the whole incident is a fiction, — he describes the executive mansion as a little house, resembling its neighbors; and this last trait is characteristic of the older Philadelphian residences. Fresh from Versailles and from a hunting-party with Louis XVI, the young traveler comments on the absence of guards — even of menservants. A serving-maid answered his knock and he awaited the President without emotion.[1] "Greatness of soul or of fortune does not impress me; I admire the one without embarrassment; the other inspires me with more pity than respect. . . . The General entered; of a great height, of an air calm and cold rather than noble, he is like all the engravings. I gave him my letter . . . that he read aloud with the exclamation 'Colonel Armand!' It was thus that he called him, and that the Marquis de la Rouërie had signed himself.

"We seated ourselves. I explained to him well enough the motive of my travels. He . . . listened with a sort of astonishment: I perceived it and said with some vivacity, 'But it is less difficult to discover the northwest passage than to cre-

[1] *Mémoires d'Outre-Tombe*, vol. i, pp. 378–385; édition Legrand, Troussel et Pomey; *Voyages en Amérique, etc.*, Paris, 1829, pp. 20–24. In both accounts of his American experiences, Chateaubriand introduces an exhaustive comparison of Washington and Bonaparte. With his love of antithesis and his hatred of the Emperor, he paints a portrait of Washington that must be granted an impressive monument to the President's memory.

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ate a people, as you have done.' — 'Well, well, young man!' cried he, holding out his hand to me. He invited me to dinner for the day following, and we parted."

The interview was short, and it accomplished nothing for Chateaubriand, but it showed his effrontery at least, and his distinguishing egoism in measuring the intended discoveries of a young man of no reputation against the successes of the founder of a republic; this, too, to the founder's face. The words of this conversation may be imaginary; one prefers, none the less, to accept Chateaubriand's narrative as essentially correct, if only for its suggestiveness in showing forth the character of René.[1]

It goes without saying that Chateaubriand failed to discover the northwest passage; he soon gave up his great project and confined himself to traveling from Philadelphia to New York; thence, according to his own story, to Boston and the battlefield of Lexington; to Albany; to Niagara; through the lakes of Canada; down Lake Erie, and on to Fort Pitt, now Pittsburg; down the Ohio and the Mississippi, past Natchez, to the settlements of the Creek Indians; through Louisiana and the Floridas.[2] Returning, he probably retraced much the same course, except that from Pittsburg he made his way eastward to Philadelphia, thence to France. Spending the night in a cabin somewhere in the Blue Mountains of western Pennsylvania, an English newspaper of remote date had fallen into his hands; there he found the "Flight of the King" heralded in eighteenth-century scare-heads. He read of Louis XVI's arrest at Varennes and his return to Paris. His duty to his family, his order, and his king asserted itself, and he made haste to join the *émigrés* serving in the army of the allies in their war upon the Revolutionary government.

Hostile critics have attempted to throw doubt upon Chateaubriand's traversing, in eight short months, the great distances which he has described for us. One is entitled to some skepticism as to the extent of his investigation of, for example, the lakes of Canada, the subject of a chapter in his *Mémoires*. It has been asserted, too, that, as a reader of Bartram,[3] he simply drew upon the record of the

[1] See the essay on "Chateaubriand's America," contributed by Miss E. K. Armstrong to the Publications of the Modern Language Association of America, June, 1907. Her paper is noteworthy in removing all doubts as to the reality of the visit to President Washington — doubts expressed with particular vigor by Professor Joseph Bédier in his *Etudes Critiques* [Paris, 1903, pp. 127–274]. An examination of Washington's papers preserved in the Library of Congress has revealed the letter of introduction, endorsed in Washington's hand: "From General Armand, Marquis de la Rouërie." The letter is dated 22d March, 1791, and begins, "Mr. le Chevalier de Combourg, a nobleman of the State of Brittany and a neighbourg [sic] of mine, is going over to North America. The purpose of that journey, I presume, is to inrich his mind by the active contemplation of such a moving and happy country." (Department of MSS., Letters to Washington, vol. 76, 1790, p. 210). It is significant that this letter, although of considerable length, has nothing to say of Chateaubriand's project of discovering a northwest passage.

[2] That such a journey as this was accomplished in the eight months at Chateaubriand's disposal is unbelievable. Dr. Madison Stathers, in his *Chateaubriand et Amérique* (University of Grenoble, 1905), accepts Chateaubriand's own statements except as to the Boston excursion with its pilgrimage to the "fields of Lexington," and the Canadian explorations. This part of the *Voyages* has its debt to the *History of the Fur Trade* of Sir Alexander MacKensie, London, 1801. Dr. Stathers believes in the authenticity of the journey through Louisiana and the Floridas, but questions its thoroughness.

[3] M. Bédier, in the *Etudes Critiques* already cited, names as Chateaubriand's principal sources, as author of the *Voyages*, the works of Bartram and of Charlevoix. Dr. E. Dick, in the *Revue d' Histoire Littéraire de la France*, Avril, 1906 (also in *Les Plagiats de Chateaubriand*, Coire, 1906), calls attention to the *Pilgrimage in Europe and America* of T. C. Beltrami, New Orleans, 1824. Chateaubriand's debt to Beltrami was pointed out by a contributor to the *Foreign Review and Continental Miscellany*, ii, p. 468 ff. (1828). Chateaubriand did not conceal the fact of his borrowing from Beltrami, whose friend he became.

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American naturalist's studies of the Floridas, never setting foot so far south himself.

Part of the evidence used by Chateaubriand's critics is internal. Take, for example, the prologue of *Atala*, in the first edition, where the Mississippi, called — perhaps only for euphony — the Meschacébé, is described in all its grandeur. It waters, he writes, a delicious country, which the people of the United States call the new Eden. "A thousand other streams, tributaries of the Meschacébé, the Missouri, the Illinois, the Akansa, the Ohio, the Wabache, Tenasé,[1] fatten it with their slime and fertilize it with their waters. When all these rivers are swollen with the deluges of winter, when tempests have beaten down whole sections of the forests, time brings together . . . the uprooted trees: it unites them with bindweed, cements them with mud, plants young trees there, and launches its work on the waters. Carried upon foaming waves, their radiant growths descend from all parts to the Meschacébé. . . . Grace is always united to magnificence in the scenes of nature; and while the central current bears toward the sea the trunks of pines and oaks, one sees in the two lateral currents . . . floating islands of pistia and of water-roses, whose yellow blossoms raise themselves like little tents. Green serpents, blue herons, red flamingoes, young crocodiles, embark as passengers on these flower-boats, and the colony, unfurling to the wind its sails of gold, will land, asleep, in some retired cove."

Is it strange that Sainte-Beuve queries, with a show of seriousness, "Are we in North America?" A writer in the *American Quarterly Review* of December, 1827, is even more pointed in his criticism. The contrast which Chateaubriand draws between the two banks of the river is, he says, founded on little more than imagination. "The savannas are not all on one side, nor the forests on the other," he declares. But according to the French traveler the west bank of the Mississippi shows nothing but the undulations of a country clothed with savannas, and boundless meadows where one sees troops of three and four thousand wild buffalo. "Sometimes an aged bison, cleaving the billows, lies down amid the long grass of an islet in the Meschacébé; with his forehead garnished with two crescents, and his old and slimy beard, you would take him for the bellowing god of the stream, casting a satisfied eye on the grandeur of his floods and the wild abundance of his banks." It is a fit prospect that Chateaubriand provides for his deified bison; and he gives one bank of the river silence and repose, the other movement, a murmured harmony, a mingling of colors and of bird-notes. Such a setting as this is a fit one, too, for Chactas, the Indian who has an acquaintance with Racine and Bossuet, has been presented at court, and who has returned to the solitude of the forests. Incidentally, one may see where Victor Hugo derived his love for antithesis at its strongest, and for the monstrous in nature. Chateaubriand makes it clear enough in all his American writings that he is fascinated by the bison, the serpent, and above all, the crocodile. When one believes that nature has reached her greatest beauty, she smiles and embellishes her picture, he writes. And then he shows us one of these embellished pictures: gold-fish, the crocodile floating like the trunk of a tree, trout, pike, perch, bass, bream, drum-fish — "all natural enemies of one another, swam pell-mell in the lake, and seemed to have made a truce in order to enjoy in common the beauty of the evening." Most of the scene must be omitted here: most of the islands, the flowers and the fruits, and most of the magical tints of

[1] In a footnote to his *Chateaubriand et son groupe littéraire* (éd. Paris, 1889, i, 201, 202), Sainte-Beuve proves unsympathetic to this reformed spelling of the poetic school. Dr. Stathers, in the essay referred to, notes (p. 153, footnote) that "Chateaubriand has adapted French orthography to English pronunciation. In some of his later works . . . he has always followed the English spelling."

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the sunset. "At our right were the Indian rivers, at our left our hunting camp. . . . In the east the moon, touching the horizon, seemed to rest motionless on the distant hills; in the west the vault of heaven was melted in a sea of diamonds and of sapphires, in which the setting sun seemed to be dissolving. The animals of the creation were, like us, attentive to this grand spectacle: the crocodile, turned toward the evening star, lashed with its open jaws the water of the lake into coloured sheaves; perched on a rotten bough, the pelican praised in his own fashion the Master of nature, while the crane flew over to praise Him above the clouds!" The exclamation point is Chateaubriand's own, for he is evidently unafraid of calling down upon his head those vials of presidential wrath reserved for the frenzied naturalists of a later day.[1]

Apart from the briefness of his stay in the United States and the southeast, and his errors, unconscious and wanton, one's suspicions as to the extensiveness of his travels might be aroused by the fact that his journals very frequently show a poverty of detail; yet it is true of his prose generally that it is weak in scientific detail, however solemn the pretense of erudition; and ennui overcoming him, René seems sometimes to yawn in his reader's face and to set up a conversation about himself instead of sticking to the subject of discourse. However subtle in rendering colors and shades, accuracy is not to be looked for in one so fond of antithesis and of juxtaposition. Yet Chateaubriand owed more to his wanderings in the United States than to his later visits to Palestine and to the Orient. In his life as an author America is an influence secondary only to his youth in the sombre old town of Saint-Malo, where he was born and where he now lies buried, on the Ile de Bêy.

The Chateaubriand who set sail from the Breton port for Baltimore had accomplished nothing that raised him above his fellows; the Chateaubriand who returned to France from Philadelphia bore with him, in his journals and — what proved to be of infinitely greater importance — in his memory, a body of fact, experience, and impression that was to color all his work, and was to give him his colossal prose epic, *Les Natchez*, from which he carved out *Atala* and *René* for his *Génie de Christianisme;* this in addition to his *Voyages en Amérique.* "Rousseau had discovered and painted Alpine nature, the garden of the Pays de Vaud, and the beautiful forests of our climes; Bernardin de Saint-Pierre revealed to us the sky and vegetation of the Indian islands; but Chateaubriand, first of all, unfolded the vasts of the American desert, of the transatlantic forest." And Sainte-Beuve adds that youth alone has the gift *par excellence* of peopling the solitude; it has within itself the stuff that dreams are made of.[2] Wordsworth remarked something of this: nature has its mysteries, and has nothing to communicate to the man of ambition, of pleasure, who, in an hour of boredom, or of disappointment, demands a passing distraction, and who thinks familiarly to enjoy nature because at one time he loved and knew its secrets. But Chateaubriand visited America in the days when he was young, when his accord with nature was perfect, before his disappointment had come thick upon him; before he wrote, in bitter pessimism, his *Essai sur les Révolutions.* It is to *Atala* and *René*, with all the rich perfection of their harmonies, with their youthful freshness and vigor; to these works which have the closest association with his American travels, that one turns first and turns most often. *Atala, René*, and the *Génie de Christianisme*, — these are

[1] The anonymous writer in the *American Quarterly Review*, December, 1827, ventures the opinion that Chateaubriand never pushed so far west as the Mississippi, or so far south as Louisiana. His peopling the borders of the Mississippi with monkeys and flamingoes especially excites the American critic — and with good reason.

[2] Cf. Sainte-Beuve, *op. cit.*, i, pp. 134–137.

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the books that show Chateaubriand at his best and his most characteristic.

It is not only because his travels in America gave Chateaubriand material for whole volumes of his works and for chapters of description in his *Essai sur les Révolutions* and his *Mémoires*, that we regard those travels as significant. They helped to form the genius which we know as Chateaubriand; and the solitude of the American forest had its place in developing the type of René — the type that we place beside Childe Harold and Werther in studying nineteenth-century romanticism. Perhaps it is less obvious that to a great extent the disillusion of Chateaubriand dates from this double disappointment of his American expedition: his failure to distinguish himself as a discoverer and his discernment of the limitations of the "state of nature" to which, as a pupil of Rousseau, he must have looked with far more of enthusiasm than one would ever guess from his own pronouncements. For though an early follower of Jean-Jacques, and always his literary descendant, a revulsion of feeling came when the Revolution shattered Chateaubriand's ideals and coöperated with the American travels in completing his disillusionment.

It is Chateaubriand's greatest critic who has once and for all expressed the truth of the relationship of these two writers, and has branded the disingenuousness of the preface to *Atala*, where Chateaubriand asserts that he has never believed in the "natural man" or in the perfection of the "natural state." The critic might have added that it was not until after his American travels, after he had come to appreciate the fact that no problem is unconfused, and that no phrase yet devised can furnish a universal panacea, that Chateaubriand studiously denied Rousseau his mastership. The *Mémoires* of Benjamin Constant furnish an incident of the period when Rousseau's enthusiasm for men unspoiled by society had been taken up by the world of Paris and Versailles. A young Avegron savage, Degérando, incapable of speaking a word of French, was a guest at a dinner party where Mme. de Récamier was his table-companion. In the midst of a heated discussion about Lalonde's fondness for spiders, cries were heard, and every one went out into the garden, whither Degérando had preceded them. There he was, installed in the branches of a tree, and altogether naked. The ladies were terrified; the savage could be enticed down only by means of a basket of peaches. La Harpe quietly chuckled his wish that Jean-Jacques had been present to witness the behavior of a "natural man" in constituted society.

La Harpe did not, perhaps, require disillusionment on any point. Chateaubriand, however he may in later years have tried to disguise the fact, did require it; and he, too, saw the "natural man," as La Harpe saw him in the pear tree, and Napoleon in Egypt. Chateaubriand describes his first view of Indians, both in his *Mémoires* and in the earlier account of his American travels, published in 1827. It was soon after the passage of the Mohawk River, in New York, in a forest-clearing on the frontier of solitude itself that Chateaubriand found himself among twenty savages, "men and women, besmeared like sorcerers, bodies half naked, ears slit, crows' feathers on their heads and rings through their nostrils. A little Frenchman, powdered and curled as of yore, in a coat of apple-green, a vest of drugget, frills and sleeves of muslin, was scraping a pocket-violin and making these Iroquois dance *Madelon Friguet*. M. Violet [the dancing master], in speaking to me of the Indians, always said: *Ces messieurs sauvages et ces dames sauvagesses*. . . . I have never seen such skipping. M. Violet holding his little violin between his chin and his breast, tuned the fatal instrument; he cried in Iroquois: *A vos places!* and the whole troupe leapt like a band of demons." [1]

If, then, the American forest meant

[1] *Voyages en Amérique, en Italie, etc.*, p. 30; *Mémoires*, i, pp. 394, 395.

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more to Chateaubriand than a setting for his stories, an illustration for his defense of Christianity, it meant, above all, disillusion. And disillusion has its place in art: it is a saying of Joubert, Chateaubriand's critic and counselor, that the essence of art is to be found in the union of *l'illusion et la sagesse* — which one may freely translate as illusion and disillusion. An American essayist, commenting on this dictum, says of Milton that the noble isolation of his soul schooled him to speak understandingly the ideal language of Arcadia, the language of illusion; yet there must always, in the greater poets, "run a note of disillusionment — a note subdued for the most part so as scarcely to be heard, but rising to the surface now and again with a strange quivering of mingled sadness and joy, of sadness for the fair enchantment it dispels, of joy for the glimpse it affords into something divine and very high. You may hear this note of disillusion many times in Shakespeare, clearest of all in *The Tempest*, where with a word Prospero puts an end to his fairy drama in the woods, and all the insubstantial pageant fades away." [1]

To America Chateaubriand carried with him a heart old in its store of Breton traditions, but young in its sylphine images, its dream of great performances, its faith in the repose of the forest, its conviction that "a thousand delights and rewards are reserved for the primitive man." Chateaubriand was matured by his view of a world as it was: a northwest passage that refused to be discovered unless, perhaps, after years of study and of preparation; a savage race that danced to the music of an exscullion of Rochambeau; a forest that was too often an incongruous mixture of wilderness and civilization. He was aged, too, by the Revolution; he lost his brother-in-law, the noble-spirited de Malesherbes, on the scaffold; the survivors of his family were impoverished; he was wounded, ragged, almost dying; he all but starved in a London garret. His fate was not, like Byron's, to awake famous; he rose from his dreams a refugee and a beggar; a young man who had forgotten what it was to smile. If his disillusionment bore bitter fruit at first, later he was to blend the beauty of Christianity and the senses in works whose worth as religious documents, whether greater or less, can never blur their poetic value. To quote Joubert once more — art at its best is *l'illusion et la sagesse*; this is preëminently true of the stormy René.

If the performance of Bernardin de Saint-Pierre is more perfect than Chateaubriand's, it is evident enough that Chateaubriand is always a sophisticated artist. As a transcendentalist, throwing his white veil over the passions, and as a classicist, unsatisfied with their unaided position and so grouping his natural objects, he proves himself anything but a mere observer, and a recorder of impressions. He was told that the two Indian women of Florida from whom he was rather rudely separated were *filles peintes*, but they serve him as models, the one of Mila, the other of Atala — the latter the symbol of an almost unearthly quality of virtue.

And in his travels Chateaubriand was always seeing, not what was, but what best satisfied his cravings; he ended by writing beautiful if overladen descriptions, and stories that are vital appeals to human sympathy, however remote Chactas and Atala may be from Indian life. In catching the wild beauty of the American forest, in opening up a new territory to literature, he succeeded better as artist than as explorer. One need not regret the fact — and why should one be severe on Chateaubriand either for his lapses from fact or for his unashamed borrowings from the works of less vividly inspired voyagers? In the days when he gazed at Niagara — and was seized by a desire to take the wild plunge — the thought that doctors' theses would be written on his American travels did not enter his head, egoist though he was.

[1] Mr. Paul Elmer More: *Shelburne Essays*, First Series, pp. 122–124. New York. 1904.

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RELIGION IN AN IDEAL COMMONWEALTH

BY GEORGE HOLLEY GILBERT

THE foremost Jewish seer, the great Greek philosopher, and that Englishman whose "genius was excellent above all his nation," tell us, each in his own way, that the ideal commonwealth will have a positive religion. In the vision of Isaiah, the coming state has its everlasting light and beauty in Jehovah. In the *Republic* of Plato, that which is left to the ordering of Apollo is called the "greatest and noblest and principal thing of all." And in the *Utopia* of Sir Thomas More, "the chieffe and almost ye only incitation to vertu" is regard for the Supreme Being.

The vision of More, one aspect of which is here to be considered, was the child of an age of swift and momentous change in the religious thought of Europe, and in a period of such change we also are living. Our change, moreover, is largely due, as was that of the sixteenth century, to a truer insight into the Bible. Again, the intellect of More's time had been profoundly quickened by the discovery of a new world, as the intellect of our time has been stirred by the theory of evolution and the discoveries of science. The vision of More was an evidence of fervent discontent with the social, political, and religious conditions of his day, and a discontent due to similar causes is a conspicuous feature of these opening years of the twentieth century. Our industrial and political life is on a higher level than was that of More's time; but there is a feeling, sometimes bitter, that it is on a level far lower than it ought to be. Our religious and theological life is somewhat more free from gross error and bigotry than was that of the sixteenth century, yet many clear-seeing people are troubled regarding this life, and perceive in it little reason for self-complacency. All these points of relationship between our time and that of Sir Thomas More lend special interest to his view of religion in the ideal commonwealth.

More could not make historical Christianity the religion of his ideal state in the West, for it was assumed that the state had been isolated from Europe during all the centuries since its foundation; and yet, being a Christian himself, he could not do otherwise than put what he conceived to be the real spirit of the Gospel into the religious faith and rites of the commonwealth of which he dreamed. More is not to be judged disloyal to his Christian belief in thus imagining that a religion fitted for the ideal state might have been developed outside the Jewish and Christian scriptures. It is not likely that he wished to be understood as suggesting the possibility of such a development. The inconsistency of his thought is simply a result of the literary form which he chose for its expression. In the religious life of More's commonwealth we are to see his conception of the spirit of Christianity.

This meets us in a striking form at the beginning of his account of the Utopian religion. There are indeed several sorts of religious belief in every town, some people worshiping one of the heavenly bodies, others worshiping some eminent man of former times, and yet others, the "greater and wiser sort of people," worshiping one eternal and invisible Deity whom they call "Mithras" and think of as their father; but all these varieties of believers meet in the same temple and worship under the lead of one and the same priest. Each sect performs its own peculiar religious rites at home.

What we style denominationalism is thus kept out of sight. It is not allowed to divide men in their worship of God. It

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does not advertise itself by building six churches where only one is needed, or by maintaining theological schools where an equipment adequate for the training of five hundred students is squandered on fifty.

The Utopians have a maxim that "a man cannot make himself believe anything he pleases," and that every one may choose what religion he prefers. No one may speak reproachfully of another's faith, and to attempt to turn a man away from his faith except by "amicable and modest ways" is an offense to be punished by slavery or banishment. But it is recognized that the sphere of common religious needs and essential truths is far higher and more important than personal differences of belief. Hence, in the ideal state, men merge their individual peculiarities of doctrine in fraternal worship. The prayers and hymns are "so composed that whatsoever is pronounced by the whole assembly may be likewise applied by every man in particular to his own condition." Now, the significant point in this sketch is one which there is still reason to emphasize. We recognize indeed that each man may choose what religion he pleases, and in so far we have realized More's vision; but we have not yet retired our denominational peculiarities to private life. We have not escaped from their shadow into the higher realm of vital truth.

The priests in the ideal commonwealth are men of "exceeding holiness and therefore very few." We are not to take this statement as a sarcastic reflection on the priests of More's day, but rather as suggesting that, in his thought, only few priests are necessary, provided they are of "exceeding holiness;" in other words, he laid stress on character. His priests have no authority save that arising from the respect paid them as men. Since the Utopians commit the education of children to the priests, — their literary and moral, but not their industrial education, — and since, like Plato, they put greater emphasis on the forming of good citizens than on the making of scholars, it is natural that they look carefully to the character of their priests.

Priests are chosen by secret ballot, as are political magistrates. From the six hours of daily labor required of all citizens, candidates for the priesthood are exempted, to the end that they may give themselves to study; but it is wisely provided that if they do not justify the hope set on them, they are obliged to learn a trade and practice it. It is remarkable that such a democratic conception of the ministry should have come from a courtier of Henry the Eighth, and it will not be denied that there is good sense mixed with the dream. In our time also, as in the sixteenth century, a minister who is to secure the confidence of the community must be, first of all, a good man who "wears the white flower of a blameless life," a man such as he of whom Chaucer sang: —

> To drawen folk to hevene by fairnesse,
> By good ensample, this was his bisynesse.

It is remarkable that More, who was a Catholic and who went to the block rather than renounce his allegiance to the pope, gave to the priest in his ideal commonwealth no other authority than that which was grounded on character and usefulness. In this point he was in advance not only of his own age but also of the Church of the present time.

But in the matter of the minister's relation to public education, we are not moving toward the Utopian ideal, nor are we likely to do so under our constitution. In the separation of Church and State we have something better than men seem to have dreamed of four hundred years ago; but at the same time there is reason to doubt whether our system of public education, in at least one important point, reaches More's ideal, or Plato's either; whether it is not too largely an education of the intellect and too little of the will and heart.

There is another very significant point in the religious life of More's commonwealth. It has already been noticed that

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every sect in Utopia performs its peculiar rites at home. We are also told that "before they go to the temple both wives and children fall on their knees before their husbands or parents, and confess everything in which they have either erred or failed in their duty, and beg pardon for it." These statements imply the thought of a church in the home. We are not concerned with the forms in which this thought is expressed, but simply with the principle. More was not a theorist in this matter. He prayed with his family in the morning, and at evening held a brief religious service which was attended by all the household. More did not neglect public worship, even though the clergy of his day were frequently both ignorant and corrupt; but it is plain that home worship was much the more prominent element in his religious life.

It may be that if another Thomas More were to dream to-day of an ideal state, he would see the family invested with even larger significance for worship than it had in the old Utopia. He might indeed see the opposite of what we now behold, when the home is being emptied of its religious character and the church is largely regarded as the sole channel of worship. It might appear to him in his dream that the holiest place in the community was not that where the Gospel was officially proclaimed, but rather that where parents and children welcomed each new day with a glad hymn of praise, and in the evening twilight blended their voices in thanksgiving to God.

THE EARTH-HOUR

BY CHARLES L. O'DONNELL

THE earth was made in twilight, and the hour
Of blending dusk and dew is still her own,
Soft as it comes with promise and with power
Of folded heavens, lately sunset-blown.

Then we who know the bitter breath of earth,
Who hold her every rapture for a pain,
Yet leave the travail of celestial birth
To wipe our tears upon the dusk again.

But vain; the spirit takes, in sovereign mood,
A sure revenge, as in some tree apart
A whippoorwill sets trembling all the wood, —
The silence mends more quickly than the heart.

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THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

MADAME POULARD

MADAME POULARD, who has retired from the savory kitchen of the Poulard Ainé at Mont Saint-Michel, was in her way as truly an artist as her friends whose sketches covered the walls of the *salle-à-manger* in the famous inn. To see her preparing an omelette or a stew, or keeping an eye on the chickens revolving over the fire, was to see a woman practicing an art rather than following a trade. In handling and using her utensils she had the grand air which distinguishes the artist from the artisan, the cook whose heart is in her work from the cook bent on earning a living. A charming woman said of the table of a club in an American summer resort, that there was no love in it; the actual needs were generally met, but there was no margin, no suggestion of human interest. You were treated as a boarder to be fed, and not as a human being with taste as well as appetite. Madame Poulard paid her visitors the compliment of treating them as persons to whom cooking as a fine art was a delicate tribute.

Sitting one day in the little open-air café across the street from the Poulard Ainé, Madame Poulard coming to the door from time to time and smiling in her gracious way, an Englishman looked up from his after-dinner coffee and remarked that she was a European personage. She had welcomed a host of Englishmen, Germans, Frenchmen, and Americans to the old town, and they will always think of her as one of its most characteristic features. The little café was one of the most interesting places in Europe; and the few who sat under its roof were as much on the pavement as if they had been at the open-air tables of the Grand Café on the Boulevard des Italiens. Everybody who came into Mont Saint-Michel passed through the two narrow arched gates that pierce the wall between the hotel and the café. The street is a small alley, and the town is built along a series of stairways. In the old days the traveler came across the causeway from Pontorson by coach or carriage, was met at the outer gate by emissaries from the Poulard Ainé and the Poulard Jeune, and his luggage carried by hand to his destination.

In those days there was fierce rivalry between the two inns,—a strife as bitter as that between the Montagues and Capulets; for a family quarrel lay in the background and had grown to epic proportions. To reach the rival hotel it was necessary to conduct the guests past the hospitable doors of the inn "renowned for its omelettes," and very pretty comedy was played every day before the eyes of the sitters in the café. At the precise psychologic moment, Madame Poulard stepped smiling out of her kitchen, with a grace of manner so full of cordiality that the new arrivals followed her queenly gestures instinctively as she waved them into her house, and left the emissaries of the other establishment vainly gnashing their teeth in the empty street. She was a born hostess, and no visitor wished to go farther when she barred the way.

Dark of hair and eye, with a dignified and handsome figure and a manner full of charm, Madame Poulard was born to make strangers feel at home. She spoke French, not only with musical intonation, but so slowly and distinctly that dull ears caught her nice distinctions of sound, and understood. She was not only hostess of the inn, which she made famous throughout Europe, but of the town as well; she was the custodian of its traditions and the guide to its treasures of interest.

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And what a town it is! From the yellow sands, which shine league on league when the tide is out, to the great door of the Castle and the spire of the beautiful Abbey Church, it is a matching of splendid architecture with a magnificent site in a setting of inimitable beauty. Battlement and church rise on a huge rock out of a sea full of magic. When the tide runs out, as far as the eye can reach stretches that wonderful shimmering surface alive with the vitality of the sea: beneath is the buried forest of Broceliande; beyond are the shores of Normandy, the spires rising from unseen villages; from that shore in the old days many a pilgrim took his conch and picked his way to the shrine of Saint-Michel.

They still come on festal days, but alas! the shell and staff are no longer borne; they come by trolley! Climb the long stairs in the shadow of the great pile; enter the portal of the fortress, pass through the noble Hall of Knights, where a little group of gallant men once stood out alone on the coast against Henry V; walk through the beautiful Abbey Church, descend the winding path along the battlements, and one seems to be moving through the Middle Ages, visible in massive wall and tower, and disclosed afresh to the mind by the history and traditions of a place unsurpassed in its picturesque beauty.

But it is of the living, not the dead, that one takes account when Madame Poulard stands in the narrow street. If you lodged in the Maison Vert or the Maison Blanc you had your morning coffee and roll on a little terrace, overhung with vines, looking out on the sands or the sea; but for luncheon and dinner you descended to the house by the inner gate, and there was Madame moving quietly about, concerned with stews, soups, or oysters, as well as with omelettes. She was never hurried or preoccupied. She bore herself with the ease and freedom of a presiding genius, and her deftness was only an external and visible sign of an inward gift and calling. When the time came to go, no bill was presented; you kept your own score, and neither Madame nor Monsieur was concerned about small matters like afternoon tea. They said Saint-Michel watched over the inn and protected it from dishonest guests.

A fortune awaits the men and women who have the taste and skill to open and conduct attractive, artistic, thoroughly comfortable small hotels or inns in this country. Such hostelries are so few and far between that one can almost count them on his fingers. There are "palatial hotels" everywhere, with palatial prices; but where are the small, quiet, refined houses in which one can draw an easy-chair up to a low table, with a good reading light, and feel at home? The traveler sits, as a rule, in a great room with composite marble pillars, in a vast leather chair, too heavy to be moved, with a light ten feet above his head. Where are the small hotels, with lovely gardens about them, such as one finds in all parts of England? Where are the hotels with the air of hospitality for the individual rather than for the public *en masse;* with the personal touch which transforms cooking from the mere production of food to the kindly ministrations of a neglected art? There is an unpretentious hotel in a small western town, kept by a woman who has the instincts of a hostess. It is a very simple house, and the furniture and decorations are commonplace; but it is full of flowers and pervaded by a sense of comfort and an atmosphere of home. A woman not only "runs" it, but pervades it,—a very different matter; and men go a hundred miles out of the way to spend Sunday in its cheerful atmosphere. There is room for inns as well as for hotels in this country; there are hosts of people who long for quiet comfort; for low lights and bright fires in winter; for gardens in summer; for a homelikeness which opulence of furnishing and decoration have almost banished from American hotels.

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FOOLS

"THE longer I live," said my friend the Professor thoughtfully, "the more I hate a fool."

Now in most things the Professor and I are pleasantly in accord; but, as he spoke that damning sentence, I knew that the subject, further pursued, would breed alienation between us, and I turned the discourse into other channels. I smiled to myself as I felt the resemblance of my instinctive state of mind to the attitude of a mother hen, hustling all her chickens behind her out of the way of the prowling cat, anxious, perturbed, defensive. For it is my excellent fortune to rank not a few of the class obnoxious to the Professor among my cherished friends. They are the salt of the earth to me. I could not relinquish one of them, nor has one of them reformed.

It may be a somewhat delicate matter to determine in just what high folly consists. There are fools and fools, and from the latter I avert my eyes as sadly and speedily as the Professor. But the standards shift so enormously that it is perhaps not going too far to say that every man is a fool to someone and a wise man to someone else. Which lets us all in to the happy band, if we view the matter broadly.

However, for the sake of convenience, that a definition may be approximated, it is always possible to appeal to a shadowy sort of public tribunal which fluctuates like the waves of the sea, but which, again like the sea, remains pretty well limited. With this tribunal I should probably agree in stating that the chief mark of a fool is indifference to results. That is so disconcerting and childish in him! It is a severely logical world — cause and result, cause and result; we should reason our actions well. But the fool cares only about the cause. Glorious, beautiful, soul-filling thing! he rushes at it with arms held wide, seizes it, launches it — whither away? Perhaps it is fortunate for our peace that, for the most part, a fool throws far, having a mighty impulse in him; so that his cause goes clean over the edge of the decorous world and apparently comes to nothing. But who shall say what alarming results take place among the stars?

I once knew a joyous, refreshing creature — like the sun was the sudden entrance of him — who spent himself in translating books which no one wanted to read, in devising schemes to assist a race which declined to be assisted, in pouring his life in the sand.

"Never mind," he would assure me brightly, when I weakly fell so far from the grace of our true understanding as to remonstrate with him. "I can't do anything else, you know, for these things seem important to me. If people don't care for them now, they will; I can always wait."

Another impetuous soul was fain of extravagant hero-worship. I watched his career with an interest which was partly impersonal, but which owed something also to my own ends. For I found that he furnished me a sure test of the measure of greatness. Some of his heroes — the most, alas! — fled from his praises precipitately. They did not understand him; they thought him about to swallow them up; they beat him off with both hands. Now a hero who cannot apprehend love and accept it simply and frankly lacks the true magnanimity; so it appears. In the end, as a matter of fact, the laugh was always on the heroes; for their impulsive admirer had no intention of swallowing up; he would have choked with shame at the thought. It was simply natural for him to love, and, loving, to mention the fact. His love was thrown back in his face twenty times to my certain knowledge, to my burning indignation too; but his heart remained sweet and warm through it all, and he went on loving. Who was the hero here? Who the fool? One may well pause and consider.

Another certain trait of a fool is his zest in living. This is so marked that

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the wonder is, considering how keen we all are in the quest for happiness, that we do not at once adopt the motley as a universal garb. I suppose our dignity stands in the way. It would doubtless be going too far to say that all optimists are fools; but there is certainly hardly a fool who is not an optimist. They see the world *couleur de rose*, these children. If evil exists, it is only a chance to prove the hearts and the hands of men; they have at it courageously. Given a problem before which wise men have pondered and waited long, to determine the safest line of approach: up comes the fool along any line which he happens to occupy at the moment, suddenly running, his head well down, and — pouf! whack! presto! finish! the problem has disappeared. The amazed discomfiture of the wise men at the unwarranted consummation is not the least engaging part of the whole pleasant spectacle.

One of the fool's most lovable qualities is his entire willingness to appear ridiculous. That takes greatness of nature. To do absurd things in the calm understanding that they are absurd (though probably glimpsing divinity, too, on their cloudy side, which is larger), and then to abide the consequences of laughter and derision — excellent fool! he puts to shame the solemn pride of wisdom. The most beloved fool I know turns on himself and laughs at himself with such an *abandon* of cheerful mirth that one might think his quixotic achievements were undertaken quite for the joke — if one had not first seen deeper.

They are all eternally young and glad; of that we may be certain. There was never an "old fool" in the world, though the phrase is common enough. I met a typical member once of the delightful order. His folly I recognized at once, and rejoiced in it and warmed myself at it through the whole of a happy evening. But when I was questioned about his age, I was suddenly at a loss. I had talked with him as with one of my years; perhaps now, however, thinking about it, he had seemed a little older. "Forty?" I hazarded doubtfully. My hostess clapped her hands and laughed in a merry triumph. "Sixty-nine!" she informed me. It is a wonderful thing to hold the secret of freshness thus. Strange! strange! that we are not all fools, when the profit is so great.

TO "THE MAN IN THE MIRROR"

And yet, my dear Contributor, you don't much more than half know yourself if, as seems to be the case, you have confined your observations to the front view. I suppose we are all of us apt to be of the opinion of the little girl in *Punch*, who said, "But *I* am in front." The person whose eyes I meet in the mirror, that is I. His are the qualities which I recognize, his the defects which I try to correct. If I do not wish others to see me exactly as I am, I control my face and think myself sufficiently disguised; and all the time my back may be betraying me.

Certainly, if you depend to any extent on the man in the mirror for self-knowledge, it behooves you to get an all-round view. Otherwise you may be most lamentably mistaken in yourself. Take, for instance, the case of my friend X. He is a delightful fellow, with hosts of friends. With his alert expression, his young eyes, his charming smile, you find it hard to realize that he is well along in the forties, and you feel that he must have drunk of the fountain of youth. You believe him, as he frankly believes himself, to be a generous, sympathetic sort of man, with a sense of humor and with energy enough to seize the opportunity of the moment. But as you get to know him well, you come across some curious contradictions in his character. At times he seems oddly cold-blooded and hard-hearted. You are surprised to find him more obstinate than you had supposed, and most of all surprised at a certain procrastination in

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doing the thing which he has declared to be the altogether desirable thing to do. You set down these peculiarities as strange but momentary vagaries, having nothing to do with his real character. Then some day, perhaps, you may happen to walk down a corridor behind him, with nothing to distract your attention. Heavens! you say to yourself, I did n't know X looked like that. What you see is the back of a very settled, very opiniated middle-aged man. Suddenly you feel that you understand X as you have never understood him before. Those supposed chance vagaries fall into place as an integral part of his character. Hitherto it has always seemed odd that he should be so genuinely unconscious of his own inconsistencies. Now you see that it may well be because he only judges himself by the man in the mirror. He looks in the glass and thinks himself a dashing blade who must be held in with a tight rein, when all the time it would be quite safe to let himself go, since there are enough counteracting influences in his own nature. And so he grows, year by year, a little less worthy of the love which, after all, he is always going to get, as long as he looks at you out of those clear young eyes and greets you with that charming smile.

Women study their backs more than men and they also disguise them more. I remember a very fascinating woman once saying to me, "I would rather my back should look right than my face, for when I am face to face with a person I can take care of myself, but my back is defenseless." Once in a while a man takes a hand-glass to study a disconcerting bald spot, and he may look to see whether his new coat fits, but I doubt whether, as a rule, he can be said to know himself from that point of view. Yet sometimes the result of such a study would be very encouraging, for we all know many persons whose backs are much more prepossessing than their faces — younger, more alert, more suggestive of beauty. Try it, dear Contributor, with the help of, say, three cheval-glasses placed at the proper angles, and you may find that modest self-confidence which you have hitherto acquired by such slow degrees, increasing by leaps and bounds.

THE NEWSPAPER "FAN"

I AM a newspaper "fan." No one knows it except my fellow passengers on the evening suburban train. I do not tell my family, because the paper I buy and read for its moving-picture descriptions of the daily baseball game is blackguarded beyond words, when, in our house, the talk runs on newspapers. Indeed, it is my proudest hypocrisy to join in the manifestations against it — after I have played through the latest royal contest between rival twirlers whose existence is, unfortunately, not a part of my respectable and authentic life. And then, with accuracy due to long custom, the flimsy sheet is slipped under the car seat, and I walk from the departing train outwardly stainless.

The world is so made that those of us who live eight hours in offices spend their Saturday afternoons and holidays in more direct physical sport than watching even real baseball. Thus it is that none of my heroes of the bat are more to me than excited names; picturesque, it is true, and gatherers of further glories through the gaudy sobriquets given them by the baptizers of the Press. Kerrison the Small, Dygert, Lajoie, Stovall, and Flick are my friends. Boulton is among them no longer, for did he not join the Blank City Nationals like a true traitor?

Baseball is the best cement democracy knows. An Italian in a blue shirt with a flowered silk front, who rides on a pass on my train, reads the same paper that I do. One day, at the sixth inning, he stopped, thick forefinger against the page. It marked a place where, for the second time Tox had struck out to a notably slow "box-man." We exchanged speaking glances, shook our heads, and read

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on. Thereafter we fought sympathetic battles.

There is nothing in the world like it. "Donahue dumped a Texas leaguer in the right. Dineen pushed a safe grounder in the same direction, and Schreck tried for third, but Ferris relayed Congalton's throw to Hemphill, and Donahue was out. Dougherty rapped a hot one which Hemphill was lucky to stop. Roke flied to Sullivan. Bill Sullivan drove through Bach's legs, and Dineen scored, Pat going to third. Sully stole second. Eberfield fanned. ONE RUN."

Imagine the hot sunny field. A drift of fat cigar smoke and with it the thick smell of peanuts. No wind; perfect baseball weather. Nine men against one with a stick and a fast-chewing jaw. "Unglaub drove a long fly to the left bleachers for two bags." Ten men on the field now — no, eleven — a new one with the stick. Look! The tenth man is run — no! by Jove he — *Go it!* He can, and did. "Sullivan laid down a fine sacrifice, Smith to Donahue, Unglaub sliding to third." The bleachers are standing now. A new man up — he bats left-handed. He can swing! Read: "Isbell played in close and Congalton bounced a single over his head, scoring Unglaub!" As the headline put it, it was a "timely one-sacker." The game goes to the Americans.

Friend, you who read the market page with its jargon of fractions and sudden whims, you who furrow the literary twaddle of book journals, or you, gentle lady, to whose nimble tongue wool batiste, challis, and pongee bishops and berthas are emotions and volitions, think of me and my likes playing the game an hour late and twenty miles away, watching as if before us the twists and turns and sudden emprises, the raps and wallops, miscues, pickups, and swift fans of Nine against Nine on the levels of Parnassus! For, "Issy banged one on the ground which Mullins picked up and snapped to Wagner who covered the middle cushion" and —

"A greata game," says the Italian as his station is called and he gets up, carrying his paper with him, unabashed.

NO TIME FOR A WIFE

MR. SPECTATOR, — I feel like beginning in eighteenth-century fashion, for the Contributors' Club is a kind of monthly Spectator where one can air his grievances as well as his whimseys, — what are we college people to do about matrimony? I am not, as one might possibly infer, complaining of the difficulties of low finance; they have been aired to dryness, and even a married instructor can afford the less nutritive meats. It is scholarship, German scholarship, that raises the particular bogey I am afraid of, and upon due consideration I believe that either German scholarship or the wedded life must go. Time was when a servant of the muses, and even a teacher of literature, might sit in his library, pen in hand, books before him, some high criticism in his thoughts, and with his wife cosily sewing in the rocker beside the desk, contrive to accomplish that "outside work" to which his desire and the hope of promotion urged him. But all such pleasant wanderings in the meadows of literature have become no better than so many primrose paths to the bonfire of reputation. Behold your modern scholar where he sits, with the *Dictionary of National Biography*, a dozen German theses, two rows of source books, a typewriter, and three drawers of notes. No room for a wife, no time if room.

But this is but a mild and somewhat facetious presentation of the real danger. In our club (which is so academic that you may pass an evening without hearing Amalgamated mentioned more than once) there are a good dozen of the fine young men whom Stevenson describes as ready in the cause of toil to be driven off in a hearse with white plumes on it. They are bachelors, living in affluence and complaint upon the same salaries

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which our university provides for the support of families, and snugly housed in million-dollar dormitories, where they accept three rooms and a bath from the corporation, and stuff all but the bath with Oriental rugs, books, and good pipe-tobacco. If one should stir up their quarters as Burns's coulter ripped up the mouse's cell, one wonders whether they would run to cover in domestic life. But it is German scholarship which is the real difficulty. We sit (or sat when I was a bachelor) at the round table, sipping coffee and smoking. Talk goes cheerfully. You would think us all free men. Is the day's work done? If it had been mere teaching, mere thinking, yes, all but the fine flower of it. But scholarship — Smith there is studying the modal clause in Old Norse. He has his twenty pages to analyze before bedtime, and off he slinks with that careworn expression which means work first, then fame, and then happiness. Peterkin is reading through all Old French in the search for anything unnoted to be found there, traces of Celtic or plant names by choice. So off he trots with a memorandum of where he stopped on his hat check. Jamison is in the middle of a story when the hall boy whispers, "Telephone." We hear him in the booth, his jolly after-dinner voice hardening into that "can't you understand that *I* must work" tone we know so well, as he refuses an invitation to meet somebody's sister. And the worst of it is that it can't be helped. Here is the terrible *cul-de-sac*, here is the immovable body stopping short what used to be considered an irresistible force. How can these men be famous and married? Will 100,000 lines of Old Norse, with a scant year's start of some German at the same job, permit of any other mistress? Or fifty analogues to the seventh tale of the *Nugis Curialium*, which cry to be made a hundred by a search through all narrative, give leisure for courting, palliate the upset nervous system which is sure to follow a marriage ceremony, or pardon a horrid blank for the two weeks which is the least one can give to a wedding trip? And there is more — for suppose *she* should like dining out, or going to bed early, or talking on sacred weekday evenings. Suppose, for the sake of the argument, that there were children, who cried, were ill, romped over one's card catalogue. Obviously it can't be done. For mark you, it is work that counts, hours as much as thoughts, routine more than ideas.

As I come home from late recitations I stem a vast current of grimy men and women hurrying through the early darkness toward a lodging for the night; and when some late-left preparation for an early lecture calls me up before the first dawn, I hear their footsteps, hurrying, hurrying back again to their work. They are the handlers of machines, the superintendent once told me. The cogs work just so fast, the good workman can feed their maw just so many strips of steel or brass each hour. A shorter day, a smaller output. Brains beyond the requisite amount make no odds, it is the time which counts. Well, so it is with modern scholarship, and so with all these fine young bachelor friends of mine. Sometimes I have wondered hopefully whether after all it is not a game of blind-man's-buff played with your own eyes and handkerchief; whether Hymen does not have a case against those rooms "full benely stuffit," that good club of ours with its comfortable servants, its meals that come without ordering, its deep-bottomed chairs where a man may digest without wondering whether the furnace is going out, the maid rioting with the gas-stove, or the snow deepening on the pavement.

But the reflection is needless. Scholarship is a Turk who bides no brother near the throne, though sadly unlike one in the matter of wives. If we are to labor in the German cause, where unsufficient to the day must always be the hours thereof, if we are to complete all essential and unessential knowledge,

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we must give up matrimony. To be sure I am married myself. But then I never cared for club life — and I do not believe in the preëminent excellence of German scholarship.

THERE IS NO PLACE EXACTLY LIKE HOME

I AM one of those unfortunate persons who have no eye for color. Indeed, I have never been able to understand in any way the particular merits or demerits of what is known among experts as a "color scheme." Neither have I the remotest conception of form. The shape of an object is all one to me, so long as it does not render me physically uncomfortable.

This, I am fully aware, — in view of the present renaissance of home decoration, — is a confession of appalling weakness. And yet I am even prepared to go still further and assert that the quality of woods, the disposition of furniture, the arrangement of bric-a-brac, and the historical spirit of the collector, are entirely outside of my ken. I have often amused myself, in glancing over the "Home" magazines, where the "good mantelpiece" and the "bad mantelpiece" are printed side by side, by covering up the type and endeavoring to select the one I liked the better, and I have invariably hit upon the bad one.

Indeed, as long as I am confessing, I may as well make a clean sweep of the whole matter, and own up that I am for usefulness — and that awful, reprehensible thing: solid comfort.

In a spirit of reckless bravado and abandon, I once confided this to a married friend, at a moment when his wife was away and we were quite safe; and greatly to my surprise (after he had locked the door, and peeped through the blinds to see that no one was listening) he declared that he was in the same state with me. He proposed to me that we form a sort of secret organization, in which all the members should feel free to confess their ignorance; and no doubt the thing would have been done and have led to something, had not his wife suddenly come back, and put a stop to the whole proceeding. Afterwards, when we met, neither of us had the heart to broach the matter.

I cannot but believe, however, that there is something in the idea. I plume myself on the thought that there must be others as dull and ignorant as myself, poor, tired, overworked creatures, who have no other thought of home than an easy chair, a kindly light over one's shoulder, a pipe that draws well, and a book within easy reach.

To these few I dare assert my views, in a sort of typographical whisper, telling them to take heart of hope, and that if at present our forces are scattered, at any moment a change may come and we may be able to present a determined front.

When it comes to a good and a bad mantelpiece, one is (in my humble opinion) about as bad as the other. So of color schemes and other arrangements. The truth is that any decoration is bad, and as hopeless as the word implies. The average house, indeed, is made to play the part of the fool. Built originally with but one object, — as a shelter, — it is now tricked out with all sorts of horrible devices. Its walls are decked with brass ornaments and blotches of color called oil paintings. Its windows are covered with filmy curtains that keep out the light and air. Glaring china closets vulgarly displaying rows of cut glass, antique sideboards ("made in Michigan"), and stiff-back chairs, all help to add to its secret sense of shame.

For there are few homes, if they could but look at themselves in the mirror of Nature, but would blush to their roofs with mortification. Indeed —

But I cannot add more, as I have just received a message that it is housecleaning time, and I must hurry home, rehang pictures, beat the carpets, move all the furniture from one room into another, and oil up the Chippendales.

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